

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HEPBURN?

Modern Screen

OCTOBER

10

CENTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE



ERROL
FLYNN
Confesses!

IRENE
DUNNE



"We started through life on a healthy foundation"

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Allan Roy Dufor, M.D.



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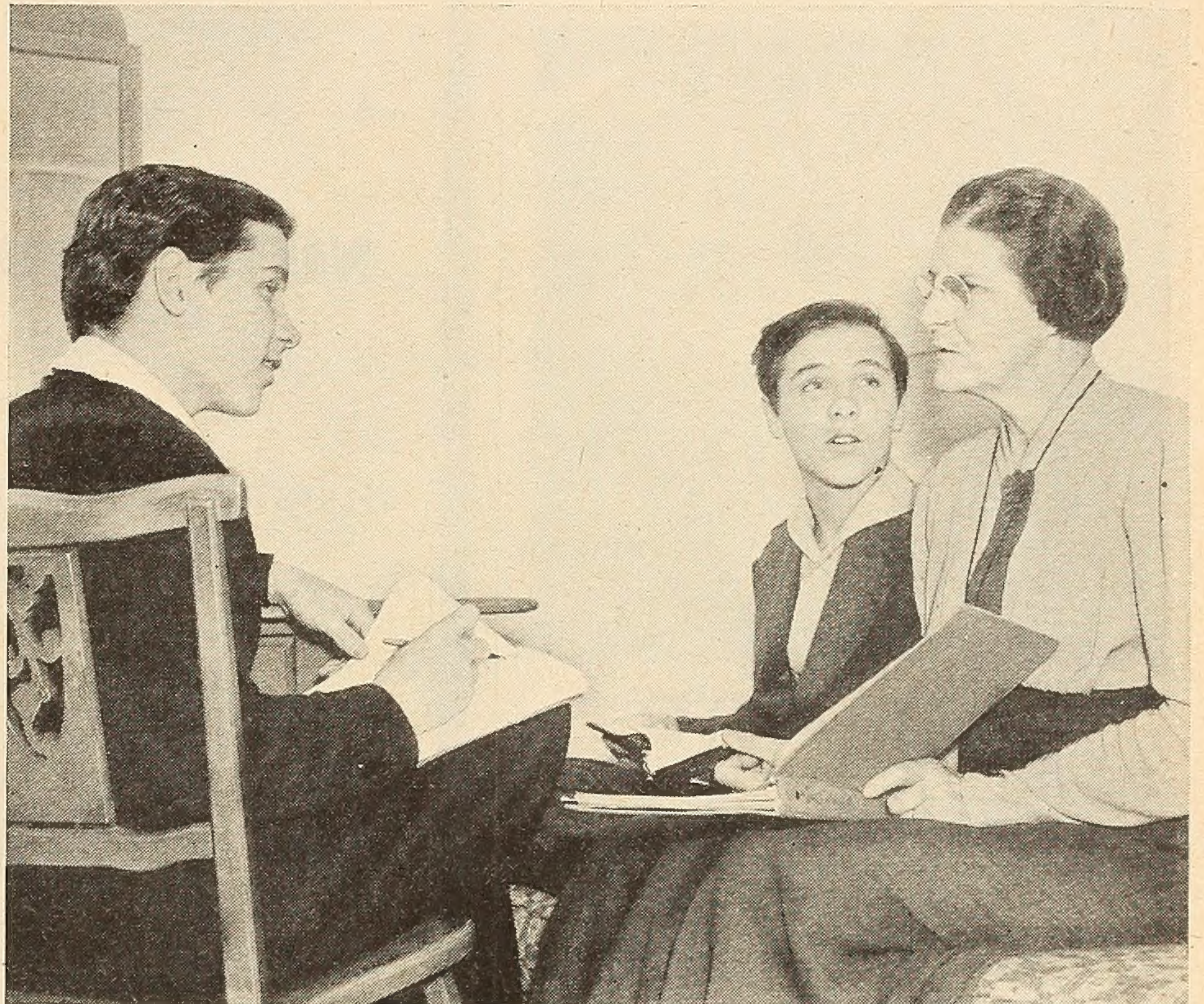
Remember:
Karo is rich in *Dextrose* the food energy sugar

SCHOOL DAYS

Even movie stars must study the three R's!

Judy Garland's got the copy-book blues. Who wants to study French this kind of weather, she'd like to know?

Even studio school mams have twin troubles—but Billy and Bobby Mauch are really good students.



What's this, teacher? Has Mickey Rooney got report card complications already? Aw, shucks!

Deanna Durbin of the lark-like voice adores her history. How about a date or two, Deanna?





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MODERN

Screen

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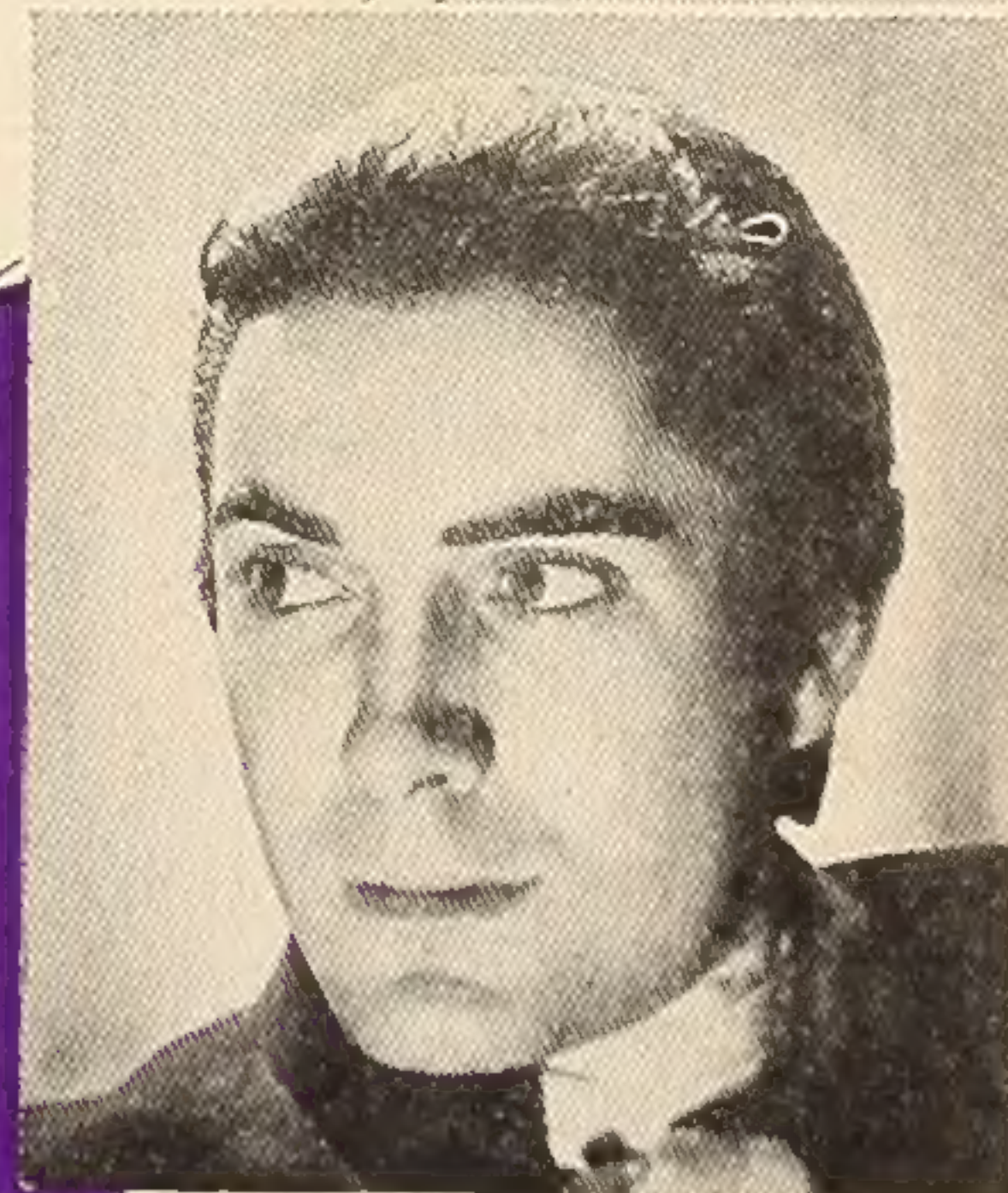
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THE LIFE, THE SINS OF A ROYAL BAD-GIRL!

The world has read and remembered the story of Marie Antoinette... glamorous Queen of France. Of her virtues... her intrigue and brilliance as a queen but... more than anything else... we read of her scarlet history as the playgirl of Europe... of her flirtations... her escapades with the noblemen of her court... her extravagances even while her subjects starved. * Now the screen gives us... "MARIE ANTOINETTE" the woman... we see her, as tho' through a keyhole... not on the pages of history... but in her boudoir... in the perfumed halls of the palace of Versailles... on the moonlit nights in her garden... A rendezvous with her lover... we follow her through triumphs and glory... midst the pageantry of that shameless court... we see the tottering of her throne... the uprising of her people... her arrest and imprisonment... and we follow her on that last ride through the streets of Paris to the guillotine. NEVER... not since the screen found voice... has there been a drama so mighty in emotional conflict... so sublime in romance... so brilliant in spectacle... so magnificent in performance... truly "MARIE ANTOINETTE" reaches the zenith of extraordinary entertainment thrill!



NEVER HAS THE SCREEN WITNESSED A GREATER PERFORMANCE THAN THAT OF NORMA SHEARER AS THE "ROYAL BAD-GIRL"



ROMANTIC TYRONE POWER AS THE MAN WHO OFFERED HER THE LOVE SHE COULD NEVER FIND IN HER STRANGE MARRIAGE

NORMA TYRONE
SHEARER - POWER

in Metro • Goldwyn • Mayer's Finest Motion Picture

The Private Life of

MARIE ANTOINETTE

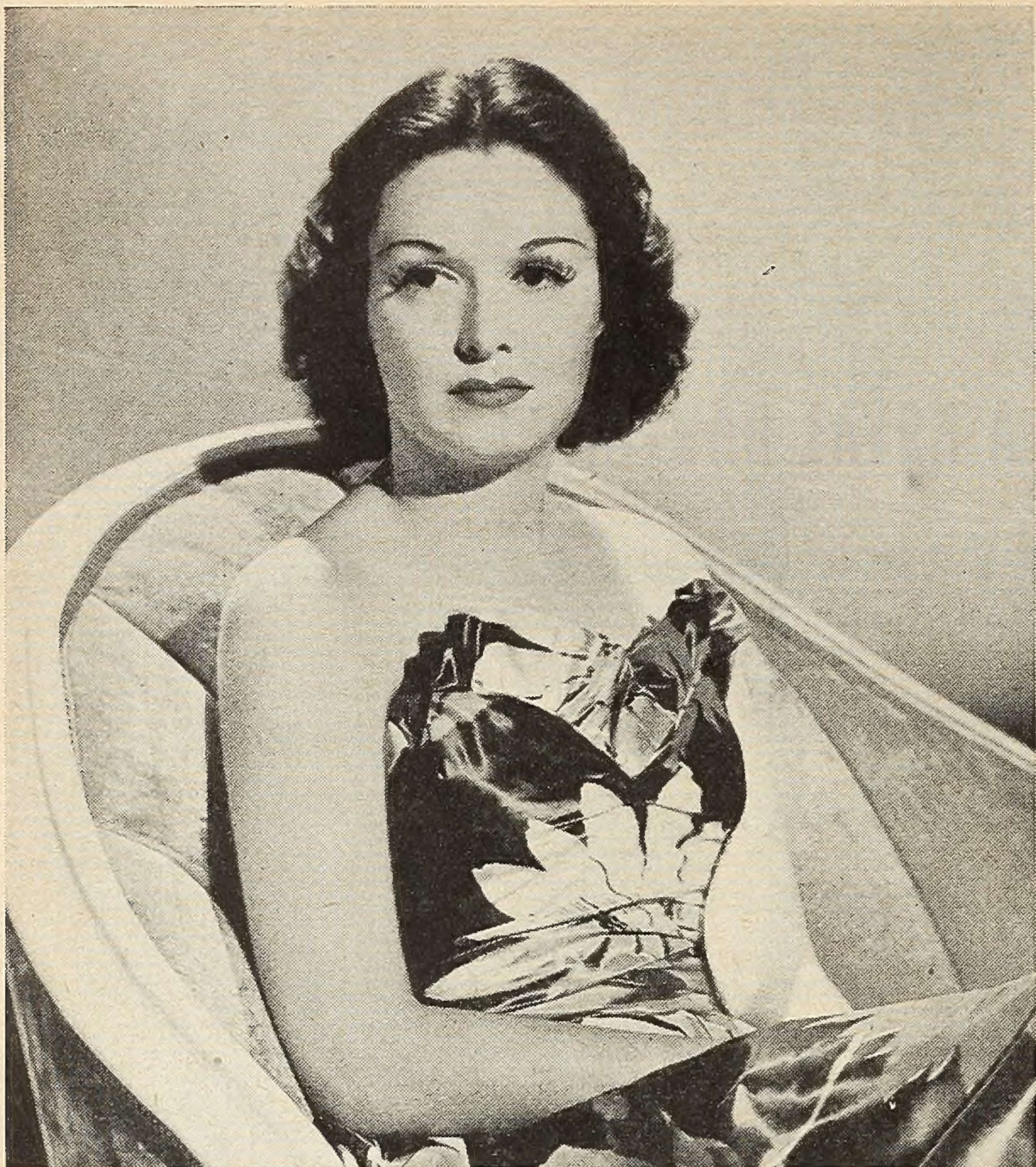
JOHN BARRYMORE • ROBERT MORLEY

ANITA LOUISE • JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

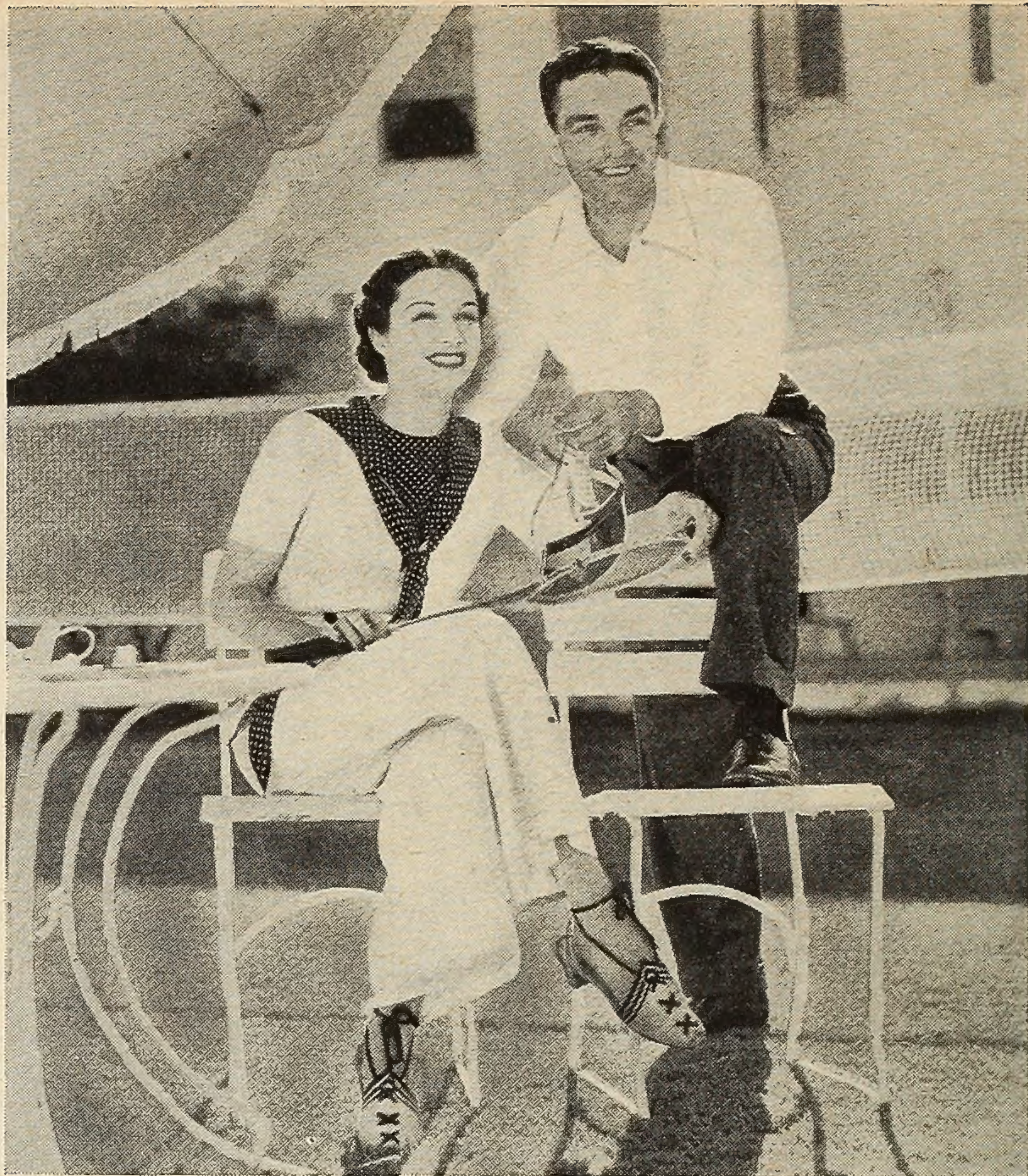
Gladys GEORGE • Henry STEPHENSON

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II • Produced by HUNT STROMBERG





It's hard to believe that the gracious Gail we know was ever a shy, awkward novice.



"They lost the pattern after they made him," says Gail of handsome hubby, Bob Cobb.

I WANTED to find out why Gail Patrick had played Deanna Durbin's mother in "Mad About Music." Mother roles are popular. You've seen many an actress cuddle a moppet of four or five or six. But to take on a daughter of fourteen is another story. It's saying in effect, "I think I look old enough to have a daughter of fourteen." And that a glamor girl must never do.

I wanted to find out why this glamor girl had done it. In the process, I stumbled onto another and better story. We were seated at a table in one of the booths of the famous Brown Derby. Bob Cobb, the Derby's genial owner, passed. "Hello, darling," he called. Gail's dark eyes crinkled into a lovely smile. "Hello, darling yourself." There was nothing casual about either "darling." Married for almost two years, they're deep in love, and don't care who knows it.

The smile still lay in her eyes as she turned to me. "There's one reason why I'm not afraid of anything. And I guess maybe he includes all the rest."

It was pleasant to hear, because it came so simply and spontaneously, as if spilling over from a cup brimful of happiness. Watching her, I thought, "Lucky guy, to have a wife so beautiful and so adoring." By the time we parted, I knew she was just as lucky.

The movies will never come first with Gail Patrick. If she were perched, the starriest of stars, on the top-most branch of the Hollywood Christmas tree, and were told to choose between husband and career, she'd blow the career a kiss and come sliding down without a second thought. Pictures are her job. She likes the job, she

wants to make progress in it, but for all that pictures are not Gail Patrick's whole life.

When she was five, she made up her mind to be a lawyer. Till twenty, it remained her single goal. Then she entered a college beauty contest. To her genuine astonishment, she won first prize. It meant a trip to

Hollywood, and a screen test. The test would be a joke, thought Gail, but the trip would be fun, something to tell the girls about back in Birmingham.

You know what happened. Time and again she was on the point of departure. "I don't want to be an actress, I want to be a lawyer," she'd cry rebelliously. They'd wave a raise in salary under her nose, and drag her off the plane. She was bewildered, incredulous, torn two ways. She couldn't turn down all that money. On the other hand, it couldn't last. "Every time I got my check, I'd race like mad to the bank, for fear they'd call my bluff before I got a chance to cash it," Gail told me.

Eventually she took the path chance had blown her into. But she took it with a difference. She didn't say, "I've got to act. If I lose out, my life will be dust and ashes." She said, "I wasn't born to act. A freak of fate's put me into this, but I'm just stubborn enough to want to see what I can do with it. If I lose out, I can still go back to studying law."

This sense of another harbor gave her perspective, helped her see through the Hollywood delusion that movies are the whole of life. What the law began, Bob Cobb finished. Over a period of (Continued on page 16)

SHE SHOULD WORRY!

BY

JEAN SOMERS

Gail Patrick lets you in on the secret of her newly-found happiness

A TIP ABOUT BATHING TO A GIRL WITH A DATE TONIGHT



After your bath, don't fail to give underarms Mum's sure care!

WHAT a wonderful *lift* a bath gives to a girl who is going out in the evening. It starts you off so gloriously fresh and alive.

But even the most perfect bath can't protect you all evening long. Underarms must have *special* care—that's why smart girls, *popular* girls, follow every bath with Mum! They know that a bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—but Mum keeps underarms sweet through the hours *to come*—makes odor impossible.

Many a girl who starts out fresh, loses that freshness before the evening's over. If you want to avoid worry about underarm odor—if you want to be a girl who gets a *second* date and a *third*—remember, no bath protects you like a bath plus Mum. Then you'll never risk offending

others, never risk spoiling your own good times. Always use Mum.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute is all you ever need to apply Mum.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is completely harmless to every fabric. And Mum is gentle, actu-

ally soothing to the skin. You can use it immediately after shaving the underarms.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop perspiration—it simply banishes all odor, all day or all evening long. Hours after your bath, Mum will keep you as fresh and sweet as when you started out.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT USE FOR MUM
—Thousands of girls use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it's gentle, safe, sure. Avoid worries and embarrassment with Mum.

ONE HALF MINUTE AND YOUR CHARM IS SAFE



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Ann Miller in "You Can't Take It With You" is ballet conscious—and how!

A bit surprised at her own agility, Ann is about to yell for help, but the good old family armchair comes to the rescue.



OH, TO BE A DANCER!

You can't say Ann doesn't try!



Now isn't that coy? We like that one. This girl has possibilities!

Where'd you learn that step, Ann? Don't tell us! We've guessed it—you made it up!

Don't give up, honey child. You'll be another Pavlova bye and bye!

PAT O'BRIEN

Pat in a grand new part...a night-world king who rules with a glad hand!



JOHN PAYNE

A dashing new personality fights and loves his way to Hollywood's heart!



HEADING THE PARADE IN MOTION PICTURES' GREATEST YEAR!

Here's the new season's high level in new entertainment. Packed with action! Crammed with surprises! Be there when this fast-moving romance is shown in your theatre!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

GARDEN OF THE MOON

JOE VENUTI AND HIS SWING CATS • JOHNNIE DAVIS • JERRY COLONNA



"Everybody but me turns in a five-bell performance."
—Jimmie Fidler

JIMMIE FIDLER



The greatest Lindsay you've ever seen... in a role that's the soul of romance!

MARGARET LINDSAY

DIRECTED BY BUSBY BERKELEY • Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay
From the Saturday Evening Post Story by H. Bedford-Jones and Barton Browne • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren, Al Dubin and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture.

Hear these great new song hits: "GARDEN OF THE MOON," "LOVE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT," "CONFIDENTIALLY," "THE LADY ON THE TWO-CENT STAMP," "GIRL FRIEND OF THE WHIRLING DERVISH."

WHITE ELEPHANTS

"I've got everything I want," says Joe E.

Brown—and means every word of it

BY JULIA SHAWELL

IN ONE of those well-kept imposing California stables that make a lot of people envy the life of a race horse, a short slender man, gaily decked out in an English country coat, was quietly stroking the side of a smooth, glossy mare. The horse whinnied appreciation of such admiring attention and the man, in expert fashion, opened his mouth wide to imitate his four-footed friend's "thank you." Joe E. Brown lost the contest by an inch—and the size of his teeth.

Massa Brown was being one of the landed gentry, surveying his domain. "From elephants to horses, and it took a long time," he remarked with a reminiscent note.

"Well, if it's horses you want, you deserve them, Joe," a watching friend replied.

"But the elephants weren't so bad—not even the white ones," retorted Joe with that genial broad grin he doesn't reserve for the remunerative occasions when he's being paid for it. The kind of elephants that never forget were the ones Joe E. Brown had to water, a long time ago. And what a reservoir it took, when the lonely little circus slavey tended them. The white ones, though, are what Joe calls those bad breaks that are part of every real trouper's road to glory, and he says he'll always do the remembering for them.

Elephants, white and otherwise, have played an important part many times in the Brown career. In fact, there have been a couple of stall occupants on Joe's San Fernando farm which might be classed in the white elephant family, judging by the way they've gone around the track for their owner. But elephants or horses, they're all just a part of the fun this unassuming, kindly star gets out of living.

To the millions who crowd theaters all over the world when a Joe E. Brown picture comes to town, this stellar comedian is a lovable clown whose antics get under the skin of the crowd. Away from his acting, he's a quiet sort of person who doesn't waste his words, but makes sense when he talks. Home, job and horses are his chief interests in life, and his family always comes first with him.

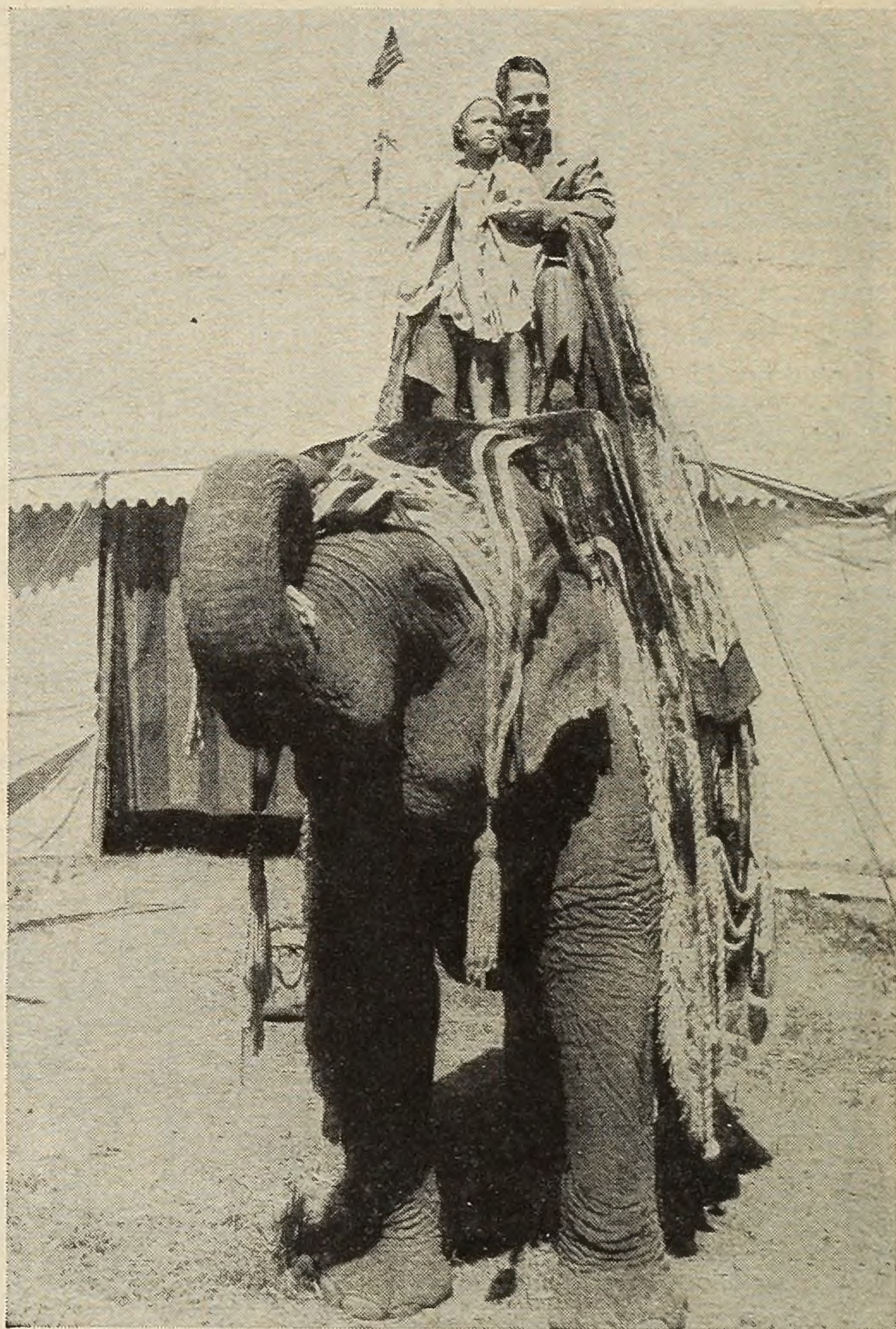
Well-rounded as is his knowledge of general affairs, ambitious as he may be about his Hollywood career, concerned as he is about what happens around him, the most significant thing I ever heard Joe E. Brown say was this statement which he made not long ago, "I've got everything."

It wasn't a boast to create an impression, nor a remark to make conversation. Right out from deep inside of him those words came, and they carried a conviction of such contentment and happiness as are rare in Hollywood—or any place else.

"So you're the man who has everything?" he was asked, with an "I've always wanted to meet that man" suggestion.

"Well, everything I want," Joe answered. It's wonderful—especially because it's true.

Joe E. Brown has all those things he used to hope would come to him, but sometimes didn't dare to dream he'd get. He has a film contract that not only gives him one of the Class A cinema salaries, but also permits him considerable authority in choosing his stories and planning his productions. He has a wife, the same one he married over twenty years ago. He has four children who—well, when you get him started on that subject, it's difficult to switch him to any other. He has a house in Beverly Hills, a ranch-farm in the San Fernando Valley, (Continued on page 113)



Above, Joe takes small daughter Mary Elizabeth aboard Jumbo. Below, Joe and Mrs. Brown at the races.





FRANK CAPRA

The Great Pulitzer Prize Play Becomes the Year's Outstanding Picture!

Frank Capra's

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

JEAN

ARTHUR ★

★

BARRYMORE

★

STEWART

★

ARNOLD

LIONEL

JAMES

EDWARD

MISCHA AUER · ANN MILLER · SPRING BYINGTON · SAMUEL S. HINDS · DONALD MEER · H. B. WARNER

Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART

A Columbia Picture

Screen play by Robert Riskin

Directed by FRANK CAPRA



★★★★ Marie Antoinette

Norma Shearer is back on the screen in what well may be hailed as her finest performance. A wildly enthusiastic première audience proclaimed both Miss Shearer and the film a tremendous success. "Marie Antoinette" is film pageantry at its finest. It moves along at a pace unusual for costume pictures. The fact that there isn't a dull moment is definitely a personal triumph for director W. S. Van Dyke. Scénarists have wisely taken liberties with history by accentuating Marie Antoinette's love story and by "humanizing" both the Queen and her husband, Louis XVI. All in all, "Marie Antoinette" is grand entertainment, and will be enjoyed by all types of audiences.

For Miss Shearer it is a highly successful return to the screen, and her followers will be delighted with her performance. Even so, the portrayal which will be remembered longest is Robert Morley's superb playing of Louise XVI, France's weak and stupid king who marched to the guillotine a brave and honorable man. Space does not permit extolling added virtues, but there are excellent supporting roles played by Joseph Schildkraut, John Barrymore, Gladys George and Anita Louise. Tyrone Power, in the romantic lead, handles his comparatively small role effectively. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—M-G-M.



★★★ The Shopworn Angel

Intelligently written and directed, and beautifully played by the three principals, "The Shopworn Angel" is a certain hit, as appealing and sympathy-stirring as it is humorous and bright. It is so good in all of its departments that it can be recommended heartily. It is head and shoulders above nine-tenths of this season's pictures.

Setting is New York in 1917, when America entered the World War. Principal characters are a hard-boiled Broadway show girl (Margaret Sullavan), a worldly producer (Walter Pidgeon) and a naive, gangling soldier from Texas (James Stewart). There is comedy in the meeting of the soldier and the show girl, and drama in his pathetic attempt to show his buddies that she is his sweetheart. In the background of the well-written script there is an undertone of the futility of war and the false patriotism inspired by bands and marching men.

Margaret Sullavan again proves that she is one of the most talented young ladies in filmdom, and Jimmy Stewart even exceeds his excellent work in "Vivacious Lady." Walter Pidgeon rounds out the trio of good performances with a wise and understanding portrayal of the Broadway producer. In fewer words—don't miss "The Shopworn Angel." Directed by H. C. Potter.—M-G-M.



★★★ The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse

When a reputable physician, interested in crime and reactions of criminals, personally conducts a series of sensational robberies and winds up with the ultimate crime—murder—is he insane or did he actually do all these things in the interest of science? That's the question asked in one of the best and most interesting of the current films.

As the amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, Edward G. Robinson completes a series of daring robberies, purportedly to check his reactions for a contemplated book on crime. With the stolen goods on his hands he goes to a prominent "fence" (Claire Trevor) to dispose of them, and becomes the leader of her gang, deposing one, Rocks Valentine (Humphrey Bogart). The gang is highly successful, but when Dr. Clitterhouse bids them goodbye to return to normal life, Rocks trails him and blackmails him with threats of disclosing his activities to the police. Dr. Clitterhouse calmly murders Rocks, and an exciting trial follows. Does the jury convict him? We won't spoil the fun by telling you.

"Dr. Clitterhouse" is perhaps Edward G. Robinson's best screen characterization. Claire Trevor and Humphrey Bogart are excellent. There is also swell comedy by Maxie Rosenbloom, the reformed prizefighter. Directed by Anatole Litvak.—First National.

TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★ Four's a Crowd

Here is one of this season's most entertaining comedies. The story deals with the trials and tribulations of a newspaper owned by wealthy socialite Pat Knowles, who is constantly on the verge of closing up shop. Rosalind Russell, as the ace reporter, decides to do something to save the paper. This, however, turns out to be the rehiring of Errol Flynn as managing editor. Flynn has other ideas, but sees the job as a means to his end. With one idea in mind, to get wealthy Walter Connolly to donate millions to purify his name, Flynn plays both sides. Not content with making love to Roz and Olivia De Havilland (Connolly's granddaughter), he uses the paper to make Connolly the most hated man in the world. Though a bit confusing at times, it all works out and as the four elope each goes his own happy way—in one cab!

Errol Flynn gives his best performance to date. As his foil, Roz Russell comes through with flying colors. Patric Knowles' performance is both entertaining and well done. The beautiful De Havilland, as the gullible daughter of the rich is completely charming.

Walter Connolly and Hugh Herbert are perfect. Herbert comes near to stealing the show as the minister aroused in the middle of night to marry the four. Connolly, as usual, is a grumpy Grandpa but manages to make himself as lovable as possible. Directed by Michael Curtiz.—Warner Brothers.



★★★ Professor, Beware

Harold Lloyd's back again in this one. But there's nothing absent-minded about Prof. Lloyd. He's remembered every gag that slew audiences of the Mack Sennett era. It's slapstick de luxe, with not a trick missing. But honest hokum still guarantees a fine time for all as evidenced by the preview audience's howls of glee.

There's a thread of story to belie suspicion that the whole thing was shot off the cuff. The professor's an Egyptologist whose main interest in life is mummies. He's almost at the ossification point himself when Phyllis Welch decides her main interest in life is the prof. Phyllis, an actress-heiress, is a delectable dish in any language—except Egyptian. Unfortunately our hero has just deciphered the hieroglyphics on an ancient tablet which tell of a dame who made a sucker of a gent some 3000 years ago. Working on the theory that history will repeat itself, Harold takes flight, with the blonde in hot pursuit. It's a chase that makes the Keystone cops look pretty silly, taking in all the country from Los Angeles to New York.

The supporting cast is hardy and competent down to the last bit. "Professor Beware" makes no sense whatever, but it's bound to make the dollars. Which is the test of a good picture in any language—even Egyptian. Directed by Elliott Nugent.—Paramount.



★★ Boy Meets Girl

The famous Broadway comedy hit finally turns up on the screen, but it isn't as amusing as it was on the stage.

The plot deals with the making of movies. This, however, is more than a satire. It's a brutal burlesque. Those familiar with the inner workings of the picture game will laugh long and loud, but the general public may not find it so amusing.

The entire action takes place in and around the office of a producer, Ralph Bellamy, whose two problem children are crack pot writers Jim Cagney and Pat O'Brien. Waitress Marie Wilson, in a delicate condition, proves the inspiration for their story material. The roving cowboy is to inherit a baby for his future thrillers—the baby Happy. Dick Foran doesn't object to horses, but draws the line at stooging for a baby. However, Happy becomes a star, but develops measles and is through at the age of eight months.

Cagney as a screwy writer gives an excellent and very amusing characterization. Pat O'Brien as his partner is miscast, but does the best possible. Ralph Bellamy as the dumb producer is excellent. And Dick Foran playing the ham cowboy star threatens to steal the picture. Marie Wilson in the role of Happy's Ma does a bang up job, and supplies the love interest to boot. The supporting cast is good. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—Warner Brothers.

More Reviews on page 82

Here's the tops in entertainment fare for every taste and every mood

**"Variety and surprise
are the secrets of suc-
cessful lunches," says
Shirley Temple's mother**

BY MARJORIE DEEN



Courtesy General Foods

These nut-sprinkled cookies are favorites
with most children, and they pack well too.

LUNCHES ARE

A PICNIC EVERY DAY in the week! That's Shirley Temple's—and every other child's—idea of a wonderful time. Whether the food that makes the picnic comes out of an elaborately well appointed basket or out of a pasteboard box makes no difference.

But have you ever stopped to wonder why the usual school lunch box (with which our youngsters will soon be trudging forth daily) seems to hold no such charm?

When I asked her opinion on the subject, little Miss Temple, for one, couldn't imagine why that should be. But Mrs. Temple, wise mother that she is, suggested the probable solution, basing her conclusions upon her own daughter's reactions. Which, despite her fame, box office standing and amazing poise, are likely to be pretty normal reactions. For Shirley has much the same tastes and opinions as the average youngster of her age, and the same ideas on what's fun and what isn't. And picnic lunches take a high place under the former category, according to the friendly, homey mother of this wonder child.

"When we started to plan our trip East," declared Mrs. Temple in an interview that took place in New York, "one of the first questions Shirley asked was, 'Well, if we go by automobile do we get to have a picnic every day?'"

"Naturally I didn't commit myself," she continued, "for Shirley has a very carefully planned regimen for meals as well as everything else. But as it turned out there were many al fresco repasts along the way."

"At the Desert Inn in Palm Springs, where we usually spend vacations between pictures, Shirley's greatest joy is to have lunch on our bungalow lawn with some little friend. Even at home we frequently picnic in the back garden, where I notice it takes no coaxing to get Dad and the boys to join us!"

Undoubtedly what Shirley and all other children like about picnics is their impromptu air, was the way Mrs. Temple summed it up. "But any youngster would soon find it monotonous if these boxed meals were to fall into a set pattern of repetition and sameness. It's the charm of the unexpected that makes any lunch box take on the beloved and exciting attributes of an honest-to-goodness picnic!"

So, from now on, when you send little Junior or Mary Ellen off to school in the morning, just get them to pretend with you that that "nuisance old school lunch" is really a picnic. And have the box contain, as does Shirley's, unexpected treats.

Did I hear you ask, "What, for instance?" Nothing fancy, I assure you, for that would not be healthful. Concentrate instead on variety and the surprise element, to make delving into the box a real adventure!

For example, in her lunch box at the studio or elsewhere, Shirley finds a lamb sandwich one day, chicken the next, while on still another day there are little biscuits made by that fair young miss herself, with her mother's help, in her own little glass-brick playhouse.

Tucked away in one corner there might be a stalk of celery stuffed with cream cheese and nuts. A simple sponge cake might be on hand to accompany the inevitable glass of milk, while under the gay paper napkin a wax paper-protected piece of candy might lurk. For good candy in moderation, you know, supplies what every child needs, energy.

Why, the possibilities for variety, even in so small a space, are indeed endless. Fruits of all kinds provide a strong supporting cast for the stars of the meal. A sweet ripe banana, to mention one, supplies extra food energy plus vitamins and minerals that growing children require.

By the by, why not delight your child some day soon by making the school lunch box sandwich with date bread for which Mrs. Temple's favorite recipe is given here. This easy-to-make bread is delicious used with a variety of fillings and also boasts long-keeping qualities.

And how about cookies for that midday surprise? They pack about as well as anything I know, and of course "packability" is a prime requisite for school lunches. Shirley particularly likes the flavor of these nut-sprinkled cookies and so, I'm sure, will your young hopeful.

"LUNCH BOX" COOKIES

Part 1

- ½ cup butter, or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt

Part 2

- 1 egg white, slightly beaten
 - 1 tablespoon sugar
 - ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
 - grated rind of 1 orange
 - ½ cup finely chopped Brazil nuts
- Part 1: Cream shortening thoroughly. Add one-half of the sugar gradually, creaming well together. Add egg and flavoring; beat well. Add remaining sugar, beating until sugar is dissolved. Sift flour, measure. Add baking powder and salt and sift again. Add flour mixture to first mixture. Form into a ball and chill before rolling. Roll out small portions of chilled dough on a slightly floured board to ⅛ inch thickness. Cut with floured cutter. (See illustration above.)



Shirley Temple adores box lunches that are full of unexpected goodies.

FUN . . .

Part 2: Brush cookies with egg white. Mix together the sugar, cinnamon, grated rind and nuts. Sprinkle this mixture on the

HED BE THE CUTEST BABY AT THE PARTY IF THAT SUIT WASN'T SO FULL OF **TATTLE-TALE GRAY**

HIS POOR MOTHER MUST BE USING LAZY SOAP. I WISH TO GOODNESS SHED SWITCH TO **FELS-NAPTHA** AND LET ITS RICHER **GOLDEN** SOAP AND **LOTS OF GENTLE NAPTHA** GET CLOTHES REALLY CLEAN AND WHITE!



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Change to Fels-Naptha! Get a few golden bars from your grocer on your next shopping trip. You'll save money. And you'll save your clothes from tattle-tale gray.

GRAY" SOAP!

**PEPPIEST FLAKES EVER!
TRY FELS-NAPTHA
SOAP CHIPS, TOO!**

SHE SHOULD WORRY!

(Continued from page 6)



TROPIC BEAUTY for your FINGER TIPS

From the Tropics, where Nature's loveliest colors are found, fashion experts bring the perfect shades for your nails. See how exquisitely Glazo captures their subtle beauty... select your own flattering shade today!

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Palm Springs—At this style-making resort, the popular polish shade is CABAÑA—Glazo's gay rusty-red color. Glazo nail polish goes on easily and evenly; does not streak or run; and dries quickly.



IN BERMUDA IT'S SPICE

Bermuda—The tempting exotic burgundy color of Glazo's SPICE is the vogue. Get the becoming new Glazo shades at all drug counters.

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Glazo's NAIL-COTE guards nails against splitting and breaking; gives added gloss; makes your polish last longer. Only 25¢.



GLAZO

NEW TROPIC SHADES

years he had seen movie stars come and go, rejecting all the other gifts of life in their grim climb upward, breaking their hearts as they lost their toe hold and went crashing down again. He never made speeches nor obtruded his own point of view. When Gail asked him how he felt about her work, he said, "That's up to you, honey. I bring home the bacon. If you want to do that for fun, it's your business." But he won't let her worry about it. If she comes home disappointed over a part given or withheld, "So what?" he wants to know. "We're happy, aren't we?" And the whole picture takes on its true proportions.

Now you begin to see why Gail will do what others are afraid to do. Movie tradition says the illusion of youth must be preserved. An actress must never be more than twenty-nine. Gail thinks not in terms of movie tradition, but in her own terms. Her mind cuts through fuzzy inessentials to the core. "What if people do think me older than I am? That doesn't bother me. I never was the ingénue type. Who am I to turn down anything? It isn't so easy to kill a featured player, anyway. It might be different if I were a star.

"The born actress feels, I'll die unless I get to the top. But if I never get to the top, I'll still be happy. Life looks fine to me from just where I am. Don't misunderstand. I want to be a good actress. But I figure that my best chance is to play every kind of part that comes my way. Then maybe some day I might turn in such a good performance that I'll fool everybody, even myself."

Her studio didn't want Gail to play the other sister in "My Man Godfrey." It wasn't a sympathetic role. She pleaded and argued, and finally went to the top.

"Who cares whether it's sympathetic or not?" she stormed. "Here's a chance to work under La Cava, to play with Carole Lombard, to learn something. If you owned a piece of real estate, you'd do all you could to improve it, wouldn't you? Well, this is the same thing."

The head of the studio grinned. "Okay, property. Go ahead and improve yourself. We wouldn't stop you for the world."

In the case of "Mad About Music," Gail's studio left the decision up to her. "Frankly," they said, "we don't know whether you'd be smart or not to play Deanna's mother. It's up to you."

GAIL read the script and thought it was a honey. She considered it a break for anyone to play in a Durbin picture. "At least you know you'll be seen by the maximum audience. As for the mother angle, it's possible to have a child at sixteen. I'm twenty-six, and I look thirty. Oh yes, I do." Laughter ran through her warm Southern voice. "I've looked thirty ever since I was twenty-two. With luck, maybe it'll work the other way round, and I'll go on looking thirty until I'm forty. That wouldn't be so bad."

"And don't think I didn't learn from that child. There was a scene where I had to hold out my arms and say, 'My baby!' That threw me. I sounded as if I were saying, 'Let's go fishing.' Then suddenly she looked up and smiled, the sweetest smile I'd ever seen in my life. You couldn't help loving her, you couldn't help meaning all the pet names you could call her. If ever I have to go soft in another picture, I'll only need to think of Deanna's smile. I keep it here," she said, poking at the general region of her heart. "It's part of my stock-in-trade."

Four months ago John Stahl told Gail he wanted her for the part of Adolphe Menjou's fiancée in "Letter of Introduction." They were about to begin shooting when he sent for her. "The part's been rewritten. It's not big enough for you."

"That doesn't matter. I want to work with you," Gail announced calmly.

Stahl clutched at his head. "I tell her it isn't big enough, and she says it doesn't matter." He broke into a yell. "Did you hear that, everybody?"

An assistant came running. "What's the matter?" he shouted.

"Nothing, nothing. For a minute I died and went to heaven and saw an angel."

As it happened, she didn't play the part. Instead, she was given the lead opposite Warren William in "Wives Under Suspicion."

"But a few years ago this town had me scared to death," Gail reminisced. "I was afraid to open my mouth or show my face, before Bob came along. He gave me self-confidence. He believed in me, made me feel he was proud to be seen with me, so I began thinking maybe I wasn't such a freak after all."

This statement floored me. That anyone who looks like Gail Patrick should need reassurance sounds impossible. But Gail doesn't go in for coyness. When she tells you something, it isn't for effect. It's the truth, you can rely upon that.

Imagine a girl brought up in the normal environment of family, school and friends, her course plainly marked out for her, suddenly transplanted to the razzle-dazzle of Hollywood. Yesterday a leader in her class and social set, today a nobody, surrounded by strangers.

She'd been taught that business was business, and had nothing to do with per-

sonalities. She didn't know how to bare her soul to all comers. As she put it, "Nobody but my family had ever seen me take down my hair, and I couldn't get used to doing it in public." She was labeled a freeze. She neither drank nor smoked. So she was considered a prude.

She was accused of looking and acting like a lady, than which there are few more damning epithets in Hollywood. A lady is a female, minus a heart or any of the more endearing human traits. That reputation did her more harm than anything else, for it lost her good roles. Hesitantly, Irving Thalberg once tested her for the part of a girl who got drunk. He didn't think she could do it, but after watching her on the screen he was so pleased that he gave her a contract.

THAT was encouraging, but it wasn't until she met Bob Cobb that she unsnarled herself in earnest. Here was an expert in the movie world who asked nothing better than to spend his time with her. It wasn't so much that he could steer her right, as that he seemed blithely unaware of anything wrong. To him she was perfection. She didn't smoke or drink? What of it? She couldn't talk Hollywood's language? He liked her own.

The power of suggestion worked with her, as it does with all of us. She grew surer-footed. Her whole personality unfolded in boundless gratitude and love.

"They lost the pattern after they made him," Gail says, "and I'm not alone in thinking so. Once we had a misunderstanding and broke up. Often, on such occasions, your friends rally round and try to comfort you by telling you what you've escaped. All the comfort I got was, 'Gail, you're a dope. Better get that

guy back. You won't find another one like him in a hundred years.'"

Her husband sends her flowers every Tuesday, because Tuesday was the day on which they met. Regularly on the seventeenth of each month, their wedding anniversary, a box arrives with a gift he himself has chosen. Lately he's been concentrating on copper kitchen vessels, because she wants to do her kitchen in copper. "Hey, Bob, the first year's over," a friend reminded him. "How long does she rate a wedding present every month?"

"All the rest of her life," said Bob briefly.

To him, she's still perfection. He insists that she really is. She insists it's his seraphic disposition that makes him think so. "Sometimes I flare up and say more than I should. He says, 'I'll be right back, honey,' or, 'I think so too.' If I want to stay home, that's swell, he's just discovered he's tired. If I want to go out, that's the one thing he's been yearning to do. Any little mistakes I make, that's exactly the way he wanted it. If I invite people he doesn't like to dinner, it's wonderful how he couldn't have lived another day without seeing those very people. It sounds like a gag, I know. But that's the kind of a man I married, God love him. Here he comes now."

He paused at the table again, a husky-looking seraph, blissfully unaware of the wings I saw sprouting from his shoulders.

"I've been telling how it took me three years to talk you into marrying me," said his wife.

"Are you through? Now I'll tell the real story. Okay, Mrs. Cobb?"

Their eyes met in that look which shuts the rest of the world out. "I'm not afraid," she smiled.



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IT IS now unbelievably easy to reveal all the natural radiance and beauty of your hair. Glamorous natural radiance, beautiful beyond your fondest dreams.

Drene performs this beauty miracle because it not only removes loose dandruff flakes, grease and dirt—but also removes the beauty-clouding film often left on the hair by other types of shampoos.

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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH *Hepburn?*



Wearing unconventional clothes and dodging everyone have been two of Hepburn's favorite poses.

Shall she be wife, stage or

BEFORE THIS summer is over Katharine Hepburn must decide which road she will take.

Shall she go on splitting her precious youth between battles in Hollywood and heartaching attempts to establish herself on the New York stage? Shall she remember, before it is too late, that first of all she is a woman? Or shall she toss off her mistakes of yesterday with a fierce saneness and begin a last, grand effort to become the triumphant, superior person she originally resolved to be?

In Hollywood today there is a profound curiosity as to which future Hepburn will choose. She has still, obviously, great undeveloped potentialities. Up to now it has generally been Kate who has foiled herself.

Now once more her course is open for her own selection. There are no strings, no ties that bind. She has movie fame, wealth, health, and no man to interfere with her career. She's seen to all this. Yet is she content? No! Happiness is eluding Hepburn.

Kate impatiently hastened her arrival at the cross-roads by walking out on the studio that discovered her and made her renowned. She's no longer under contract because when they ordered her into cheaper pictures she indignantly refused. Is she then going backwards after six years of Hollywood's sparing no expense to develop her? She really hasn't, she declares, the slightest intention of even considering a move like that.

The very idea of abandoning her pedestal makes Hepburn furious. Just the thought of having to do anything she doesn't want to always makes Kate see

Why has happiness eluded Katharine Hepburn? Can she save herself now?

MISS LOY



Myrna Loy keeps Clark Gable busy again in their new picture. This time it's "Too Hot To Handle."

Myrna is a hard worker but an incorrigible tease. Her pranks keep the whole studio laughing.



Theresa says the Arthur Hornblow, Jr.'s, are gayest when there's no company around.





THE WOES

**It's no cinch to be single and
Jimmy Stewart, who is miles
from the altar, tells you why**

MAYBE IT'S because he is tall enough to make any girl feel petite alongside of him. Or because he is good-looking enough, but not so good-looking that he makes a girl wish she had put on more make-up. Or maybe it's because he is so natural and human that a girl can forget that he is also a famous actor.

Whatever it is that James Stewart has, it's enough to give the feminine population of Hollywood gooseflesh and complexes. At least, that's the impression I've gotten, listening to the feminine population. No male bystander, noting such a phenomenon, could help wondering how Jimmy has managed to elude matrimony. How has he managed to maintain his bachelor standing? So I decided to ask him.

I found Jimmy in the San Fernando Valley, working on "You Can't Take It With You." Today, on an interior set, with a city street and a city crowd visible through windows in the background, Jimmy had been dancing jubilantly with Jean Arthur. And it wasn't a day for jubilant dancing. Between the California sun and the Hollywood arc-lights, the temperature on the set was every bit of 108°.

We went to luncheon in an air-cooled restaurant and, for a moment, Jimmy didn't say anything. He took a long quaff of beer and looked at me accusingly over his glass.

"So," he said finally, with pained deliberation, "you're putting me on the spot?"

Before I even get a taste of lunch, too."

He shook his head

OF A HOLLYWOOD Bachelor

BY JAMES REID

ruefully, as if that were the unforgivable part.

Turning on fiendish grin number seven, I intimated that we had a lot of ground to cover, what with romance rumors and all, and therefore couldn't begin too early.

His answer was a bewildered grin, a shrug of the shoulders, and, "What's there to say? A fellow doesn't get married just to oblige some romance rumors. He has to find the right girl. At least, that's a quaint little notion I've always had. So far, I haven't found her. As far as I'm concerned, that explains everything."

But, with all the possibilities that Hollywood had to offer, how did he explain his not having found her?

"Maybe," he hazarded, "maybe I haven't met all the possibilities. Or maybe I haven't been concentrating hard enough on the search. Or maybe she's hiding from me. That's quite possible, too."

He hadn't built up any advance notions of what she would be like. He was open-minded.

"Though I don't think I'd mind if she were a sort of duplicate of Margaret Sullavan," he volunteered, looking hard at the roll he was buttering, like a man talking to himself. "She could be the same size, look a little like that, be a little like that. Un-artificial, for one thing. I've known Sullavan for years. I knew her 'way back in the Cape Cod acting days—even if it didn't get me anywhere—and she's the kind that wears well."

I gave Jimmy a thorough once-over. A few casual strands of hair were sneaking down his forehead. His necktie was askew, his collar unfastened. He didn't look like a fellow who would insist on getting acquainted with a girl for a few years before he decided whether or not he could fall in love with her. But you never can tell by looks. So, to hear what he would say, I told him that a few people had the idea that he didn't want to get married, that he was having too good a time as a bachelor.

"Those are fightin' words, pardner," he said. "There's nothing I'd like better than to settle down. 'The fun of being single' is a snare and a delusion, an exaggeration, a canard. The life of a Hollywood bachelor is fraught with hardships. Take it from one who knows."

That called for plenty of explanation. And Jimmy, particularly now that some solid food had at last arrived in front of him, was willing to explain. Between mouth-

fuls, chewed with typical Stewart deliberateness, he elucidated this way:

"Well, take these romance rumors, for example. You go out with Gloria Glutz once or twice, because Gloria likes to dance and you like to dance, and she's companionable and you're companionable. Then, first thing you know, there are romance rumors. People come up to you and say, 'Look, this is getting serious. Let us in on the elopement plans.' That strikes you funny—after all, you've just met the girl—and you laugh. The word gets back to Gloria Glutz that you guffawed at the idea of a romance with her. And that's the end of you with Miss Gloria Glutz.

THAT'S JUST one of the things that can happen. And do happen. I know. But the romance rumors still strike me funny. Any other place on earth, after you go out with a girl three or four times, people assume you're beginning to get acquainted with her. Here, people suspect you of being secretly married to her. Well, practically. And the whole big happy family crowds in around the two of you, to see whether or not the romance is going to last. They don't seem to realize that it hasn't even started yet, that, up to now, it hasn't had a chance to get started.

"It's a sad set-up, very sad," said Jimmy, forking viciously into his Salisbury steak. "Suppose you're just beginning to like a girl, and she's just beginning to like you. Somebody starts a romance rumor. Maybe both of you laugh it off. After all, what's a romance rumor between friends? But, sub-consciously, both of you build up your sales resistance to a romance. You don't want her to get the notion that, as far as you're concerned, she's the only flower in the garden of love. She doesn't want you thinking that she can't live without you. And, before long, you aren't holding hands any (Continued on page 72)

Will Paulette Goddard divorce Charlie Chaplin? Rumor is divided. Now Paulette gives you her side of the story

PAULETTE GODDARD has never had the slightest intention of filing suit for divorce against the sad-eyed little man with the funny mustache, Charlie Chaplin.

If he should ever want his freedom and ask for it—well, now, that's another story. But, in a town where gratitude is an almost unknown virtue, the little girl whom Charlie made a star is grateful. She appreciates not only her chance at stardom, but the hours of happiness which have been showered upon her by the man she loves.

That she herself has made the most of her opportunities, taking every slight bit of instruction seriously, changing her entire pattern of life so that the fabric might be that of a star rather than that of a chorus girl, she discounts as nothing beside the fact that Chaplin gave her the chance to make good. And though it's David Selznick who's offered her her latest opportunity to create an important role in "The Young in Heart," she hasn't forgotten the man to whom she feels she owes

Under Charlie's guidance, Paulette exchanged curves for svelte lines, pretty frocks for smart gowns and costume jewelry for real diamonds.



Charlie Chaplin, master of comedy and pantomime.



Paulette with Doug Fairbanks in "The Young in Heart."

She WANTS TO STAY

the deepest debt of gratitude, the chap who turned her from a blonde chorine to the voluptuous, finished actress that she is today.

And rather than hurt or distress him in any way, she would sacrifice her own hope of personal happiness, throw away forever her right to be free, and maintain her present (rather secret) status. Other little actresses in the past have climbed to stardom through marriage and then, having attained success, have had few compunctions about throwing aside the husbands who aided them. But not Paulette. She's too grateful.

Born Pauline Levy, a native of Great Neck, Long Island, she attracted little attention in the film colony until Chaplin, the man who's always been the vivid exception to every rule, the paradox who's mingled pathos with fun-making, took her under his guidance and made her not only the leading lady in his life, but in his last picture, "Modern Times." Under his guidance and tutelage, she exchanged curves for svelte lines, pretty frocks for specially designed ones, and costume jewelry for real diamonds and rubies.

With her mother, Mrs. Alta Goddard, acting as chaperone she has put in appearance with Charlie at Palm Springs, Lake Arrowhead, the Catalina Isthmus (where all the film famous moor their boats) and Del Monte.

Together, the three of them have been seen at all the right places and, since October, 1932, moviedom has linked romantically the names of Paulette and Chaplin.

But, though the film colonyites guessed a marriage ceremony had been performed, neither of the principals would admit as much. Charlie replied to questioners that he was anxious to launch Paulette on a career of her own before letting the truth in regard to their marriage be known. As time went on, however, certain facts leaked out which seemed to substantiate wedding rumors.

Before they left on a trip to the Orient in 1936, Hollywood columnists carried interviews in which Chaplin was quoted as saying this was to be his honeymoon voyage and that he would be married somewhere along the way. A couple of months later, his agent in Singapore reported receiving a wireless message from the actor asking him to "do your utmost to arrange for our marriage."

THIS MESSAGE raised a great cry the length of the Straits Settlements, and everyone began a discussion of the validity of American divorces (Chaplin having been married and divorced twice previously) under British law. Then officials opened an inquiry as to whether a special license such as would be required by the comedian under the circumstances could be granted him. Archdeacon Graham White, when contacted, flatly refused to perform a wedding ceremony in the Anglican Church because of Charlie's previous marriages.

However, the following day, March 19, while no details were given, the wire services of United Press carried the following report: "Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard were reported married in Singapore today." That was all it said, but sources close to the couple intimated that they had been married by Captain Dave Anderson, skipper of the yacht "Panacea," on which Charlie and Paulette were sailing.

Just about a year later, Elias Berger, a wholesale jeweler in Hollywood, who had just delivered to Paulette Chaplin's latest present, a wide platinum bracelet set with marquise diamonds and linked together with smaller ones, reported that Paulette, while thanking Charlie had observed that "this is my wedding anniversary present.

Where we were married, he couldn't even buy a simple wedding ring."

"Where we were married." That little phrase seemed to tell a story of a wedding in a little village in a far-off land. So Berger, on his next trip to their house took along a slender band of platinum set with marquise diamonds which he offered as a substitute for the band that already should have been on her finger.

"She was like a child with
(Continued on page 81)

BY KAY
CAMPBELL

MARRIED

Scared

OF HIS SHADOW

Did you know that the best dancer in America is the victim of an

THIS IS none of my business. But I consider Fred Astaire a very unhappy young man. I believe that he lives within a self-imposed nightmare of insecurity, that he constantly worries about what people will think or say about him.

I have reasons to back up my opinion, reasons that have accumulated not just yesterday, nor the day before, but over a period of years. Here they are, offered (believe me, Mr. Astaire) in a spirit that is both well meaning and friendly. I even hope it will be helpful.

Recently a popular magazine ran a short story about a college boy who was so self-conscious he was all hands and feet. Of course he had a crush on a girl, and he was going to escort her to the prom—or die in the attempt. So he went to a second-hand store and hired himself a dress suit. After he took it home, he discovered, through the label, that it had once belonged to no less a personage than the famous Fred Astaire!

According to the story, this remarkable coincidence gave said college boy such confidence and ease that he immediately became the beau of the ball, danced the Rhumba like a Cuban, and, what's more he even won the girl he'd formerly been too shy to court.

What a pleasant little tale! Understandable, too. I can see how it happened. But the author might never have written that story if he had really known Fred Astaire.

Granted that on-screen Mr. Astaire has the poise and dash of a Duke of Windsor. Granted that off-screen, he is rated one of the world's best dressed men. Still, of all the stars I have interviewed, over a period of fifteen years, Fred Astaire stands out as the one possessing the greatest inferiority complex!

By inferiority complex I don't mean

modesty. Valentino had that. And I don't mean humbleness. George Raft has that. Raft is forever conscious of his roughneck background, but always likable because his personality hits you straight from the shoulder. He has a sort of take-me-or-leave-me quality, with absolutely no pretensions or affectations.

No, when I say that Fred Astaire has an inferiority complex, I mean exactly that. To an interviewer he gives a lack-of-self-confidence impression, as though he felt not quite good enough, as though he were always walking on eggs, always afraid of something.

Let me go back a bit to the first time I met him. The Astaires, Fred and Adele, brother and sister, had just come into the big money class. They were starring in "Lady, Be Good" and dancing at a swanky night club. Often I would drop backstage to chat with Adele. She was lively. She was natural. She was a lot of fun. She was the exact antithesis of Fred. Although, at the time, I did not know him except as

someone who poked his head in and out of her dressing room. I could see that her breeziness annoyed him. I think he resented it. Perhaps, because, like most self-conscious people, deep down in his heart he would have liked to have been that way too.

One day Adele shouted, "Freddie's got a girl. Look out front. She's a blonde. I'm so thrilled. You know, he's very bashful!" Brother-like, he was furious.

I especially remember one time when Adele came to the gala opening of a dancing school. Her hair was in curlers, tucked up under her hat. If Fred had been a woman, never, in a thousand years, would he have done such a thing. He would have been too worried about what people might think.

For he was (and still is) the worrier. In those dressing-room intervals he would worry about Adele's practicing, about the music's tempo, about the audience, about their responses and about every tap in his routines. I am not criticizing him. This kind of worrying simply means that Astaire is a true artist, never satisfied with results. It is only the public-opinion worrying that bothers anyone who has worked with him.

As you know, after Adele married her nobleman, Fred Astaire went on alone. Then came my second interview.

By

**NANETTE
KUTNER**

On the screen Fred Astaire appears poised and suave, yet he is actually afraid of his past, present and future.

amazing inferiority complex?

Somehow, there had been a mix-up. The press-agent had forgotten to notify Fred. So, a tall skinny figure, huddled in a blue flannel dressing-gown, he sat on a trunk, backstage of "The Gay Divorcée," and told me he just couldn't give a story because he "wasn't prepared."

Ten days later I got the story. This time the stage was set. We were in his Park Avenue apartment. A backgammon table stood near the window. A well trained servant opened the door. And Astaire was all good humor and shy boyish charm. He was going to get married, "but don't print that." He was going to Hollywood "but," he raved as he stood in front of a mirror, "who wants this face in pictures. Look at it. I'll be terrible!" It was plain enough. He was already scared to death.

YOU WOULD think that after his tremendous screen success this inferiority bugaboo would have taken flight. But, no, Hollywood has made him worse. When he was on Broadway there had been rumors. His partners had told how he cried when a dance went wrong. His producers had repeated the story. But Broadway has a sense of humor. It had winked its eye, dubbed him "Moaning Minnie," and let it go at that. But Hollywood panders to his temperament, a temperament that is the natural offspring of that inferiority complex.

They say that he never kisses an actress in a picture. If this is true, if, after paying him hundreds of thousands of dollars, Hollywood actually lets him get away with that, then Hollywood is balmy. If, while he is before that camera, the script calls
(Cont'd on page 80)





HOW THEY WIN *friends*

BY DORA ALBERT

George Murphy takes an interest in other people's problems. He once won an important job because he knew how to win a friend.

Claudette Colbert is adored in Hollywood because she is sympathetic, tolerant, and never high-hat. Such traits always influence people.

YOU'RE TIRED of your job and the dull monotony of your existence. You wonder why Mamie Jones, no better looking, with less education and brains, has got ahead so much more quickly than you have. Goodness knows, you've tried hard enough.

"Maybe it's all luck," you say bitterly. "I never got the breaks. That's the only difference."

In a way, you're right. You never did get the breaks. But why not? Simply because you lacked the most vital ingredient needed to make anyone a success—the ability to win friends and influence people—which is so im-

portant that a book on the subject by Dale Carnegie, "How To Win Friends and Influence People," set a new record for best sellers.

All Dale Carnegie did was to formulate the rules by which you could influence people. But the Hollywood movie stars have been living up to their own rules, which they discovered long before Dale Carnegie's book was ever heard of. They would not be stars today if they didn't know how to influence people into giving them the kind of publicity they want and the kind of roles for which they are best suited. You may be very sure of that.

Take a lesson from the movie stars who, believe it or not, knew their



By honestly appreciating everything anyone does for her, Eleanor Powell makes those around her happy.



Being big enough to admit his mistakes has won for Nelson Eddy many a friend and even a renowned music teacher.

Often their careers depend upon whether they have more friends, eager to boost them to success, or more enemies, who would welcome an opportunity to knife them in the back. I am sure that when Ethel Merman, that dark-haired, tempestuous gold digger of merry memory, first met George Gershwin, it never occurred to her to try deliberately to influence him. But from the beginning it was very evident that she was interested in his work and genuinely awed by his great musical ability. He, in turn, became interested in her personality, and although she was a young, comparatively unknown singer, he composed "I've Got Rhythm" with no other purpose in mind than to fit the striking personality of this girl.

"I think," he told her, "this song will make you a star."

It did make her a star—one of the gayest, brightest, most twinkling stars on the New York stage, but the song would never have been composed if Gershwin had not become interested in Ethel Merman because he sensed her sympathetic interest in his own problems.

George Murphy, who recently made a brilliant come-

back in pictures, was at one time particularly anxious to land a dancing job in one special club. Sizing up the situation, however, he discovered that asking for the spot on the floor show would accomplish nothing.

The manager was a friendless sort of person who awed everyone by ensconcing himself behind a mammoth desk and remaining there while he pushed buttons for attention. Discovering this fact, Murphy set out to try to help the man out of his loneliness. At first, George's entrance into this man's office was rebuffed.


"Oh, I just wanted someone to talk to," he would say, "and I'm interested in the work you're doing and the way you're doing it. Just thought perhaps you wouldn't mind chatting with me for a while."

After a time, the club manager began to look forward to Murphy's visits. One evening after a particularly pleasant session he asked George what was his line of work.

"I'm a dancer," young Murphy replied.

"Why didn't you say so before?" the manager boomed. "I have a place for you in the (Continued on page 90)

psychology long before Dale Carnegie's famous book was ever heard of



"We may be gelatine gods in Hollywood," says Fredric. "but elsewhere it's different."

HE WHO GOT

Slapped

Fredric steals a march on failure and turns it to glowing success

BY GLADYS HALL

FREDDIE TOOK a spanking on the place where spankings hurt actors the worst—his ego. And he took his spanking, as he has taken his successes, handsomely, nonchalantly, withal thoughtfully.

"Success can be failure," said Fred, his teeth in a cheese sandwich, his wife on his lap, his wise, amused eyes on me. "But failure can be success, too. Ever think of that? We have, haven't we, Mommie?" he asked, with a sly wink at Florence. "We are Case Histories 1A and 1B illustrating this hopeful theory."

"I'm going to take a nap," said Florence, making an unsuccessful effort to remove herself from the lap of her lord and master. Unsuccessful because Freddie, as you may have noticed, has a way with women on the screen. He has the same way at home.

I said, "Are you referring to the Marches on Broadway last season? To the play titled 'Yr. Obedient Husband,' starring Florence Eldridge and Fredric March?"

"I am," said Freddie, with a gusty sigh. "I am also referring to the hurried funeral of same. But I am thinking of more than appears on the surface. It wasn't just a play that flopped, you see, it was a dream. It was a dream we'd dreamed, Florence and I. A dream with a capital D. Then one week passed and we wrapped it up and put it away. Or it was wrapped up for us, in nice prickly cactus leaves."

"I want to take a nap," said Florence, wriggling.

Freddie's strong right encircled her firmly. He said, "You look too well to need a nap," and went on talking. He said, "It was kind of a hurdle to me, you know, the theatre—a hurdle I wanted to make very fleetly and successfully. Florence had done it. She was a success on Broadway before we came to Hollywood. I have never really cracked it. I'd played featured roles on Broadway, as you may remember, though why should you? I'd been in such plays as 'The Half-Caste,' 'Puppets,' 'Devil in The Cheese,' and others. On the

road we played for the Theatre Guild. In Los Angeles I played in 'The Royal Family.' That was the play that started me off in pictures.

"But I'd never really *done* it, you know. I wanted to, badly. Florence came out with me when I went into pictures. And she has stood by, a willing and very cheerful martyr to my career, forsaking her own. So we both wanted to make good, Florence again, I for the first time. Well, we went back. We flopped. And it taught us a lot of things. Nice, acid things, good for the soul.

"Just before we got to New York last winter Florence had a qualm. She said to me, 'Do you think we are making a mistake?' I answered, 'What can we lose? Sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars and a couple of reputations, that's all!'"

WELL, THEY lost the thousands, but out of the cremation their reputations rose up, brighter Phoenixes than ever they had been before. Which is saying something. They came out of the debacle, all their colors flying because they were good sports about failure. They've learned that when you can laugh at failure it isn't failure any more.

I think that I have never seen an actor take a spanking on his ego more sportingly than Freddie. He proved that mummies are men. He proved that Hollywood success doesn't soften, after all; doesn't do something to the fibres of its darlings so that they can't take the raps when they come.

I gazed upon Freddie with new respect superimposed on the respect I have always felt for him. For the strength and simplicity with which he has gone about carving out one of the most successful careers in Hollywood. Never a headline hero, Freddie. Never any ballyhoo. Never one of the "sensational" successes of the school of Valentino, John Gilbert, other fiery spellbinders. None of the Barnum methods. But in every picture he makes, he scores an authentic (*Continued on page 103*)

Florence Eldridge (Mrs. March to you) was a Broadway success before she married Freddie.

Fredric goes dramatic to amuse Virginia Bruce between scenes of "There Goes My Heart."





Meet the Jones family! From

WE'VE BEEN asked to lunch with the Jones family today. It's an invitation few would refuse. To you and me and thousands throughout the country, the Joneses are as real as the people next door. You and I and those thousands are responsible for their continued existence. When "Every Saturday Night" was being made, it was just another picture. No one suspected it was also a fruitful seed, about to take root and spread into a family tree.

Then it was released, and with a promptitude there was no mistaking, America took this typically American family to its heart. Much as they might have said, "We like those people who've moved in across the way. We want to see more of them," so they said in a million voices that swelled to a sweet-sounding roar, "We like the Joneses. We want to see more of them. We want to go to Bonnie's wedding and watch Roger in the throes of puppy love. We want to hear Dad yell 'Louise' when he gets into a mess, and we want to sneak a cup of coffee with Grandma in the kitchen." Or as one fan put it, "We can't bear to lose sight of them. They're kinfolk."

There's nothing curious about the fact that they look like a family. Max Golden, the producer, bore that idea in mind when he spent weeks choosing the original cast, which has been kept intact throughout, except for the substitution of Shirley Deane for June Lang after the first picture. They bear such a

Keeping UP WITH THE JONESES

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT



Left to right, Alan Dinehart, Russell Gleason, Ken Howell, Shirley Deane, George Ernest, Director Herbert Leeds, Jed Prouty, Spring Byington, Florence Roberts, June Carlson and Billy Mahan.

Grandma down to Billy they're as happy and lovable off-screen as on

striking resemblance to one another, they might all have been bred from the same stock. They all have blue eyes, fair skin, round faces for the most part, and hair shading from blonde to light brown.

"Of course Jeddy's hazel-eyed," points out Grandma. (Florence Roberts is Grandma to them all, off-screen and on.) "But then, he takes after his father."

"Brown sheep of the family," cracks Kenny Howell.

"And you can see that they get their button noses from me," Mother Byington chimes in.

"Whatever they get from you," grunts Dad Prouty, "they can thank their lucky stars for it."

The children break into a chant. "Dad-dy's ma-king lo-ove to Mo-o-thah!"

"And who has a better right, you young gangsters?"

"He calls us that," dimples June, "because we're always ganging up on him."

The curious thing is that even off the screen, there seems to be a certain kinship among them—the kinship of good humor, perhaps. Gathered 'round their table in the café on the studio lot, they remain as home-like a group of people, as pleasant to know as those who eat in the Jones' dining-room. There is the same give and take of good comradeship. There is the same implicit affection without sugariness. Dad Prouty ribs the children. The children take it and bounce it back. Grandma feeds George a forkful of her dessert, because "he wants to see if he likes it." Mother Bying-

ton reads the menu for Grandma, ties Billy's napkin 'round his neck, tells Shirley how pretty her hat is, waggles her finger at Kenny who is late, and draws Dad out on the subject of his reminiscences—all with as deft and gracious a touch as her screen prototype.

She passes 'round a snapshot she's taken of June. Dad Prouty takes a squint at it. "Hm, she looks like a colt sitting there—all legs."

"Well, if the Lord's made anything sweeter-looking than a colt, I've yet to set eyes on it," retorts Mother.

"When is a colt not a colt?" inquires Kenny, imp dancing in his eyes. "When he's sitting."

This strikes Billy as pretty funny. He chokes over his milk. Shirley rescues it and thumps him gently on the back, like any sister would.

"I'll take your picture, Junie," offers George, the candid camera fiend.

"Thank you, Georgie," she murmurs sweetly. He scowls, and her dimples deepen. "'Scuseitplease, George without the ie."

They're contracted for four pictures a year. Between pictures they go their separate ways. "But when we get together again," George explains, "it's like we'd just been away for the weekend or something, and we're glad to be back."

"Like any family," volunteers Shirley cheerfully.

"Not like any family," snorts Grandma. "Indeed not! We all like each other." (Continued on page 94)

SOCIAL

Security



Danielle Darrieux's luscious all mulberry ensemble is enriched by sable revers and muff.



Right, on Lynn Bari's velvet suit fox fur swirls gracefully from collar to cuffs.

SOCIAL SECURITY can be a lot more than "pie in the sky" if you take your wardrobe tips from the current film fashion parade.

"The Rage of Paris" presents Danielle Darrieux in a series of fetching frocks, well suited to the Latin looker's willowy proportions. Her street things belie rumors of longer suit jackets. Better for the five-feet-fours and under, to ignore such rumors though, as the hip length jacket lops off height. In "The Rage of Paris" Miss Darrieux sets out to land a millionaire, wearing a bolero suit with slim skirt and trimming concentrated at the top. The brief jacket is bordered all the way around with fur and the sleeves have double fur cuffs. Another stunning street suit of mulberry rodier jersey has a peplum jacket with revers and huge muff of tipped sable.

The peplum also appears on the lamé tunic of a dinner dress with a slinky black skirt ending in a tiny train. Hip frills are all right for Miss Darrieux's wispy silhouette, but remember that peplums add poundage, so if you have any extra heft of your own don't spotlight it with ruffles.

Draped evening things are definitely in, and a new twist is evolved for the French star in a white gown. The bodice is probably more intricate than it looks, but it seems to consist of two lengths of material, one draped from right front to left back, the other from left front to right back, where they join a girdle and the flowing skirt.

The flavor is Grecian, and Miss Darrieux "ups" her shoulder bob for this one.

Katharine Hepburn goes through "Holiday" with her accustomed tailored severity, being very much at home in swagger sports things. Her one formal gown accents her slim figure. It is black sheer, high at the throat, fitted through the body, and has long tight sleeves. Its severity is relieved only by a slit in the back of the bodice and an occasional coy peep of white ruffled petticoat. Miss Hepburn wears a chiffon handkerchief clipped to the shoulder.

"Sister" Doris Nolan's wardrobe is gayer. A backless lamé with peplum is held up by the narrowest of shoulder straps. Her sheer black dinner dress is topped by a graceful bertha and a corsage of enormous satin roses.

Like Miss Darrieux in "The Rage of Paris," Loretta Young acquires a million dollar wardrobe—object matrimony—in "Three Blind Mice." A high off-the-face sombrero, clinging to the side of her head, tops a trim short jacket suit. Of a series of elaborate evening gowns, the one with the "newest" air shows a decided sarong influence. A splashy South Seas print, the gown drapes over one shoulder, winds around the body and ends in a bit of train.



Doris Nolan's flattering dark sheer dinner dress is the kind that should be in every girl's wardrobe.

Filmdom's best dressed stars suggest some winning numbers to insure your fashion future

by **M A R I A N
S Q U I R E**

a flowered number with halter strap, and material twisted over the shoulders to form large straps or tiny sleeves, depending on the point of view. This is worn under a boxy white fox jacket.

Girlish simplicity rules for Harriet Hilliard in "Cocoanut Grove." She reserves one dress-up frock for the finish, a dream-girl white net with spreading skirt and tiny fitted bodice.

Dorothy Lamour, who can lend an air to smart clothes as well as any of her screen colleagues, is confined to Mexican peasant dresses in "Tropic Holiday." The splashy wardrobe is reserved for Binnie (that girl is here again) Barnes.

One of Binnie's best is a wool suit of loose, smart weave with a short self-material cape trimmed with strips of natural wolf suggesting sleeves. With this she wears an angora sports hat whose chiffon veil drapes about the face or falls casually from one side like a scarf.

In "Always Goodbye," Barbara Stanwyck suffers through most of the picture in the simplest of frocks. Then she makes a lot of money and blossoms out, sartorially. But blossoms! A street ensemble consists of a bracelet sleeved redingote over a light pleated dress, the bodice draped and caught with a huge clip. With

this, Barbara wears a high turban with a scarf floating down the back and crossing the shoulders in front.

Lynn Bari, Miss Stanwyck's screen rival, wears a light between-season coat with double rows of fur on the sleeves. Her tiny cap hat has a bunch of quills shooting up on one side and curving (*Continued on page 79*)

Binnie Barnes, who seems to be everywhere at once lately, stops menacing long enough to turn up as a gay gal with a penchant for beer, in "Three Blind Mice." Either Miss Barnes gave up watching the scales when she turned to comedy, or her clothes are playing practical jokes on her silhouette. She is more than a bit to the buxom in

HE'S GOOFY *and* HE LIKES IT

**Diplomat, charlatan, gentleman, rogue,
Reginald Owen plays them all. But
what is he really like? Read on**

This delightful Englishman has an unexpected slant on life. It's fresh and amusing, too.



I AM slightly unbalanced," said Reginald Owen pleasantly, as he peppered his oysters on the half shell. "I look at things sort of abnormally, you know. Quite normal people and things take on, in my mind, a slant, a perverse twist, a hump, an oblique angle.

"I am not a pathological case. I annoy no one, so far as I know. I live the most matter-of-fact life. I have orderly, circumspect habits. I neither collect penguins, pinch babies nor go in for voodoo. On the contrary, I eat, swim, play tennis, cricket and golf, like hamburgers, adore Garbo, go to bed early, rise early, am kind to my wife, read biographies, think "Hamlet" the greatest play ever written and "David Copperfield" the greatest picture ever produced anywhere.

"I own a dog and am kind to him—or her. Which illustrates what I mean. I do not know the sex of the dog, now that you ask me. Which is, I am sure, looking at things abnormally, here in Hollywood. But it's just that the sex of the animal isn't important to me. That it's a dog is all that matters—as far as I'm concerned. Hollywood doesn't worry me in the least either. I live and let live and manage very nicely, thank you.

"I have been married twice. My first wife was a well-known English actress. My second wife, also English, is a non-professional. We have a cottage at Malibu and live there all year round. I know everyone in the movie colony, but am intimate with no one. People seem to like me. No one trembles at my approach.

"But I do look at things abnormally. The sun, to me, is not just the sun, blazing away to give me a becoming tan. It is a copper cauldron (Continued on page 96)

BY FAITH SERVICE



Reggie says Mrs. Owen is the perfect understanding wife. What does he mean—he isn't happy?



by MALCOLM
OETTINGER

COULDN'T SAY "NO"

Gale Sondergaard tells what every
girl wants to know about acting

OUT OF TEN thousand girls who dream of a stage career, one actually becomes an actress. Out of a hundred thousand ambitious girls, one may penetrate the precincts of the aloof Theatre Guild, proud standard-bearer of the New York stage. Out of a million girls, possibly one may win an Academy award with her very first picture.

Yet here is one girl who did all these things. Her name is Gale Sondergaard. And how, you ask, did she ever do it?

She is square-jawed, high cheek-boned, attractive in a sultry way. Her predatory mouth surprises you when it curves into a smile. She has been acting since she was a high school sophomore, in innumerable tent shows, barnstorming troupes, stock companies and road companies. She has played hags and ingenues, mothers and daughters, wantons and nuns. In Jessie Bonstelle's famous Cleveland stock company, Gale Sondergaard won a reputation as the girl who never said "no." She would tackle any part assigned to her.

"That helped me when I was lucky enough to connect with the Guild," she says, "and it was marvelous training for pictures, too."

Miss Sondergaard chanced to be available to a working member of the press while spending a fortnight in New York on vacation between pictures. Ever since she snared the Academy award for her impressive performance in "Anthony Adverse" she has been deluged with offers, and her biggest task has been to select the best parts in what appear to be the more promising pictures.

"I haven't been a menace in every picture," she boasts gaily. "'Maid of Salem' offered a psychopathically jealous wife. 'Seventh Heaven' permitted me to indulge in a whim by playing a she-devil with a wicked smile. 'Zola' gave me a really sympathetic part, *Madame Dreyfus*. Then my latest, 'Lord Jeff', gave me another soulless role, that of Doris, the jewel thief."

In the film world the Sondergaard name is definitely significant. Her picture career was launched as smoothly as a new streamlined cruiser. No waiting around, no gnawing of fingernails, no heartbreak. She just walked in to a director's office, took a test, and was signed on the spot.

"I was out west simply because my husband was out west. You know, he was another Theatre Guild fugitive seeking refuge in the gold fields of Hollywood. He was to direct a picture so I went along for the ride. For six months I forgot the theatre and just had myself a time golfing, riding, sleeping late, swimming, luxuriating in (Continued on page 106)



Exercise regularly if you want to keep beautiful, say Virginia Grey and Ann Rutherford who do their daily dozen together.

Learn to be your own fashion expert. Phyllis Brooks shows excellent taste in the choice of this two-piece wool dress.



COOL WEATHER

Beauty

The "Grande Toilette" is with us—so here are some timely tips to

IT'S A DARN sight easier to be beautiful in cool weather than in hot weather. For most girls, that is. Mebbe I'm some prejudiced, because hot weather has me falling completely apart—*such* a struggle does it seem to look half-way decent, with the make-up running off my face as fast as I put it on. Come the first cool days, I snap to and begin to feel like a human being. Come brisk October, and I begin to look quite nice, considering everything.

But, after all, who cares about my ever-present beauty struggles. 'Tis you this article is for and about. So, if you have felt rather beaten down and have said, during the heat of the past season, "A pox upon all this fussing and grooming!" take heart and consider the good-looks question of fall and winter of this year, nineteen toity-eight.

For, m' dears, kinder though the coolth is to many of us, there is right now quite a problem before the women of America where beauty and fashion are concerned. The men and women who set styles, trends and changes in high fashion are, and have been, doing everything in their power to make it a pretty expensive matter to be lovely, chic and well-

dressed. Well, sure. Fine. That's their business and that's how they make their hard-earned money.

The "Grande Toilette" is with us. And what is this here now "Grande Toilette?" It's French for a get-up so flossy and complicated that nobody could do such without a lady's maid and a nice, fat bank account. Elaborate coiffures; sheer witch-craft where make-up is concerned; gowns with mile-wide skirts, stiffened, tucked, flounced. Why, you couldn't touch the least of them under a hundred and fifty bucks! Even day clothes are so shrewd and clever in cut and detail (the ones sponsored by these high fashion guys and guy-esses, I mean) that you and I would simply

have to go around in Mother Hubbards if there were nothing else to be had on this fair planet.

To some extent, this situation has always cropped up with the start of the winter season. I mean, caviar and champagne styles for the rich and lucky, cheap tawdry copies for the honest working girl. But the situation is wuss this year than it has been for many years past and is further complicated by the great to-do over fixing one's hair and painting

**BY MARY
MARSHALL**



Connie Bennett knows she looks best in a long bob, so she doesn't change her hair style with every passing fashion whim.

Let Danielle Darrieux wrap herself in ermine—but less expensive furs can be just as flattering if you choose them carefully.



FORECAST

make you glamorous

one's face, until, as I have implied, one would need an Antoine and a Perc Westmore combined, around the premises—but constantly.

Ladies, how are we going to meet this problem? How are we going to get the most chic and glamor out of our clothes, our hair-dos and our pet beauty tricks? How are we going to adapt high fashion trends to our pocketbooks and our everyday needs? How are we going to avoid the many pitfalls which shops and advertisements are going to set in our paths? Or shall we just say "to heck with it all," and keep on doing what we've been doing right along?

Ah, now, maybe we have something there. Something—but not everything. You've got something there when you pass up the dizzy coif—
(Continued on page 107)

LITTLE LORD

Fauntleroy

BY HARRY LANG

One minute a romping boy, the next a self-assured adult, Freddie is always the finished actor—and British to the core.

You know Bartholomew's professional "front," but this is a story of the real Freddie



ACCORDING TO the birth records, Freddie Bartholomew is fourteen years old. But that doesn't mean a thing! Because, despite simple arithmetic, Freddie's age is a constant question. Minute by minute, hour by hour, week by week, you're wondering just how old Freddie is being at the particular moment you're talking with him, or watching him.


Sometimes he's an adult, acting with the poise, bearing and calm self-assurance of a man of thirty. He'll talk about internationalism, his conception of the ideal life, or the grandeur of the British Empire with the same mental reactions and vocabulary you'd expect from a grown person.

The next minute he whoops a war-cry to some kid playmate or his stand-in, and they descend forthwith to a mental age of about four years, doing some inane prank

like pushing arc-light dollies from one end of a movie stage to the other until director, actors, technicians and grips all want to slap 'em down!

The only answer seems to be that the brain that functions inside the fourteen-year-old skull of this little English wizard of the screen is actually a sort of Jekyll-Hyde affair. And that Freddie, by some trick of psychology, can snap it on and off like you or I would switch an electric light. One minute he thinks like a grown-up, the next he sloughs off all that and is a child again. To see him do it is often amazing.

I remember the time he recited Shakespeare for a group of grown-ups. Now, you've all heard kids recite. They get up there and, according to their abilities, they rattle off a poem or a speech or whatever they've memorized—and they're done. Every—(Continued on page 109)



OFF THEIR

guard

What goes on? Versatile Carole Lombard has become a press agent pro tem! And such industry! Not a moment to herself with the phone ringing every other minute, Miss P. A. "lights up" while she talks.

Photos by George Strock



**DANGER-
LOMBARD
AT WORK**



It might be well to let the "underlings" know where a girl stands on business matters.

One must take time out for a sandwich and a glass of milk—so Miss Lombard does just that.



Carole walks in on—she knows not what. Starring isn't enough. Here she's directing publicity.



Catching up on her predecessor's correspondence. A press-agent's gotta know things.




The lady takes to the floor. What's wrong with this picture? It's just out of focus, Carole decides.

Then, of course, there's the filing. And being an orderly belle, Carole keeps it up to date.



Here's the fade-out. Fun's fun, but when things get this busy, it's certainly time to quit!



Norma's NIGHT

All Movietown pays homage to
Miss Shearer's "Marie Antoinette"

Louis B. Mayer, Helen
Hayes, Norma and Ty
Power enter the theatre.

Jeanette MacDonald
and Gene Raymond
congratulate Norma.

Spencer Tracy, back
from location, with his
best gal, Mrs. S. T.



Carole Lombard with the
ever-attentive Mr. Gable
and Ty Power.

Barbara Stanwyck signs
the theatre's guest book
with Bob Taylor lookin' on.

Margaret Sullavan—who's ex-
pecting the stork again—with
Hubby Leland Hayward.





DOIN.

We Love



1



3



5



2



4



A scoop for you! Modern Screen presents an exclusive preview of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire swinging it again in "Carefree." Follow them as they breeze along in four time doin' the new dance that Fred himself created. 1. Let's go with a smooth swing stroll. 2. Break and strut your own. 3. Together with a "heel-and-toe." 4. Then Yam! (Heels together, toes apart, then a left, right, left, right). 5. Slide back with left foot forward. 6. Then pivot—so. 7. Right leg steady, hop in a half circle. 8. Knees raised, do a lowdown strut. 9. "Heel-and-toe" in a complete circle. 10. Follow the leader and strut. 11. The Yam again! 12. Raise your hand and sway. Did you get it?





Mary Livingstone, the guest of honor, opens one of her birthday presents as Gracie Allen and George Burns look on. Now that is a loving cup!

Hollywood Party

A gay time is had by all when Gracie Allen and George Burns throw a shindig



E. E. Horton, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell enjoy the floor show.



Host Burns and Jack Benny burlesque a strip-tease act.



Sally Eilers
and Cesar
Romero beside
the Burns'
swimming
pool, which
was converted
into a dance
floor.



Cesar Romero, Ethel Mer-
man, Allan Jones, Irene
Hervey and the Jack
Bennys.

Facing THE MUSIC

John Barrymore, who never took a lesson in his life, punishes the piano with that dramatic touch



Preliminaries—
with a flourish
the professor
lights his cigar.



Pianissimo—
soft pedal to
the ground,
eyes to the
heavens, the
maestro gets
the feel of his
instrument.

Arpeggio—ex-
ecuted with the
nonchalance of
a veteran and
topped off by a
distinctive and
clever twist of
the thumb.



Fortissimo—
The piano
cringes help-
lessly before
the attack.
There's deter-
mination in
those eyes!

What a racket!
It's the first
time in fifteen
years that
Barrymore has
sung profes-
sionally. And
no wonder!





*Dates
More Dates
Re-dates!*

... ALL FOR THE
GIRL WHO KEEPS
SKIN THRILLING



NEXT DAY

LET'S MAKE
IT A STANDING
DATE, DEAR

SMART GIRLS CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"
INTO THEIR SKIN... FOR EXTRA BEAUTY CARE *



WHEN SKIN LACKS
VITAMIN A, THE
"SKIN-VITAMIN", IT GETS
ROUGH AND DRY— WHEN
"SKIN-VITAMIN" IS
RESTORED, IT BECOMES
SMOOTH AGAIN



I ALWAYS CREAM
EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"
INTO MY SKIN BY USING
POND'S COLD CREAM...
IT HELPS PROVIDE AGAINST
LOSS OF THIS NECESSARY
VITAMIN FROM MY SKIN

MARGARET BIDDLE
Philadelphia Deb

Men fall for *soft, smooth* skin. When skin lacks Vitamin A, the vitamin essential to skin health, it gets *harsh* and dry. Now Pond's Cold Cream contains this necessary "skin-vitamin."

If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an *Extra Supply* against possible *future* need. Smart girls follow this new beauty care to help provide against loss of the "skin-vitamin."

• All normal skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." • In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*. • Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Pond's has not been changed in any other way. It's the same *grand* cream you have always known. Use it as always—night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.



SOCIETY
BEAUTIES
USE POND'S

AND POND'S IS
THE SAME GRAND
CREAM. ITS USE
HELPS GIVE SKIN
A **SOFT GLOW—**
MAKES MAKE-UP
THRILLING!

Margaret Biddle



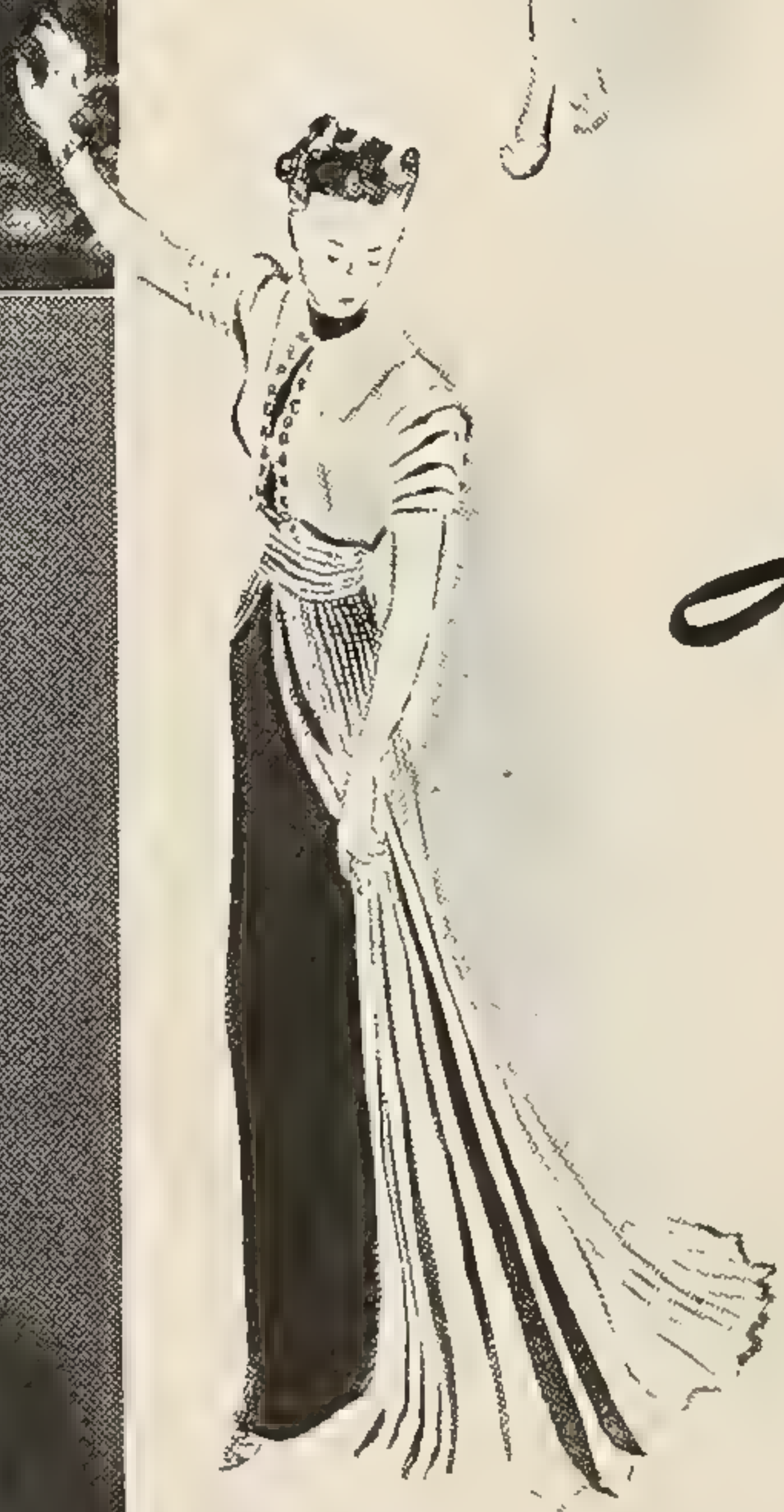
Schiaparelli

Schiaparelli tops a sheath of violet crepe with a naive mauve satin bolero and yellow kerchief, the two embroidered in rose, yellow, green. For the nails, she suggests Cutex HEATHER — says, "It harmonizes perfectly with all these colors."



Alix

With studied simplicity and accent on contours, Alix drapes an afternoon frock of canard-green crepe—the side-fullness of the skirt flowing from a narrow bowknot just under the heart. For a final touch of feminine subtlety, Alix suggests the mauvy pink of Cutex LAUREL nails.



Lelong

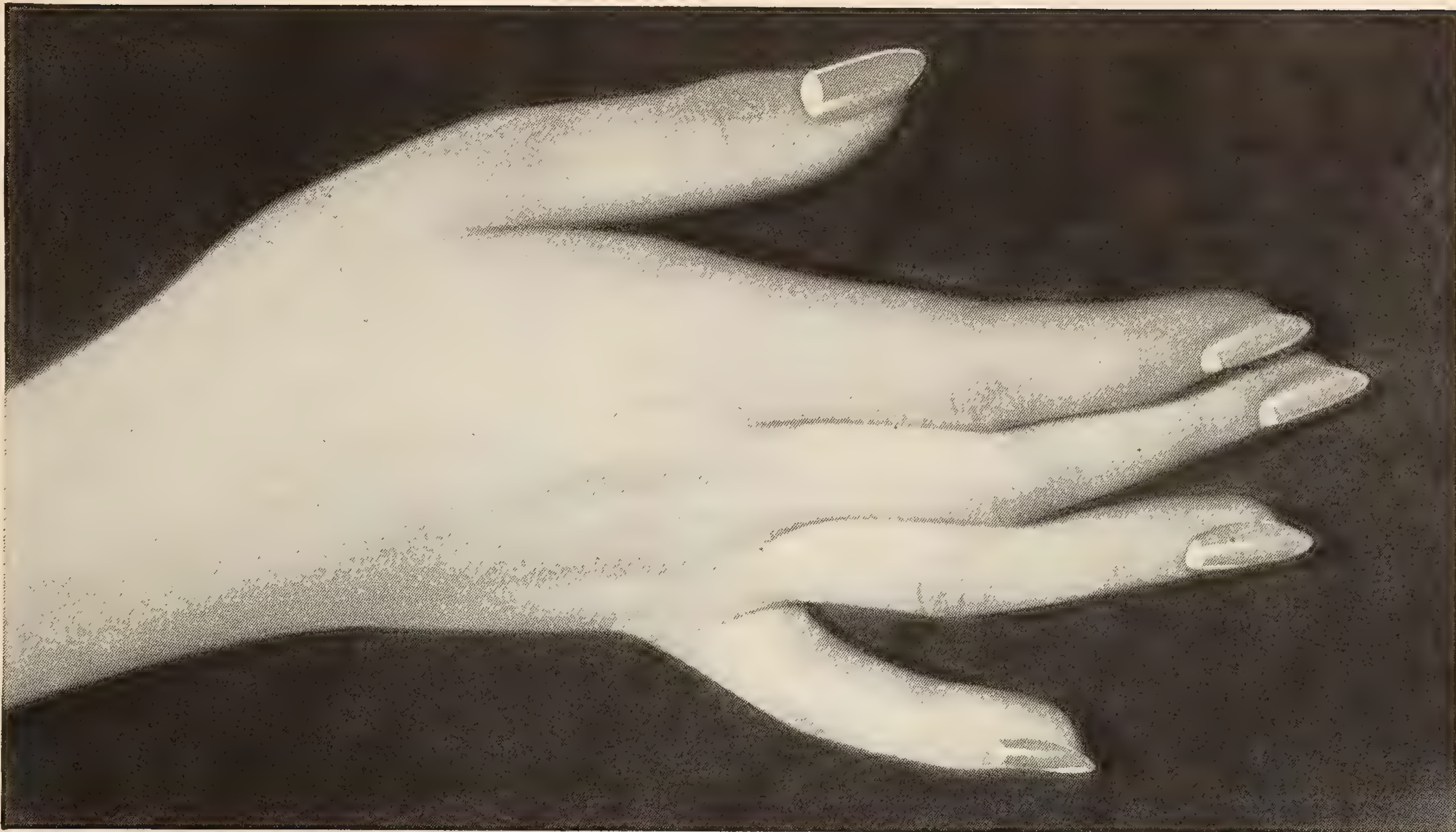
Grayish-blue wool crepe is folded and tucked and pleated by Lelong into a ravishing evening coat. Worn over a sheer black jersey evening dress. With it Lelong recommends contrasting fingernails done in Cutex HEATHER. The purplish tint of Cutex HEATHER emphasizes the blue of the coat.

Lanvin

Singular grace and elegance mark this Lanvin creation—"Intermezzo"—a charming suit of soft brown wool with the new short-clipped box jacket. Appliqué motif of ciré satin and beaver. To accentuate its graceful charm, Lanvin advises finger tips of the delicate new Cutex LAUREL.



CUTEX



SPONSOR CUTEX *Laurel, Cutex Heather*

YOU'LL lead a charmed—and charming—life if you choose Cutex LAUREL and Cutex HEATHER for your nails this Fall.

Four famous Paris dressmakers, Schiaparelli, Alix, Lelong and Lanvin, say: "It is nothing short of clairvoyance the way these two new nail shades—Cutex LAUREL and Cutex HEATHER—tone in with the newest autumn colors."

The new Cutex LAUREL is a chic, mauvy pink—a delicate complement to the new, deep purplish tones—mulberry, grape, purple blues. Lovely with

the lighter blues, gray, rose. Very smart with brown, dark green.

The new Cutex HEATHER is a deeper, duskier shade with the same illusive purple cast. A natural with deep violet, burgundy, wine. Lovely with blue, pink, mauve, yellow. A rich contrast for brown and green.

Magic at Your Finger Tips!

Enhance the natural charm of your hands in the gay winter days and evenings to come. Follow the advice of Schiaparelli, Alix, Lelong and Lanvin! Conjure up romance for yourself, aided

and abetted by the finger-tip sorcery of Cutex LAUREL and Cutex HEATHER!

NEWEST WEAR SENSATION! Cutex Salon Type Polish—for those who are "hard on their nails." Based on a new principle, Salon Type Polish is a little heavier than the regular Cutex Crème Polish—gives a jewel-like finish. It takes slightly longer to dry, but those few extra minutes mean *days* of extra wear! In all twelve smart Cutex shades. Only 35¢ a bottle. Try it! Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris.

6 ENCHANTING NEW CUTEX SHADES TO CHOOSE FROM

HEATHER: Deep purplish rose for violet, mauve, wine, gray, brown, green, blue, yellow.

LAUREL: A subtle grayed pink. For blue, brown, green, beige, gray, rose or lavender.

CLOVER: Deep, winy red—goes with everything except orange tones.

THISTLE: Blended Rust and Rose. Perfect with gray, green, rust, brown.

TULIP: A soft, glowing red. Stunning with black, gray, blue, bright green, fuchsia, yellow.

ROBIN RED: True red, subdued in intensity. It really goes with everything.

Besides an exciting range of colors to choose from, Cutex Polishes wear for days without fading, chipping, peeling. Only 35¢! Get a bottle today!



Send for complete Home-Manicure Set Special Value . . . only 25¢

containing your choice of Cutex LAUREL or Cutex HEATHER Salon Type Nail Polish, plus Cutex Oily Polish Remover, Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover, Cotton, Orangewood Stick and 4 Emery Boards. Attractively arranged on a handsome, compact stand with convenient finger rest.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 8-M-10,
191 Hudson St., New York
(In Canada, P. O. Box 427, Montreal)

I enclose 25¢ to help cover postage and packing for Cutex Set, including either Cutex LAUREL or Cutex HEATHER. (Check shade desired.)

LAUREL ☐

HEATHER ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

POLISH

"**KISS**
ME QUICK!"



"YOU WIN! I can't stay mad when you bring me Beeman's! It's got such flavor—a dash and tang and irresistible lusciousness that lifts me right out of the dumps!

They say it's the triple guard airtight package that keeps Beeman's so fresh and full of flavor—all I know is, it's good!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

TOWN AND COUNTRY KNITS

OH, DEAR, I've nothing to wear!" need never be said by the girl who knows how to knit. This year, more than ever, smart women are wearing knit dresses and blouses for every occasion. With two or three of these in your wardrobe, you'll never be at a loss for the right costume at the right time. There's big style news in the two stunning designs illustrated here, made from angora and metallic yarns. And, what's more, you don't even have to be terribly clever with your needles to make either one of them.

The striking one-piece dress places importance upon its pockets, outlined in contrasting angora which finishes in three small tassels at the top of each pocket. The flattering high neckline opens at back with a slide fastener, and is trimmed in angora, which also makes the smart little roll cuffs. All this soft angora trim is done with one ball of yarn. The stockinette stitch is all you need know to make this becoming dress.

The cocktail blouse repeats last year's success in this year's lines. Made of crepe and gold thread, it gives a lamé appearance. The gilt zipper is a stunning note. The new cutaway line, with that beautiful nipped-in waist, is achieved by simple knitting and purling, the same detail being carried out in the shirred sleeves. Wear this with a short pleated crepe skirt for afternoon, with a long one for evening. Instructions for both designs are free. Send for them today and be ready to meet the new Fall season smartly.

ANN WILLIS, Modern Screen
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me:

Knitting directions for No. 2664.....
Knitting directions for No. 1356.....

I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

Check one or both designs and please print name and address plainly.



No. 2664—There's big style news in the angora trim on this chic one-piece dress.

No. 1356—Below, the hand-knit cocktail blouse for formal afternoons or evenings.





66

Born for Romance

99

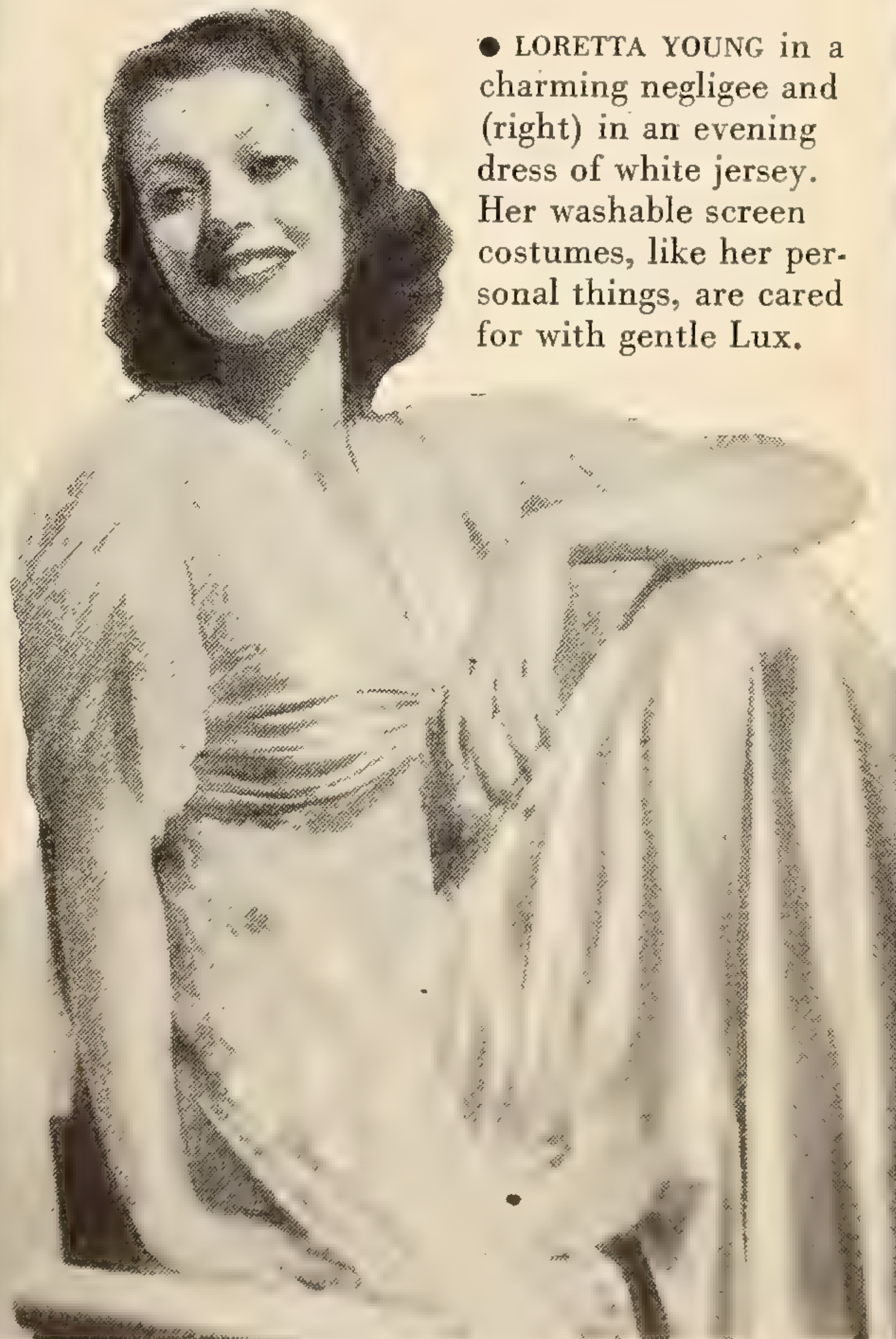
Lovely Loretta Young
tells other girls a secret that wins..



"*D*AINTINESS is most important to charm," says Loretta Young. "Luckily, it isn't a matter of dollars, but of Lux!"

Even before screen success came, this charming star had dozens of beaux who thought her handed-down clothes, fastidiously fresh, looked like a million dollars. She still looks out for her wardrobe personally—insists on Lux. "Thanks to Lux, my personal things look wonderful," she says.

Luxing dresses, undies, stockings keeps them immaculately fresh—lovely looking longer. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.

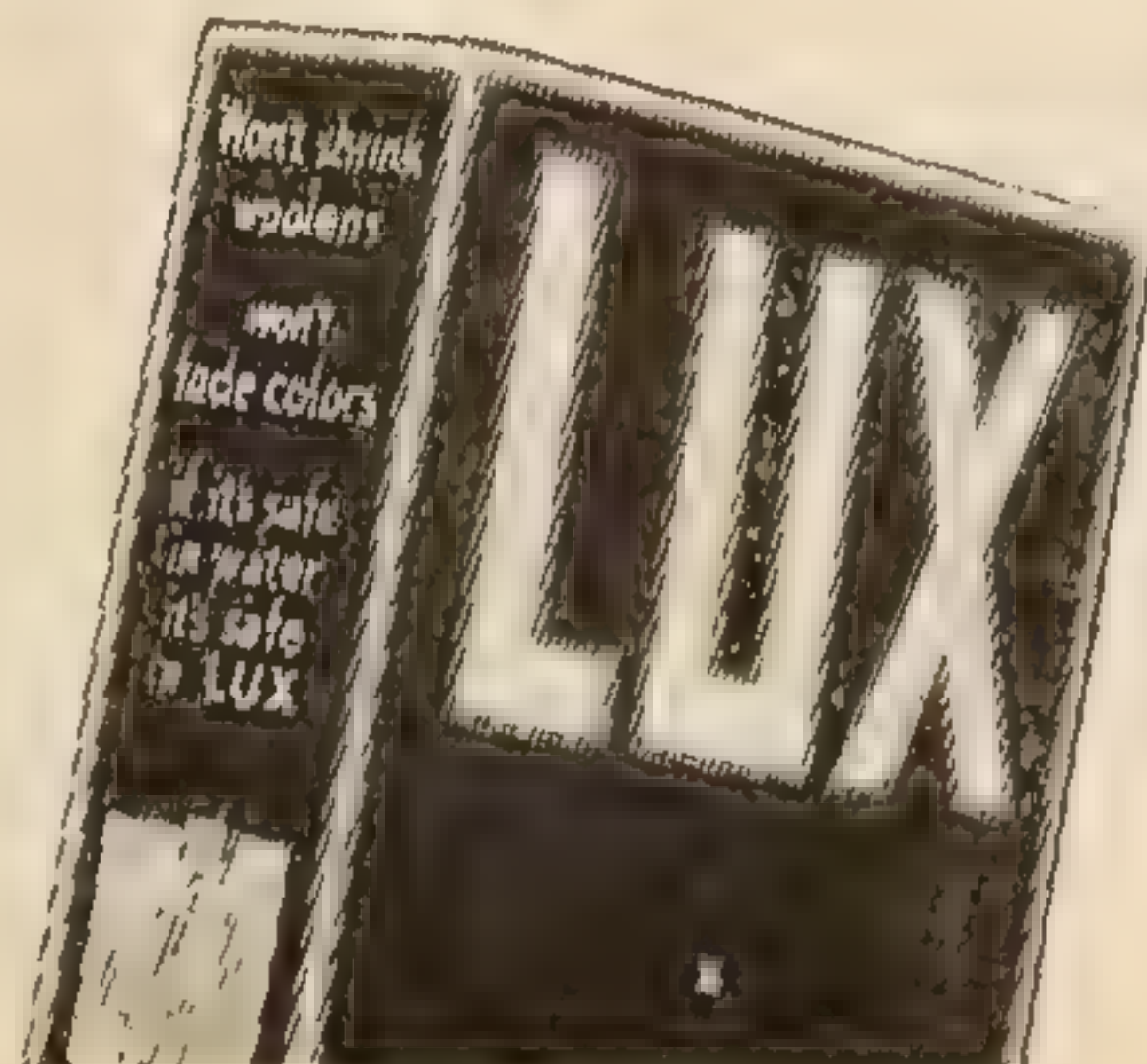


● LORETTA YOUNG in a charming negligee and (right) in an evening dress of white jersey. Her washable screen costumes, like her personal things, are cared for with gentle Lux.



● 20TH CENTURY-FOX stars Loretta in a new screen romance, "Suez."

● BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS are a matter of course to Loretta. "It's easy *not* to get constant runs," she says. "I just trust to Lux instead of luck." Lux saves elasticity—cuts down runs.



● LEADING HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS specify Lux for all washables. "It keeps them in perfect condition for the camera," says Arthur Levy, wardrobe supervisor at 20th Century-Fox.

for daintiness

THE WOES OF A HOLLYWOOD BACHELOR

(Continued from page 33)

more in the movies. You're going to the movies with a couple of other people.

"I used to pooh-pooh the idea of love at first sight. But I'm beginning to hope there's something to it. Yes sir. When I meet the right girl, I hope I know it after one look—before any complications can set in."

For a moment, he gave his undivided attention to a hardy chunk of steak. Then he said, "I'll tell you another hardship about being a bachelor. That's to have most of your friends married. They don't stop with feeling sorry for you. They come right out and pity you. You're missing all the fun of having family responsibilities. You don't have anybody except a cook who cares whether you come home to dinner or not. If that place you live in could be called a home—lacking, as it does, a woman's touch . . . and so on and on.

YOUR friends try to take you out of your misery. They arrange for you to meet 'a girl you really ought to know.' The girl has been told, very confidentially, that 'she'll like Jimmy Stewart.' Condemned to meet, we go through with it, because we can't get out of it gracefully. But she's prussic acid to me, and I'm bichloride of mercury to her. And our helpful friends can't understand it.

"But there's one hardship I haven't suffered yet. I haven't had to go on any dates inspired by press agents. I've got a gun all primed, ready for use on the first press agent who tries to arrange my private life. A man has to protect his rights." Jimmy gingerly sampled an unidentifiable object on his plate that turned out to be escalloped tomato. Satisfied that the experiment was reasonably successful, he went on talking.

"Now, three years ago, I might have appreciated a little fixing. But did anybody come to my rescue in my hour of solitude? No. My difficulties as a Hollywood bachelor started about as soon as I landed here.

"Back in New York, I'd never had any money. Neither had Hank Fonda. So, to cut down on expenses, we shared a room about the size of this table. When Hank got his movie bid and headed West, and I had to foot the room rent alone. I had visions of moving into the closet. That was about my financial speed. Four months later, I got a movie bid myself. But I couldn't believe, I didn't dare believe, that such riches would endure. So, when I got out here and found Hank living with a couple of other fellows, I moved right in. They could help me save money, and help me get acquainted. That's what I thought.

"But it didn't turn out that way. In the matter of dates, I was politely but firmly informed, it was every man for himself. It was hard enough going for the three of them, without their trying to help out anybody else.

"S' funny thing. I can remember when I was six years old, but I can't remember my first date in Hollywood. It was with somebody I'd met at the studio. It had to be somebody I'd met at the studio; I didn't know anybody else. We probably went to a movie and a place to dance afterward. And I probably stumbled all over her. I hadn't done much dancing up to then. And, hoping to make everything right, I probably sent her a box of flowers the next day. And then, the next time I tried to call her, I probably found that she'd had her phone number changed, and the phone company wouldn't give me her new

number. So that very definitely was over.

"You'd be surprised how many times that happened. And even my best friends couldn't tell me why. It took me quite a while to figure it out. You see, I never planned my dates in advance. I still don't. Some fellows say, 'Well, next Sunday night I'll take Annabelle to the Troc, and a week from Wednesday I'll call Eloise'—really map out a campaign for themselves.

"But, somehow, I can't do that. I like a date to be spontaneous, something to fit the mood of the moment. How do I know now how I'll feel next Sunday night, or a week from Wednesday? No, sir. I'll wait till Sunday rolls around before I decide whether I want to go to the Troc that night, or down to the Fun House at Venice, or maybe stay home with the dogs.

"It's a good system when it works. You can have a helluva good time. But it doesn't always work. That's what makes life difficult. Maybe by the time you call Annabelle on Sunday, she'll be all tied up for Sunday night. Or, if you've just met Annabelle and she isn't an understanding type, she may get the idea that she's just a last-minute thought in your life, that the date you had for Sunday night has fallen through and you're scouting around for a last-minute substitute. That's bad. Yes," he repeated, with a melancholy shake of the head, "that's bad.

"But, speaking of never planning dates, I'll take part of that back. In New York, I belonged to the Thursday Night Club. I founded it, in fact, along with Fonda and poor Ross Alexander. That was 'way back in the speakeasy days. We met every Thursday night in the basement of a speakeasy on 41st Street, across from the Herald-Tribune, and had to go through a coal shed to get to it. The proprietor, who thought the club was a swell idea and sort of gave his joint distinction, didn't charge us anything, except for the beer he piped down from the bar.

"Everybody who came had to pay a dollar, which went for steaks and beer and, if there was anything left over, for more beer. We cooked the steaks, ourselves.



One look at Phyllis Brooks and you know why Cary Grant dates only one girl.

Nobody could get in except by invitation. And we were mighty particular about our company. We wanted people who were good for an all-night party. We'd have actors who could put on extemporaneous one-act plays, magicians who could do tricks, musicians who could really go into high gear and make people stomp and sing. Benny Goodman used to come down with his clarinet. In those days, he was making his living playing for recordings of background music for newsreels. I'd play the accordion. They couldn't stop me. That was one of the rules of the Thursday Night Club—you did what you felt like doing.

"That's one thing I miss in Hollywood, a Thursday Night Club. A night club different from all other night clubs. A place where you could go in your old clothes, spend a buck, and make your own good time. You miss a lot, getting your fun ready-made.

"But that's how you usually get it, as a bachelor. Now, if I were married—to the right girl—I'd stand a fifty-fifty chance, anyway, of going places where I'd like to go on our evenings out. But I'm not married. So, nine times out of ten, I go where the girl wants to go—and like it. Even though it may mean climbing back into a tuxedo after being in one all day on the set. It's lucky for me I'm such an amiable, easy-going, un-temperamental fellow. I don't have to have my own way to enjoy myself. If the company's congenial, I can have a good time. Easily-pleased Stewart, they call me.

WHAT really pleases me is to get in an evening at the Palomar, the big dance hall down at Third and Vermont. You can dance all evening for forty cents—or a dollar, if you want to sit in the loges between numbers. You can step out on a big floor to the music of big-name orchestras, and really get some dancing done. Nobody knows you. Nobody cares who you are. Everybody concentrates on dancing. And that's what you can do.

"Another of my ideas of a good time is to go down to the Fun House and take in everything the girl will go for, from roller-coasters on down. The last time I was there I came home with four cents. And I can go skating at the Ice Palace, any time a girl is willing. Or do some bowling. Anything with a little action to it. Maybe I don't pick out the most romantic spots in the world, but after sitting around a set all day, waiting to work, I like to be moving when evening comes along.

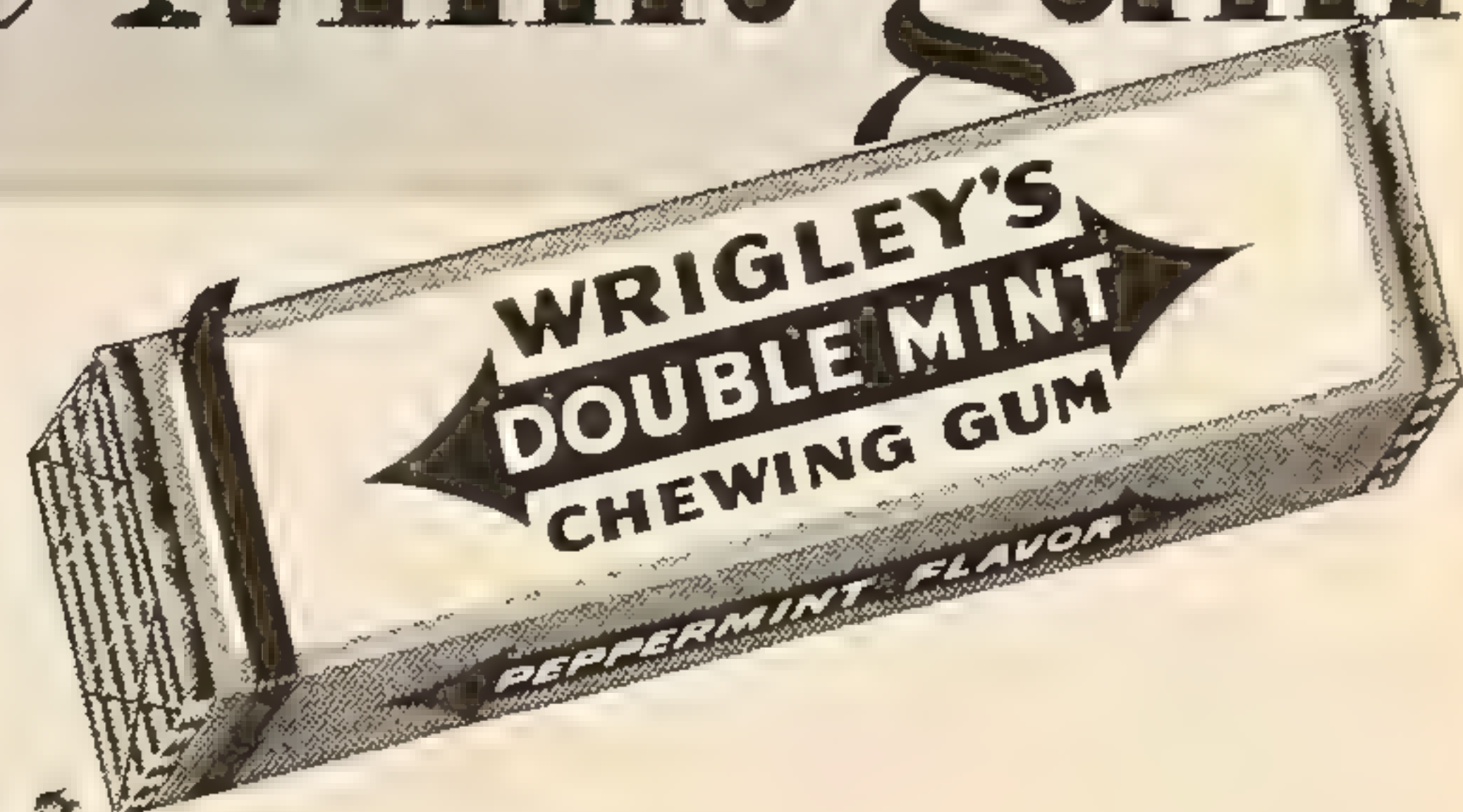
"Sure, I'm restless. That's one of the penalties of being a Hollywood bachelor. It's a tough town to settle down in. You're under constant tension, if you're any good at worrying. And I'm expert at it. So are the girls I know. They earn their livings working in front of cameras, too.

"It's a difficult thing, sometimes, to find a girl who's doing some heavy worrying at the same time you are. That's another of life's little complications. I'll never forget the time I suggested a Saturday night dancing date to a girl who had been at Palm Springs all week. My feet gave out after two hours, when she was just getting into her stride. And the columnists called it a romance!

"I always had the idea that it would be better to marry young, and grow up with my kids. I still haven't changed my mind. But I'd better get started pretty soon. Time's a-wasting."



You ..made doubly lovely by healthful, delicious Double Mint gum



MASCULINE HEARTS

skip a beat when a lovely woman flashes an enchanting smile. And, refreshing Double Mint gum does wonders for your smile. Enjoy this popular, double-lasting, delicious tasting gum. This **DAILY** chewing helps beautify by waking up sleepy face muscles, stimulating beneficial circulation in your gums and brightening your teeth nature's way. So you have double loveliness, admired by everyone.

Since smart clothes as well as an attractive face mean charm, Double Mint gum had Hollywood's fashion-creator **TRAVIS BANTON** design this very flattering, slim hipped looking Suit Dress for you, which Hollywood's beautiful star **CLAUDETTE COLBERT** models, *left*. You can make this becoming dress for yourself by purchasing **SIMPLICITY** Pattern 2902.

All women want to dress smartly and know this helps set off loveliness of face. Millions agree refreshing, delicious Double Mint gum helps add extra charm to your smile, making your face doubly lovely. Try it. Begin to enjoy Double Mint gum today.

Healthful, delicious
DOUBLE MINT GUM is satisfying.
It aids digestion, relaxes tense nerves,
helps give you a pleasant breath.
Sold everywhere. 5c. Buy today.

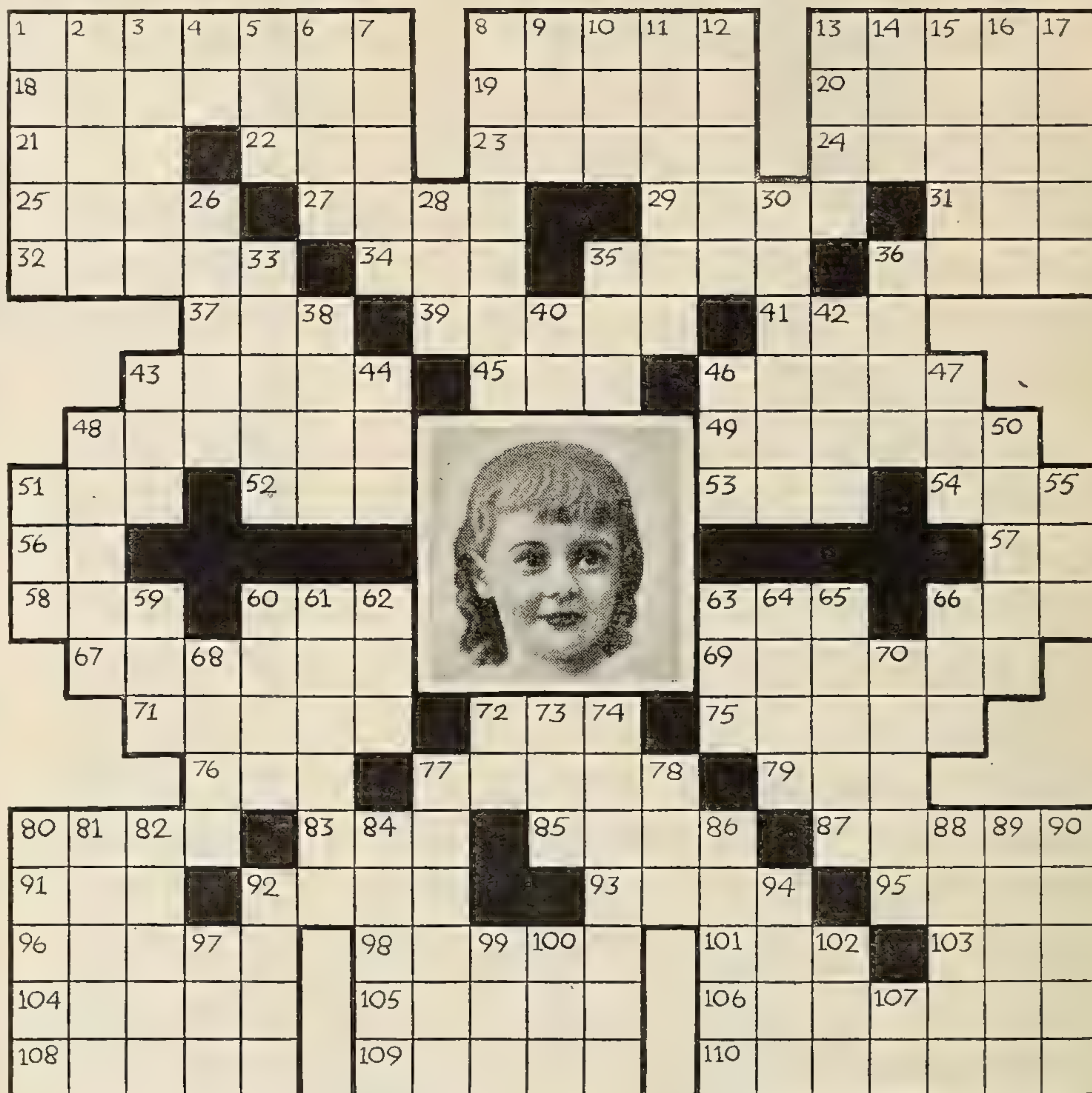
**DON'T LOOK NOW,
BUT YOU'RE IN
FOR A TREAT!**



Want to enjoy the smoothest, tastiest gum you ever tucked in your mouth? The clean, fresh, breezy flavor of real mountain tea? • Easy! Step up to the counter, lay down a nickel—and reach for Clark's Teaberry!

You'll like
CLARK'S
TEABERRY
GUM

OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle Solution on Page 106

ACROSS

1. First name of our star
8. Last name of our star
13. Sat for pictures
18. Tap dancing star
19. Interior
20. Mrs. O'Leary in "In Old Chicago"
21. Our star wore this in "Ramona"
22. Prefix: three
23. Public storehouse
24. Lengths of film
25. Russian actor
27. "Now I'll ----" starred Spencer Tracy
29. Warmth
31. Large tub
32. Mexican title
34. Freddie Bartholomew is one
35. Male lead in "The Jury's Secret"
36. Our Gang's dog
37. Linger
39. Resume
41. Eric Bl---
43. Co-star in "Vivacious Lady"
45. With our star in "Love Under Fire"
46. Aromatic seed
48. Martha Raye's rival
49. "----- Honeymoon"
51. "Four --- and a Prayer"
52. Heroine in "Reckless Living"
53. Compass point

54. Florence --- mond
56. "Love -- News" starred 1 across
57. Musical note
58. Indian memorial post
60. Enemy
63. English stars' favorite beverage
66. Popular western star
67. Opposite our star in "Clive of India"
69. With our star in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse"
71. "Dumb blonde" comedienne
72. Nickname of Bette Davis' hubby
75. Constellation
76. Mischa Auer's birthmonth: abbr.
77. Nut
79. "--- geant Murphy"
80. Deanna's real name
83. Comedienne in "Cocoanut Grove"
85. French for "very"
87. Famed for his explanatory shorts
91. Bobby sports one in "Hawaii Calls"
92. Talented Irish actress
93. Comedian with "rubber" legs
95. On the sheltered side
96. Flows
98. Robert Wildhack's specialty
101. Used in slap-stick comedy
103. Miss Munson's first name
104. Inactive
105. Dowel
106. Singer in "Boy of the Streets"
108. Significance
109. Mountain ridge
110. Begin over again

PAGE DOWN

1. Veteran in "Stolen Heaven"
2. Silent star: ----- Borden
3. Star of "Outside of Paradise"
4. Star of "Blossoms On Broadway": init.
5. Explosive: abbr.
6. Infringement on civil rights
7. Elaine Barrymore was once called this
8. Submitted
9. Canadian province: abbr.
10. She's in "Checkers"
11. Noah Beery, Jr., is Wallace Beery's -----
12. Mitzi -----
13. Screen role
14. Johnson's comic partner
15. Strainer
16. Striking effect
17. Columbia foreign star
26. Lloyd -----
28. Malay gibbon
30. Makes amends
33. Star of "The Sheik Steps Out"
35. Oswald is his stooge
36. Spanish coin
38. She was in "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round"
40. "-- Time to Marry"
42. Sports reelist
43. Our Star's birthmonth: abbr.
44. "--- Francisco"
46. Peer Gynt's mother
47. "Dead ---"
48. Orchestra leader in "Happy Landing"
50. Hinder
51. Former cowboy star
55. Birthdate of our Star
59. Juvenile in "Goodbye Broadway"
60. Card game
61. Bigger half of a comedy team
62. Holland commune
63. Our star adopted --- children
64. Gable's "outstanding" features
65. First sign of the zodiac
66. Myrna Loy's box office rank
68. Actress in "Mad About Music"
70. Returns to films as "Marie Antoinette"
72. -- len Broderick
73. Emote before the cameras
74. Ace film glamor girl
77. Star of "Go Chase Yourself"
78. By birth
80. Patricia's last name
81. She tried "Love on a Budget"
82. Actor in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"
84. View
86. Deep sleep
88. New singer in "Rosalie"
89. Nino Martini is one
90. "Change of -----"
92. Princely Italian family
94. Our star's first role was in "Naughty but -----"
97. Bitter vetch
99. "It Happened --- Night"
100. Spoil
102. Dawn goddess
107. Initials of Miss Talmadge

A TIRED WOMAN MAKES A POOR WIFE



How You Can Have Time for Home and for Husband, Too!

How can you be a comfort to your husband and a help to your children, if you are tired out all the time? Too many women work so hard over their homes that they have no time for play. Then they wonder why their husbands seem restless, and their children are a burden instead of a joy.

Here's a suggestion that has been followed by millions of women; it makes their housework much easier, means nourishing, appetizing meals, and saves a good deal of money, too. Several times a week, serve Franco-American Spaghetti.

Franco-American is packed with nourishment, and it tastes so good that the family

never seems to get tired of it. For the children's lunch give them this savory dish—with milk and fruit you have a complete meal that's on the table in a jiffy. For dinner use Franco-American as a side dish, or it is perfectly wonderful to make left-overs go further and taste better.

Franco-American is not like ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Franco-American is the kind with the extra good sauce—it contains eleven savory ingredients. It usually costs only 10¢ a can, and that's less than 3¢ a portion.

Get Franco-American at your grocer's today and get a little time for pleasure!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK?

SEND THE COUPON, PLEASE

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, DEPT. 610
Camden, New Jersey

Please send free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Do You Want To Be QUEEN of LOVE?



COURTED AND ADORED—lovers sighed and poets sang of the intoxicating perfume that made her the loveliest of women...



EVERY GIRL A QUEEN when she borrows for her own the enchanting fragrance of Djer-Kiss Talc...provocative and Parisian.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day... Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable... Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"

—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. M, New York.



... genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")

TALC

By KERKOFF PARIS



You ask the questions—we'll answer them



ALICE FAYE: This hundred per cent American girl was born in New York City on May 5, 1915. Her ancestors on both sides of the family were colonial settlers, and fought in both the Revolutionary and Civil Wars.

Those on her father's side came from France and Germany, and those on her Mother's side from England and Ireland. From the time Alice was a tiny tot she has always loved to play make-believe and wanted to be an actress. She was prominent in all her school entertainments, and excelled in both sports and studies. As a child Alice took many prizes at skating, was very fond of bicycling and horseback riding, but most of all she enjoyed swimming and dancing. She's the kind of girl who likes to do everything herself and takes pride in doing everything well. When she was very young, despite her interest in the theatre, Alice thought she might be a school teacher, but a summer vacation tryout for a chorus job with the Ziegfeld Follies definitely set her ambitions on a dancing career. She passed the test, and was on the verge of being accepted, when she confessed that she was only thirteen years old! The instructor complimented her talent but told her to go home and wait a few years. That was Alice's first big disappointment. She went home, but kept on studying her dancing, and just a year later she tried out for another chorus job, this time with the Chester Hale troupe. At the close of a week's rehearsals Alice was engaged for the season. But there still remained the little matter of breaking the news to her family, who, up to now, had known nothing about her theatrical tryouts. Alice went home and announced that she "had decided to leave school and continue her education in the theatre." Her father and two brothers opposed with considerable fervor, but her wise mother argued for Alice. And that's how, at the age of fourteen, Alice Faye went on the stage. After touring with the Chester Hale Unit Alice got a spot in George White's "Scandals" on Broadway. Then one night a friend of hers took a home-made record of Alice's singing to Rudy Vallee, and that young orchestra leader liked it so much that he gave Alice an opportunity to sing with his Connecticut Yankees.

When Vallee took his troupe to Hollywood to appear in the picture version of the "Scandals" Alice went along. And when Lilian Harvey, European star, refused to act in that picture, because her part was too small, Alice Faye took a screen test and was given the Harvey role. After one week of shooting she was signed to a term contract.

Alice loves pets, especially dogs. In fact, she gets a great "kick" out of life. There is always an atmosphere of gaiety about

her and her enthusiasm and ability to enjoy herself are well known.

Alice's real name is Leppert, although three years ago she had it legally changed to Faye, and, to save confusion, the entire family now uses the name of Faye. Alice is five feet, five inches tall, weighs one hundred twelve pounds, has amber colored hair and deep blue eyes. She likes new books, shows and symphony concerts. She doesn't care much for jewelry but loves flowers, especially gardenias. She collects phonograph records and adores perfume. Her pet aversion is dishonesty. She is a wonderful mimic, and although she does not read music she interprets it with fine intelligence. Such song writers as Irving Berlin, Cole Porter and the late George Gershwin have said that they would rather have Alice Faye introduce their songs than any other girl before the public today. Money does not mean a lot to Alice, but she is an indefatigable worker, and would rather be praised by an expert than anything else in the world. She is happily married to orchestra leader Tony Martin. Alice Faye's last two pictures were "In Old Chicago" and "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Her next one will be "By the Dawn's Early Light." You may address her in care of 20th Century-Fox, Hollywood, California.

HUNDREDS OF ADDRESSES FOR A STAMPED ENVELOPE!

Want to know your favorite player's address? In fact, would you like to have a complete list of all the Hollywood stars' mailing addresses? It's yours for the asking. So many of you have written to this department wanting to know where to write this one or that one for an autographed picture, or perhaps you just want to write a fan letter, that we've compiled a complete list for you, naming the players alphabetically, according to their studio, and giving their complete mailing addresses. They are all there, even the featured players, printed in such a compact form that you'll be able to keep the list in your movie scrap book for reference whenever you want it.

To receive one of these lists, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large self-addressed and stamped envelope. *Don't forget* that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send your requests to the Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE "DEAD END" KIDS:

These six boys, transplanted to Hollywood after their success in New York's stage hit, "Dead End," keep all Hollywood busy with their pranks, and most fans busy telling which one is which.



Billy Halop, whose picture appears here, is perhaps the best known so we'll start with him. Billy, a big dark haired youngster, was born February 11, 1920, the son of a well-to-do Long Island lawyer. He started acting at four, and was well known in radio before joining the "Dead End" cast. He was educated at the New York Professional Children's School, the MacBurney School, and on the set in Hollywood. Off-screen Billy can be very gentlemanly. He is enthusiastic, and absolutely sure of himself. He's a fine cook, collects stamps, and wants to play more refined roles. Some day he'd like to be a director.

Huntz Hall's first name is really Henry but somebody nick-named him Huntz and it stuck. He is tall, blonde, and eighteen, and has a very crooked nose. He was one of sixteen children whose father was in the air-conditioning business. He is puckish and intelligent, and occasionally well-mannered. He was "Dippy" in the original "Dead End" cast. As a youngster Huntz used to sell peanuts and pop-corn at Madison Square Garden in New York. He once wanted to be a civil engineer but would rather be a producer now. He sings quite well, plays basketball, and boasts that he has read through "Gone With the Wind." His best pal is Gabriel Dell.

Gabriel Dell is perhaps the one most of all the boys who promises to become an intellectual. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., October 4, 1919, the son of a well-known physician, Dr. Del Vacchio. Gabriel Dell is the boy's stage name. Gabriel also attended the Professional Children's School. He reads a good deal, knows what's going on in the world, and is a good conversationalist, although, around the other boys, he is something of a cut-up. He also plays a good game of baseball. Gabriel once wanted to be a doctor but now is torn between a desire to act and a yen to write.

Bernard Punsley is the serious member of this troupe. He wants to be a doctor and is saving his money to that end. He was born in New York, July 11, 1923. His father was in the clothing business but one cousin is a director and another is an actors' agent. Bernard goes in for model engineering and bacteriology. He likes swimming, books, and motion pictures, and is also interested in chicken farming.

Bobby Jordan was born fifteen years ago in New York, the son of a merchant. Because of an angelic look about his face he was given the part of "Angel" in "Dead End." Bobby has a great deal of that quality known as charm, though when he is with the other boys he rough-houses all over the place. He has always wanted to be an actor. He thinks his best role was that of Douglas Fairbanks Rosenbloom in "A Slight Case of Murder".

Leo Gorcey is the lone wolf of the "Crime School" pack. He is the eldest and smallest of the "Dead End" kids. He was born June 3, 1916. Leo is just five feet six inches tall, and very slim. Often he passes for the youngest in the group. Both Leo's father and mother were on the stage, and so also is his brother. Leo was going to be a

TOM IS TAKING ME OUT!
SO I'M BATHING
WITH FRAGRANT
CASHMERE BOUQUET
SOAP... IT'S THE
LOVELIER WAY
TO AVOID
OFFENDING!

I'M KEEN ABOUT TOM!
THAT'S WHY I BATHE WITH
THIS LOVELY PERFUMED
SOAP THAT GUARDS MY
DAINTINESS SO SURELY...
KEEPS ME ALLURINGLY
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HERE'S HOW CASHMERE
BOUQUET SOAP WORKS -
ITS RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING
LATHER REMOVES EVERY
TRACE OF BODY ODOR.
AND THEN, LONG AFTER
YOUR BATH, ITS LINGERING
PERFUME CLINGS...
SURROUNDS YOU LIGHTLY
WITH ITS FLOWER-LIKE
FRAGRANCE!

HOURS LATER-STILL FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

GOOD NIGHT, SWEET! AND
THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU
ARE...THE SWEETEST GIRL
I EVER KNEW!

THANK GOODNESS FOR
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!
IT CERTAINLY IS THE LOVELIER
WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

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You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

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CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

plumber when the stage caught up with him and changed his mind. In one year he has now made six movies. "Angels with Dirty Faces" will be his seventh. When Leo isn't getting arrested for speeding he is at home knocking off short stories and poems. He hopes to be a writer, though he isn't interested in reading. Leo likes speed, cats, stamps and fishing. He is also a fine bowler. He saves half his salary and supports his mother and sister. Any of these boys may be addressed in care of Warner Brothers' Studio, Burbank, California.

JEANETTE MacDON-

ALD: This talented girl comes from a family of musically gifted children. She was born in Philadelphia June 18, 1907. For as long as she can remember Jeanette always intended to be a dancer or musician. She attended the public schools of Philadelphia and Al White's dancing school. One summer, when she was fourteen, Jeanette went to New York with her father who was a contracting builder and somewhat of a politician. Jeanette's sister at the time was dancing on the New York stage, and introduced her to Ned Wayburn who persuaded her father to let Jeanette dance for two weeks in his current Revue. Jeanette stayed in the Revue for several years, and her family moved to New York to make a home for her. She continued to study dancing, and also took voice lessons regularly. She posed for commercial photographs and modeled furs when there were no stage engagements. Then she started in minor roles in musical shows and worked up to the rank of co-star. In 1929 she said goodbye to the New York stage and went to Hollywood with a two-year contract. Her first picture role was opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade." After making a number of pictures, among them "The Vagabond King," "Monte Carlo," "Annabelle's Affairs," "One Hour with You," and



"Love Me Tonight," Jeanette went on a long concert tour through Europe, singing in all the European capitals. She returned to Hollywood to play in "The Cat and the Fiddle," and "Merry Widow." There followed "Naughty Marietta," "Rose Marie," "San Francisco," "Maytime," "The Firefly," and her most recent, "Girl of the Golden West." Now Jeanette hopes to divide her time between pictures and concert stage, spending part of her days traveling and the rest in Hollywood. She likes to meet new people and see new places. Jeanette is fond of swimming, dancing, riding and the theatre. She studies music and languages with unremitting regularity, and plays the piano for her own pleasure. She reads mystery novels, and owns quite a collection of them. She also collects little orchestras of figurines, and tiny figures playing musical instruments.

In June 1937 Jeanette was married to Gene Raymond, also of the films. She is five feet, five inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, has red-gold hair and green eyes. Her real name is Jeanette MacDonald. Her next picture will be "Sweethearts." You may address her in care of M-G-M Studios, Hollywood, California.

Col. Harry Marcus, Seagate, N. Y. Yours is one of scores of inquiries we've received regarding the career of Rudolph Valentino. so here are the statistics: He was born in Castellana, Italy, on May 6, 1895, of a French mother and Italian father, a cavalry captain. His full name was Rodolpho Alfonzo Raffaello Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Angonguolla. After military and agricultural school in Italy, Rudolph came to New York in 1913. He did odd jobs including landscape gardening until his graceful dancing won him a vaudeville engagement. Musical comedy followed, and then pictures. His first important movie was "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." "The Sheik," "Camille," "Blood and Sand," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Cobra," "The Eagle," and "The Son of the Sheik" were a few of his best known pictures, the latter

being his last. He died suddenly in the summer of 1926 following an emergency operation in New York City. He was thirty-one years of age. You may secure pictures of Valentino at fifteen cents a piece from the Arcinema Associates, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Or for twenty-five cents they will send you a profusely illustrated booklet containing the life story of this star of the silent era.

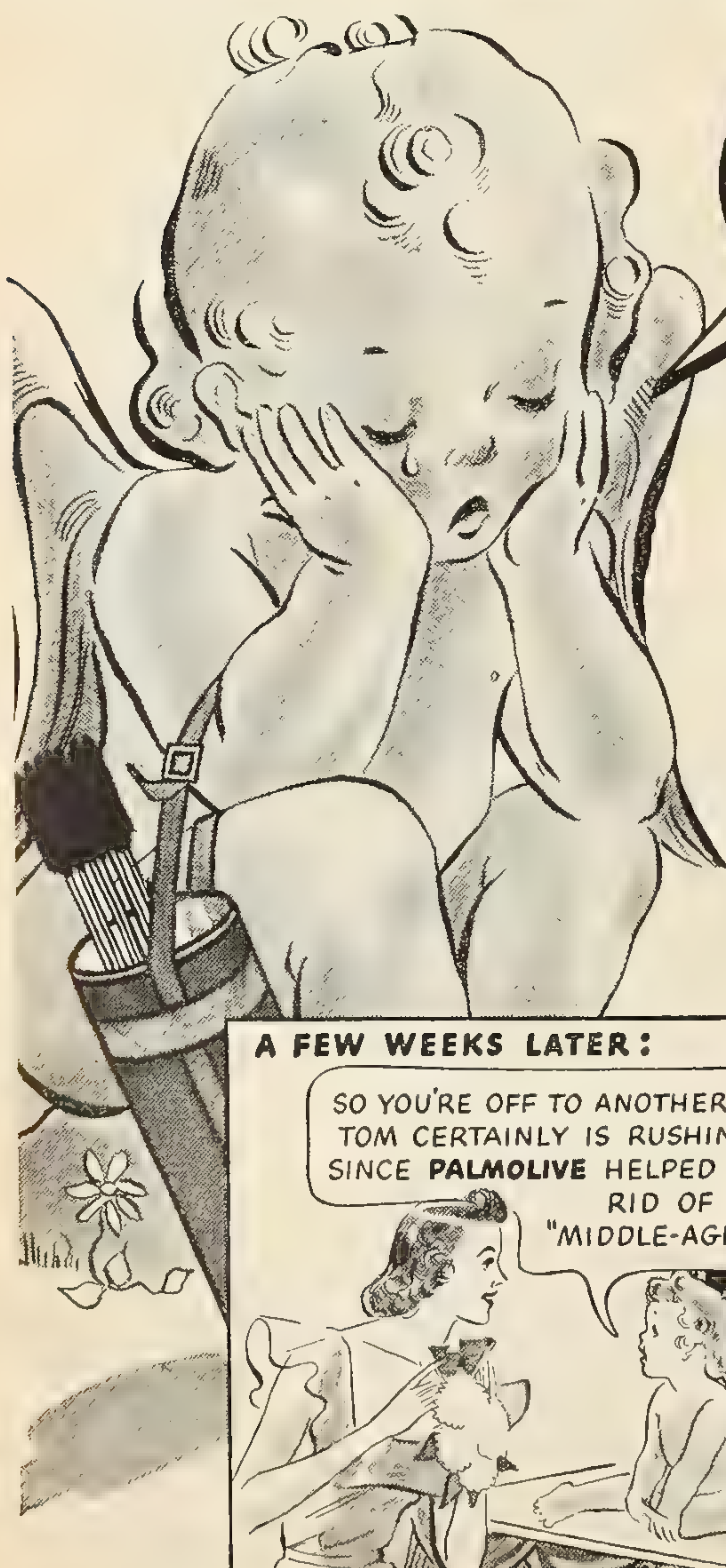
Jackie Nakagawa, Turlock, Calif. Address Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power, Loretta Young, and Robert Kent at the 20th Century-Fox Studio, Hollywood. Janet Gaynor can be reached at Selznick-International, Elaine and John Barrymore at Paramount, and James Stewart at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, all in Hollywood, Cal.

Vivian Perryman, Sacramento, Cal. Gene Autry's last two pictures were "Gold Mine in the Sky," and "Man from Music Mountain." His next will be "Pony Boy." Write him in care of Republic Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Always enclose twenty-five cents when requesting pictures of stars.

Sanford Strickland, Perry, Fla. The ten best pictures of 1937 as selected by 531 of the nation's picture critics were: "The Life of Emile Zola," "The Good Earth," "Captains Courageous," "Lost Horizon," "A Star Is Born," "Romeo and Juliet," "Stage Door," "Dead End," "Winterset," and "The Awful Truth."

Doris Lanzinger, Toledo, Ohio. Danielle Darrieux was born in Bordeaux, France, May 1, 1917. Her father is French, her Mother Algerian. You can reach her in care of Universal Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Her next picture will be "Rio."

Jane Franklin, New Preston, Conn. Richard Greene was born in Plymouth, Devonshire, England. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred seventy pounds, has dark brown hair and blue-grey eyes. You may address him in care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, Hollywood. His next picture will be "Wooden Anchors" with Nancy Kelly.



I Give Up!...SHE'S LET HERSELF GET "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE! GET RID OF THAT DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING SKIN! STOP USING JUST ANY SOAP—CHANGE

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a race horse.) But why can't he face himself, face his work, face his past and have society too? If he did he would be a happier and saner person.

No matter how much money he earns and how many clubs of The Racquet caliber accept him, he is not (thank goodness) a banker. And no matter how he looks at it (and it is the very result of all that hard work which he won't admit, and of the boyhood to which he won't refer) Fred Astaire is, for all that, the best white man dancer in America today. That should be ample satisfaction for anyone.

SHE WANTS TO STAY MARRIED

(Continued from page 35)

a longed-for toy," he observed, "laughing one moment, crying the next, as she slipped it on her finger."

And a month or so later, Randolph Churchill, son of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had been visiting the couple, was quoted as saying, "I am not at liberty to quote Mr. Chaplin directly, but I can definitely say they are married."

Then Gregory Bautzer and Bentley Ryan, her attorneys, said they were certain she was married. And her business manager, Arthur Taylor, who handles all her business problems and takes care of Paulette's investments said there was no doubt of her marital status.

BUT some time last spring, differences, which were kept as secret as their marriage, separated the couple. Charlie went to Pebble Beach to remain there several months in seclusion, while Paulette, after re-decorating the house to her own taste, went in search of a job—in the movies. Always, until that time, she had planned to make another picture with the comedian. But, as all the world knows, it is a long time between pictures for Hollywood's most famous star, and it was a long wait for ambitious Paulette. Too long, she evidently decided, for she accepted the role of Leslie, Janet Gaynor's younger sister in "The Young in Heart."

Whether or not her acceptance of this part served to further estrange the couple is still a matter of conjecture. Certain it was that about this time divorce rumors began to fly, followed by whispers that she had been ordered to liquidate her personal possessions in order that they would be in negotiable state to put on the community property block.

Paulette, herself, spiked the first of these stories by saying that she would not file suit. "If Charlie wants a divorce let him get it," she told her attorneys. "But I am too grateful to him for everything and love him too much to cause him a moment's anguish. Besides, I am satisfied with my present status."

Then Chaplin's friend and attorney for twenty-five years, Lloyd Wright, laid the second in ashes by labelling the rumor "preposterous." "I don't know Mr. Chaplin's plans for divorce," he stated coldly, "but I am certain he would never ask his wife to sell her jewels and furs in order to make a community property settlement."

This chatter had started following the admission that she had put up the boat, "Panacea," for sale, although she is reputedly worth a quarter of a million dollars in her own right and Chaplin's wealth is estimated at more than ten millions. Who's right? The gossipers? Probably not, for they seldom are. What's ahead for this couple? Reconciliation or divorce?

Frances Corbett—aged 4 months



Ecstatic wiggling of fingers and toes marks the arrival of Frances' supper, which now includes Clapp's Baby Cereal. Like many of her young neighbors in Westfield, N. J., Frances is having pictures taken and growth records kept, as part of a study in infant feeding. Her meals will soon be further enlivened by Clapp's Strained Vegetables.

Gay little Frances is 8 months old



And she's gained an average of more than 1½ pounds a month. She gets Clapp's Soups and Fruits now—loves 'em like all her Clapp Foods. Their texture is exactly what baby specialists recommend—finely-strained, but not too liquid. On Clapp's Foods, a baby makes real progress toward the handling of a more solid diet.

Frances has had a birthday!



Curly Hair, more teeth and added weight aren't the only things she has to brag about. She can walk, and she can feed herself (a trick that Clapp-fed babies, with their eager appetites, often acquire early). And just one look at Frances tells you that her pressure-cooked Clapp's Foods have been chock-full of vitamins and minerals!

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16 VARIETIES of Clapp's Strained Baby Foods—Baby Soup Strained or Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Beef Broth, Liver Soup; Apricots, Prunes, Apple Sauce; Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas, Spinach, Carrots, Beets, Green Beans; Baby Cereal.

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Doctors asked for them...even-textured foods with all the advantages of Clapp's Strained Foods, but more coarsely divided. At dealers' now—remember them when your baby outgrows Clapp's Strained Foods.

Clapp's Strained Baby Foods

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

★★ Algiers

Based on a foreign film hit ("Pepe Le Moko") "Algiers" is a cops-and-robber story in a new background. The plot is a thin fabrication about a section in Algiers known as The Casbah, hideout for criminals of all nations, and the more or less placid existence there belies the alleged viciousness of its inhabitants. The excellent camera work, however, manages to keep the story moving and actually makes it seem more exciting than it really is.

Charles Boyer is Pepe Le Moko, a French jewel thief, regarded as the most dangerous man in the Casbah. The police are unable to catch him because Pepe has his gang and his girl (Sigrid Gurie) and he's quite content not to emerge. One day, however, a beautiful Parisienne (Hedy Lamarr) comes to the Casbah on a slumming trip and Pepe falls in love with her. You know what happens. The police trick him with a message from her, he comes to town and walks into their trap.

Boyer plays Pepe in his usual sulky, dark-eyed manner. Hedy Lamarr causes a minor sensation and Sigrid Gurie does not fare quite so well. In the supporting cast, Gene Lockhart almost walks away with the picture with a well-defined and expert portrayal of an informer. Directed by John Cromwell.—*Walter Wanger*.

★★ Little Miss Broadway

Little Miss Temple, queen of 20th Century-Fox and America's answer to England's Princess Margaret, comes to her public once more in another of those sugary sweet offerings which send her admirers home happy and contented. Despite her advancing years, Shirley still manages to captivate the entire cast.

This time she is an orphan (what, again?) who is adopted by the kindly proprietor of a Broadway theatrical hotel. Her surroundings, of course, give Shirley ample reason to demonstrate her talent as a singing and dancing star. In the latter department she excels, and is fortunate in having George Murphy as her partner in two or three really entertaining routines. Her songs still run to the saccharine. However, Shirley's personality and general excellence will make audiences forget such relatively minor complaints. Suffice it to say that under Shirley's guidance the old proprietor pays off the mortgage, and the mean old rich lady next door winds up sweeter than Snow White.

It is, of course, Shirley's picture throughout, but credit must go to George Murphy, Jimmy Durante, Edna Mae Oliver, Edward Ellis, Donald Meek and others for keeping the thing amusing when Shirley has her stage waits. Directed by Irving Cummings.—*20th Century-Fox*.

★★ Love Finds Andy Hardy

When it's love in bloom for Andy Hardy there isn't a man, woman or child in these United States who couldn't get a chuckle out of it. This time he's torn between three charmers—Ann Rutherford, the old girl; Lana Turner, the town siren; and Judy Garland, an out-of-town visitor. Trying to purchase a twenty-dollar jalope on the installment plan doesn't add anything to his peace of mind either, particularly since father Lewis Stone, though pretty understanding about

most things, is rabid on installment plans. Andy's plight is real and heart-rending as he becomes more deeply involved with every move. This role will add even more prestige to Mickey Rooney's record, while the picture is bound to make the Hardys, *en famille*, more popular than ever. It's their best story to date. Andy isn't the only Hardy with problems. Mother Fay Holden is called away from home, and daughter Cecilia Parker is left holding the reins. Between cooking, an absolute mystery to her, and kid brother Andy, a constant nuisance to her, Cecilia has her hands full. To make matters worse, it's the Christmas season, and things look pretty glum around the Hardy household for a time, though everything turns out for the best, of course. Judy Garland almost steals the honors from Mickey with her excellent characterization of the sympathetic girl friend. You won't want to miss this Hardy family picture. Directed by George P. Seitz.—*M-G-M*.

★★ The Texans

A glorified Western, this picture is full of strong men, strong language and daring adventures. The story centers about the trials and tribulations which befall a courageous group who attempts to drive a herd of 10,000 head of cattle from Texas to Kansas in the perilous days following the Civil War. The herds belong to Ivy Preston (Joan Bennett) and her grandmother (May Robson). They are the victims of an exorbitant tax levied on their cattle by the government and, in order to save their property, they resort to the 1,500 mile trip. With them go their trusty friends, the old cowhands on the Preston ranch, and Kirk Jordan (Randolph Scott) whom Gramma regards as a tried and true friend but who's just a pain in the neck to granddaughter Ivy. Romance, of course, blooms along the trail for the two, though the atmosphere is hardly conducive to sentiment. Isaiah Middlebrook (Robert Barrat) and his troupe of Yankee cavalry follow close at heel, determined to get the herds back in their hands. Indians descend upon them. They are the victims of blizzards, dust storms, droughts, and



In "Algiers," Charles Boyer surprises his admirers with a very good singing voice.

Nice work, Charles.

thunder-storms along the trail. In short, it's durned tough goin'. But you who like films where men are men and women full of courage will like "The Texans." The pictorial effects in many instances are breath-taking. Joan Bennett and Randolph Scott turn in satisfactory performances, but the honors go outright to May Robson for her characterization of the Southern lady who is all gentleness and charm in appearance but turns out to be the fiercest fighter of them all. Directed by James Hogan.—*Paramount*.

★★ Passport Husband

Stuart Erwin, true to form, is in for another terrific beating. This time two gangs of desperate characters are vying for the privilege of murdering him. It all started, of course, because of Stu's good heartedness, which has got him married to a glamorous creature, Joan Woodbury.

When Joan allows as how she'll die if Stu doesn't wed her, he doesn't know it's deportation and not death that's facing her. Nor does he realize that Joan isn't exactly the home type, but a moll at heart. Complicating matters even more is Douglas Fowley, a gentleman of unsavory reputation who would have Joan for his own, and Pauline Moore, an awfully nice girl who feels just that way about Stu.

It's all pretty innocuous stuff as far as the plot goes, but the laughs are good and plentiful. And the cast, though far from illustrious, do an excellent job within the script limitations. The climax is one of the rowdiest, lustiest and funniest ever, with Stu Erwin capturing both gangs of criminals single handed by the simple expedient of pushing them out of a supposedly burning building into the waiting firemen's net below.

You will find real entertainment in "Passport Husband," in which Stuart Erwin is at his best. Directed by James Tinling.—*20th Century-Fox*.

★★ Tropic Holiday

Paramount has taken Bob Burns, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour and a number of their friends down to Mexico for a musical show which has its moments. Said moments are confined, properly enough, mostly to the musical numbers, beautiful Mexican songs by Augustin Lara, the country's foremost ballad writer. In addition there are comedy moments, the best being a bull fight sequence featuring a ferocious bull and a very frightened Martha Raye.

Story has to do with a Hollywood scenario writer on a Mexican hegira trying to find peace and time in which to finish a script. He runs into everything, including romance with Dorothy Lamour, who is probably as surprised as anybody to show up in a picture without a sarong.

Martha Raye and Bob Burns furnish most of the comedy, agreeably aided by Roberto Soto, Mexico's Charlie Chaplin. Tito Guizar is handsome and pleasant to hear as he sings several Mexican love songs, and Miss Lamour tosses off a song or two of her own with good effect. Binnie Barnes is excellent as a Hollywood beauty jealous of Milland's romance with Miss Lamour, and there is nice work by a group of natives. "Tropic Holiday" is no great shakes, but it is entertaining and better than most run-of-the-mill song and dance films. Good for a frivolous mood. —Directed by Ted Reed.—*Paramount*.

MYRNA'S MAID TELLS ON MISS LOY

(Continued from page 30)

she was going out and she asked me to put some polish on her nails. "I never did," I said, "but I can try." It was ruby polish, and that's the worst kind, even if you're an expert manicurist. Well, what with my being so rattled, and my hands shaking like I had the palsy, I got more polish over her fingers than I did on her nails. I sat there so miserable I didn't know where to look, and she kept saying, "That's fine, Theresa. Just clean up this bit. Now that little dab in there—"

Well, I knew I'd made a hash of it and that she was just being nice. I started putting things away, thinking, "You certainly cooked your goose to a crisp that time, my girl." Miss Loy was at the door. Then suddenly she turned around. "Theresa," she said, "I like you very much and I'm very well pleased with your work. Would you like to stay?" Well! I just stood there with my jaws dropped and couldn't think of a thing to say. Imagine her doing it right then, just because she saw how badly I felt. She smiled and said, "Then that's settled. Good night, Theresa." And when she was gone, I did a little rhumba all by myself, right in the middle of the bedroom floor.

In all the time I've been with her, I've never seen Miss Loy angry except once in a great while, and that's when somebody tried to put something over on her. You have to know her very well to know when she's angry. She doesn't go popping off like a string of firecrackers. She just seems to get more quiet. Then, if she can,

she goes and has it out with whoever's upset her, and that's the end of it.

Miss Loy loves to have jolly people around her. She gets bored with a lot of society talk—I mean the stiff kind. We have more fun on location. She likes to have pillow fights with the girls—there's Shirley, her stand-in, and Eleanor, who does her hair, and Margaret from the wardrobe department. They borrow her shirts and sweaters and shower-caps and go running back and forth, just like girls in a boarding school.

THEN I'll go in to wake her in the morning, and I'll grab a shawl from the piano and twist it round my shoulders, and stick a rose in my mouth. (Mr. Hornblow always sends her roses.) I clown around, pretending I'm a Spanish dancer or something crazy, till she laughs herself sick. There was one time, though, when she had us in hysterics. She was trying to peck. Miss Loy's no fancy pecker, but she looked so cute and funny with her head jerking up and down like a baby doll, that we laughed till our sides ached. But she kept right on, solemn as a judge. "I'm dishing it out," she said, "and you can take it."

Miss Loy loves to tease. She found out I was crazy about William Powell. Maybe it's kind of silly, but I guess we all have our favorite movie actors. Anyway, the first day she worked with him, I was all eyes and mouth. She was sitting there talking to him, when all of a sudden she called me over and introduced me. I almost

fainted. But as if that wasn't enough, she got that little twinkle in her eye, and I knew she was up to something. "Bill," she said, "you're Theresa's favorite movie actor." Well, I wanted to crawl into a hole and hide. She saw I was fussed, so she patted my hand and said, "Sorry, Theresa. I didn't mean to embarrass you." Well, I mumbled something about not wanting Mr. Powell to think I was fresh. "Theresa," he said, "no actor thinks you're fresh when you pay him a compliment. He thinks you're smart." Wasn't that cute of him? He's like that.

When my baby was born and I named him Willard, Miss Loy wanted to know was it after Mr. Powell. I said, in a way it was and in a way it wasn't. So now, when she wants to tease me, she calls the baby Inaway. At first she couldn't come to the hospital, because she was working, but she sent ice cream and a beautiful cake. Then, as soon as she had a day off, she called up and said she was coming over. Well, the sweetest thing happened. The baby was half asleep. Miss Loy picked him up and he opened his eyes and just lay there looking at her for a minute. Then she held out her finger and he grabbed it tight, and next minute he was smiling up at her. I was so pleased, because it was the first time he'd ever smiled at anyone.

She's just crazy about children. She'll come home all excited. "Oh, Theresa, I saw the cutest baby today. He was just as homely as he could be, but oh, so sweet." She has a way with them too. If they're

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kind of hard to make up with, she doesn't rush them. She waits until they make up with her, and they always do.

There's little Junior who comes to the studio to sell papers and magazines. She just loves that kid. Last Christmas she had everybody hunting a dog for Junior. Then she heard that somebody else had bought him one. She was dreadfully disappointed at first. Then she said, "No matter, so long as he gets a dog," and she bought him a leather jacket instead.

Then there was the time when one of the directors thought maybe he could use Junior in a picture. Miss Loy was testing for a picture at the same time. Every day, regular as clockwork, Junior'd ask, "Dja get the pitcha, Miss Loy?" That's just how he'd say it. And she'd say, "Not yet. Did you?" "Not yet," he'd say. And she'd say, "Got my fingers crossed." And he'd cross his fingers too and wave them at her.

Then finally one day he said, the same as always, "Dja get the pitcha, Miss Loy?" And she said, "Yes, did you?" "Nope," Junior said. Then he took one look at her face and said, "Gee, Miss Loy, you don't have to feel bad about it. I'd rather sell papers any day."

So you can imagine how she felt when there was talk about not letting Junior sell his papers any more at the studio. She went straight to the front office and got that fixed up. We were sitting here in the dressing-room one afternoon when Junior came in. Generally, nothing fazes him, but he was plenty bothered that day. He wiggled and kept shoving his feet around, and at last he came out with it. "Miss Loy, my mother said to give you something." He ran up and grabbed her and gave her the biggest kiss, then he ran out as if the cops were after him. Next minute he poked his head in at the door again. "No

snitching now," he says. And she holds up her hand and says, serious as anything, "No snitching, Junior." But her eyes were just shining.

Miss Loy is forever talking about her grandchildren—kidding, you know. When she got that crown for being Queen of the Movies, she put it in a little nook in the library. "That's to show my grandchildren, when I'm old," she said.

SHE'S the happiest person for all she's so quiet. It's just grand to see two people as happy as she and Mr. Hornblow. I never shall forget the day they were married. She didn't say much, but goodness! You could see it written all over her. I helped her pack—or rather, I packed for her. She didn't know what to take. It was the only time I ever saw her fluttery. We told her she had to have something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue. Well, of course, there were lots of new things, so she wore a pair of old hose. Then she borrowed a handkerchief, and Miss Bond, her secretary, went out and bought her a pair of blue garters.

Her dress was a beige handprint, all over colors, and she wore a brown crêpe de chine hat, with brown patent shoes and bag. All of us were standing at the door, Sergei the cook, the butler, the chauffeur and I. I said, "I hope you'll be as happy as a queen, Mrs. Hornblow," and she smiled the sweetest smile, and bent over and kissed me. I was so thrilled.

Sergei baked a beautiful wedding cake and sent it down to surprise her at Palos Verde where they spent their honeymoon. She still has a piece of that cake and the little bride and groom Sergei put on top of it.

Then when the house was built, my, she was like a kid. It's not a fancy house—

they don't like a lot of frills and feathers—just a beautiful home. And she'd rather fuss around that house and garden than—go to see the President, I guess.

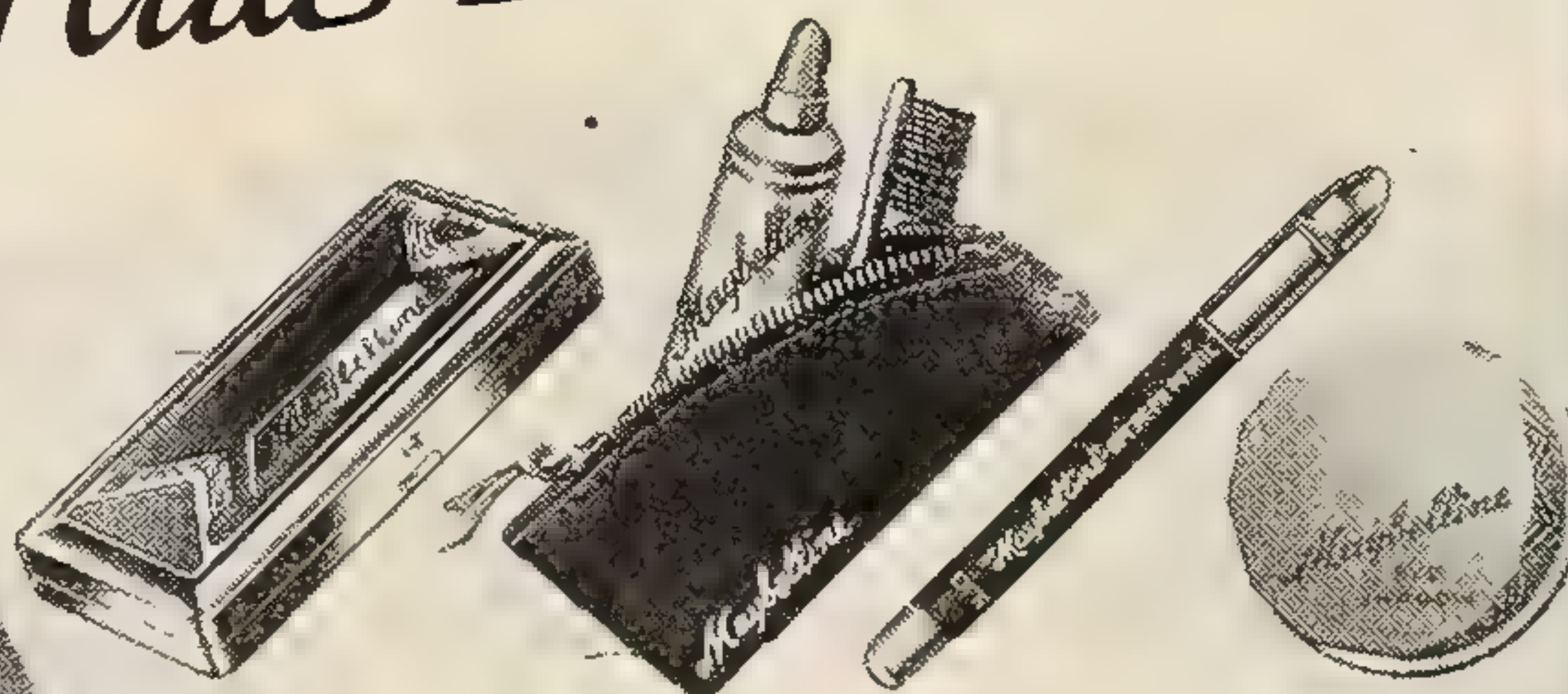
Every morning, even when she's working, she plans the menu for dinner. She loves to cut recipes out of magazines and then do something different with them. For instance, the recipe might call for a certain kind of wine. Well, she'll talk it over with the cook and say, "Maybe that wine won't be so good. Let's try this kind and see what happens." Then she has a little book where she puts all the recipes that turn out good. And if Mr. Hornblow specially enthuses about anything, she puts a star next to it, to remember.

Between pictures and on days she's not working she has breakfast about ten. Then she puts on a blouse and slacks, and maybe ties a scarf round her head, and out she goes with her spade and basket till we call her for lunch. Sometimes we have to call her several times.

She doesn't just pick flowers, either. She gets out there and digs. She's not even afraid of slugs and lizards and things. She laughs at me because I'm petrified of anything that crawls. "Go 'way," she'll tell the lizard. "Theresa's afraid of you. Go on home to your babies." Then when she comes in, Johnny's generally trailing her. Johnny's the neighbor's little dog. "He needs a bone," she'll say. "He's been helping all morning and he's tuckered out."

Sometimes Mr. Hornblow runs home and has lunch with her. Then in the afternoon we might clean cupboards or straighten out the basement. And she doesn't watch while I do it. Don't you believe it. She gets down in that basement and helps me push things around. Or, if we are doing the cupboards, she'll wash down one side while I take the other. Then

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while I wash the dishes she'll dry and put them away. She likes putting them away, because it gives her a chance to arrange them differently.

Oh, and she's the cutest thing with her clothes. She has them sent home and if Mr. Hornblow doesn't like them, she generally doesn't take them—only once in a great while, if she happens to be set on a thing for some reason. He never tells her not to. He says, "Well, that doesn't appeal to me but if you like it, honey, you get it." So, when she buys something out of the ordinary, she keeps it for a big surprise and puts it on just before time for him to come home. Like she got a red hat and she said, "I'll bet this won't go over, Theresa." But one look at his face made me chuckle to myself, "Well, that's one bet you lost, Mrs. Hornblow."

Evenings, they might listen to the Capehart, or they might read. If he's interested in a book, he'll bring home two. He reads one and she reads the other, and then they compare notes. Or they might have a few friends to dinner. They don't go much for big parties. But there's one thing I noticed. Even when they have people in, it's always kind of peaceful, and even when just the two of them are alone, it's always kind of gay. That might sound funny to some people, but it's true.

Well, I guess that's all, except maybe this'll show why we feel like we do about Miss Loy. She never orders you around and she never bawls you out when you make a mistake. She might say, "Let's try to get this a little brighter," or, "Here's a scratch, maybe we could polish it off." She was having a tea-party and it was the butler's day off. She didn't even ask him to stay. She said it was his day and he had a right to it. Miss Loy just put on an apron and came out in the kitchen and started fixing some sandwiches and making her own tea. She didn't expect the maid to do everything by herself. She pitched right in and helped. A person like that has a good effect on you. You just want to do and do and do things for her.



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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HEPBURN?

(Continued from page 27)

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absolutely dying to catch a glimpse of Hepburn in overalls! So her policy of being the eccentric one wasn't a flop, either. They knew she wasn't just another one of those movie gals.

And so when Kate recently shook the dust of Hollywood from her feet and climbed onto the East-bound plane it was with the strangest feelings she'd ever had. Other studios wanted her, would give excellent roles. But is acting enough for her? For six years she's had Hollywood prestige. It's brought her a fortune—and Kate has never underestimated the power of money. She knows that a woman isn't independent until she can afford to be. Acting for the movies is a tremendous kick if your parts can be hand-picked, and if you can out-bluff the moguls. But out-bluffing is a tiring sideline to a job? What did it all amount to?

When she and Laura Harding reached New York the spell of the city, its hum, its theatres, its splendid shops and big hotels, captured her imagination, restored her ambition. She was on the go from late morning until early morning. Then suddenly Kate was fed up with city whirling. She had to get home. She told Laura goodbye for a while and headed for Hartford, Connecticut.

When she first arrived home there was a bit of a stir. The papers duly reported her celebrated person materializing again. The front doorbell did double duty as eager fans, oblivious to Hepburn's Hollywood reputation for aloofness, politely dropped in for autographs. The family maid was in no end of a flurry conveying scraps of paper to wherever Kate was. One can't be an ambassadress every day!

In a day or two, though, it seemed as though Kate had been home for months and months. She isn't pampered by her parents or her brothers and sisters, you see. (There are four brothers and sisters, so she's only one of five children equally loved.) Naturally the family is thrilled over Kate's success. She wants to share her good experiences with them, and does.

She's exceptionally thoughtful. But none of the family will chisel in on her earnings as a movie star. None of them are the helpful type. They say she followed her hunch and has been rewarded. They figure they'll do the same.

Consequently, it has been like old times for Kate. She usually plays golf these mornings. When she was in college she was runner-up for the Connecticut women's golf championship. She's kept up her golf out in California, even to making a hole-in-one. The family would like to have seen that!

At the home country club Kate is one of the crowd. She doesn't rig herself up in overalls, you may be positive, but appears in conventional, attractive slacks. After thirty-six holes, which gives you some idea of her endurance, she comes into the caddy house and chins with the "pro" about her game, and coaxes her caddy into coming clean on what he thinks of her strokes. Kate passes up the "nineteenth" hole and its jolly drinkers. She's fond of her cigarettes but not of tall cool ones.

BACK at home she races her partner of the morning, a brother or a sister, to the luncheon table. Dr. Hepburn, who idolizes her and has never been known to refuse a single thing she's asked for, hurries home from his office to enjoy every minute of her stay. Kate is intensely concerned with all of his current cases and wants to learn exactly what's happened to Mrs. Smith, and if George Barry is any better, and will that neighbor girl have to have an operation after all?

Following lunch she and her mother practically always find a conference in order, and Kate smiles discreet amusement as her mother practices a campaign speech on birth control. Kate realizes where her own soap-box tendency comes from. She is immensely proud that her mother has combined marriage, motherhood, and welfare work so intelligently. Every time she looks at her mother, Kate recalls the meaning of service to others. She admits how worthwhile being a good sport really is.



Sonja Henie and her troupe take us back to fairy-tale days in the Alice in Wonderland number from "My Lucky Star." Kids from six to sixty will love this one.

Her mother has built a life around the vital elements, and Kate approves.

It seems amazing not to have to rush to a set right after the noon hour. Kate lazily yields to the drowsiness which creeps up on her. That chaise lounge in her cretonned bedroom lures her. She picks up a new book—the house is chock-full of new books—and totes it upstairs with her. In half an hour she is yawning over it. When she wakes she hears noises down on the side porch. It's the collegians again. So she drops the book, runs a comb through her hair, and dashes down to get in on the argument. It's some world-shaking matter. She edges into a swing, grabs a glass of lemonade, and swears that when she went to Bryn Mawr no Harvard man ever dared to defy her with any such sheer nonsense!

This star who can confound Hollywood with idiosyncrasies, who won't be interviewed out there at all, is now part of an intensely real household, reveling in the kind of vacation few movie stars ever take. Kate has gone a long way up. She's acquired great acclaim. She certainly could be summering in grand style. But home sounds better to her. When faced with a dilemma, Kate has invariably come home.

WHAT to do about Hollywood and marriage seems far away on these long summer evenings, with the crickets chirping in the lawn and no one demanding that she Do Something Dramatic Immediately.

Kate is certainly earnestness itself when her adored older brother relates his progress. She doesn't have bossy words for her sisters either, but gives her opinion when they request it.

The family's conversation gets around to what she's going to do, eventually. But there is no sense of urgency here in Hartford, no feeling that Kate must rush into some bizarre schedule for fear of losing out in Hollywood. The Hepburns, anyway, have always seen to it that they don't have to rush crazily into ill-advised paths. Kate can afford to select because she's saved enough money to be independent.

In Hollywood it's the theory that Kate's never taken advice from anyone. Hollywood accuses her of egotism, because she persists in working on barred sets. However, those who actually work with her have found her as likeable as her family and close friends do. Cary Grant, who is in a position to speak authoritatively and who has nothing to gain by apple polishing, says, "Kate is more congenial than any actress I've ever worked with. She's my favorite!"

But Hollywood as a whole will never be able to reason out a star who'll talk seriously with mere studio employees and thereby lose a chance to broadcast sensation via interviewers. Kate's views are numerous, logical, provocative. But she contends that Garbo had the truest inspiration about publicity and that what the public wants to imagine about an actress is unlimited. If any actress should talk freely to the press, it is evident that she'd not be as intriguing. So, why talk?

Because Kate is so analytical, and honest, she should reach the right conclusion about herself this summer. She knows that she wants to go on acting in important pictures. But she says one or two a year will be sufficient. Last year she earned \$200,000 in Hollywood, so why not pick carefully now? She knows, too, that she wants to continue her stage climb, for she has much further to go in the theatre itself. She quit Broadway when she'd only begun, and her one return was severely panned. Last year she toured on the road, most successfully. She didn't take the play into New York because she had a suspicion she

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wasn't quite good enough in it. This fall? The Theatre Guild already has Broadway designs for her.

"I still have to keep my fingers crossed," she confesses. She can grin now about her first onslaught on Broadway. Kate remembers how she started by making the rounds of the producers' offices, and it was as hot a summer as this one has been. Hotter, she maintains. She was far too nervous and bashful. Quite soon she was perspiring dreadfully, her clothes and hair sadly mussed. She was anxious to repair these damages of the heat, but ashamed to inquire for the ladies' rooms. That's the real reason why she was never chic! And because she wasn't chic, if you want to know all, she never once got to talk to a single solitary stage producer!

"But I had red hair, freckles and a temper, and the only solution was to live up to them!" Thoroughly ignored in the New York that now gossips about her plans, she heard that a stock company in Baltimore wanted an actress. Kate attempted her first bluff. Outstanding in campus dramatics, with no stage record in a theatre, but needing only a break, she talked so long and fast that down there they gave her the job that was open.

ONE of her self-imposed drawbacks has been her insistence upon interpreting all her roles absolutely as she herself visualizes them. She almost never got to Hollywood because of this trait. She was fired from a succession of Broadway shows, even losing a lead opposite Leslie Howard when she was still a nobody because she refused to change her mind about how his leading lady should be characterized. What if he was famous and she was a rank amateur? She didn't care! She knew, instinctively, what was best for her.

As a small child Katharine Hepburn was given to either crying until she got what she wanted, or she'd refuse to participate in the back-yard dramas until her rules were accepted. Luckily she became a star overnight in Hollywood, so she hasn't had to give in to any movie director on points of interpretation. She wouldn't have a director who'd subdue her slant on a role.

She thinks it's quite a coincidence that, exactly ten years ago, she understudied the original stage star of "Holiday." When Hope Williams was creating the role that Kate has recently clicked in, the fiery Hepburn gladly joined the troupe as stellar understudy. "Hope Williams was the healthiest star I ever met!" But standing in the wings every night, praying for a miracle so that she could go on, imprinted this particular drama in her mind. When she was offered a screen test she chose a sequence from this play to display her acting.

Kate has the talent and the desire to ultimately reign as one of Broadway's enduring queens. So she thinks she'll keep on with her stage yen. But now what of her as a woman?

She was married from the jolly house in Hartford ten years ago. She was all ecstatic hopes about love then. Hollywood wasn't even a glint. He was tall, gallant, and so sympathetic towards her stage leanings. He'd graduated from college and had put himself into the brokerage business in Philadelphia. But he moved his firm to New York so that she could go into the theatre and they could be modern and skyrocket in two careers together. It was young romance rampant.

As Mrs. Ludlow Smith in private life, she fixed up an apartment, and they were very determined to get ahead. But she grew more and more devoted to her career, and less and less devoted to Ludlow. When she went to Hollywood she denied her marriage. Later she secured a Mexican divorce, hoping for secrecy in the break-up.

In Hollywood she has managed her career battles herself, has never gone with any studio powers. Love's been out. George Cukor and Leland Hayward, her agent, have been her closest men friends. Laura Harding, her chum from Bryn Mawr days, has been her companion in her rented hilltop mansion in the West.

But Kate, of course, is very emotional. So when she met Howard Hughes, who is adventurous and a sophisticate and a millionaire besides, she remembered she could be just a woman after all. Now—should she be? He is fascinating, and being with him is so stimulating. But he'd never play second fiddle to any woman's career. He's



Loretta Young poses for us with one of her special friends. Who said something about a dog's life being hard?

used to having his own way with women, too. Kate doesn't mind giving in to his whims now. But could she—for always?

The gangling, timid, bright girl from Hartford is back home vacationing. She's a glamorous woman of the world now and, incredibly, she hasn't outgrown her "folks." But what lies ahead for her? Merely acting greatness, gained by concentrating on technique and devoting herself to self-improvement? That's going to be a very lonesome life.

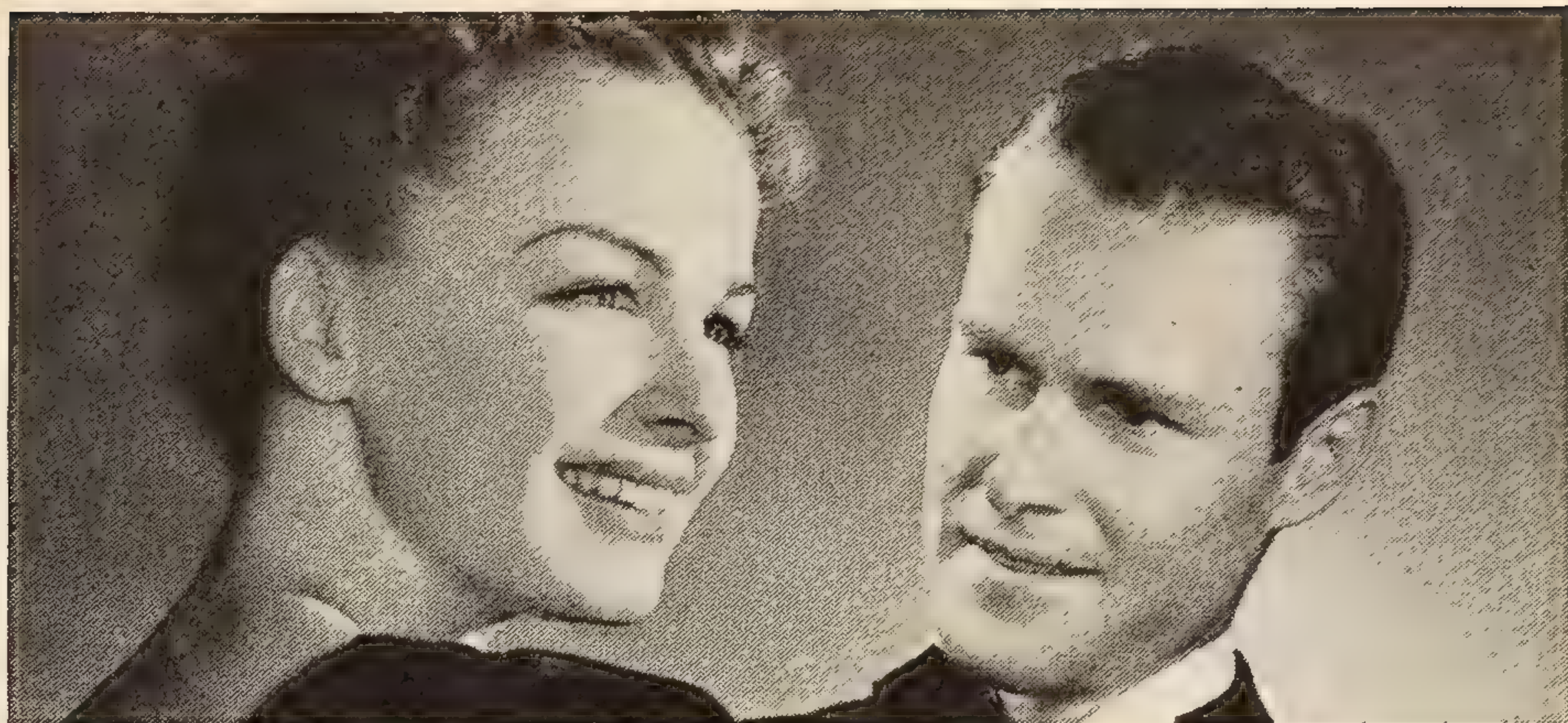
Suppose she allows herself to be a woman, concerned only with one man's wishes. We only live once. What's fame? They forget you in a few years! Being a wife like these others, with a home full of kids who'll be a comfort when age comes—Kate's thinking of this too. One marriage bust-up has taught her plenty. Holding onto love seems simpler now. An extremist? Too outspoken? Spoiled into demanding all or nothing in everything? It's not too late to change!

Now look at all of these college kids who flock around her home—why, before Kate went into the theatre she too was awarded a fancy degree. She was branded a bachelor of psychology! Why can't she practice her psychology now? Why can't she have an all-consuming love and also a brilliant, wonderful career? Why can't she become a great woman, understanding and tender, and also the American Bernhardt?

Such thoughts as these are running riot through Katharine Hepburn's head as the summer moon wanes and the family and their friends, who are her friends too, chatter on. What's the matter with Kate? She's undecided, for the first and only time she can ever recall. But, as I see her smiling, I know that inside she isn't smiling at all. Inside she's busily trying to determine her destiny. She is on the verge of her wonderful discovery. Conquest of self, conquest of divided impulses, that must be her answer! It will be brutal if she pulls a boner.



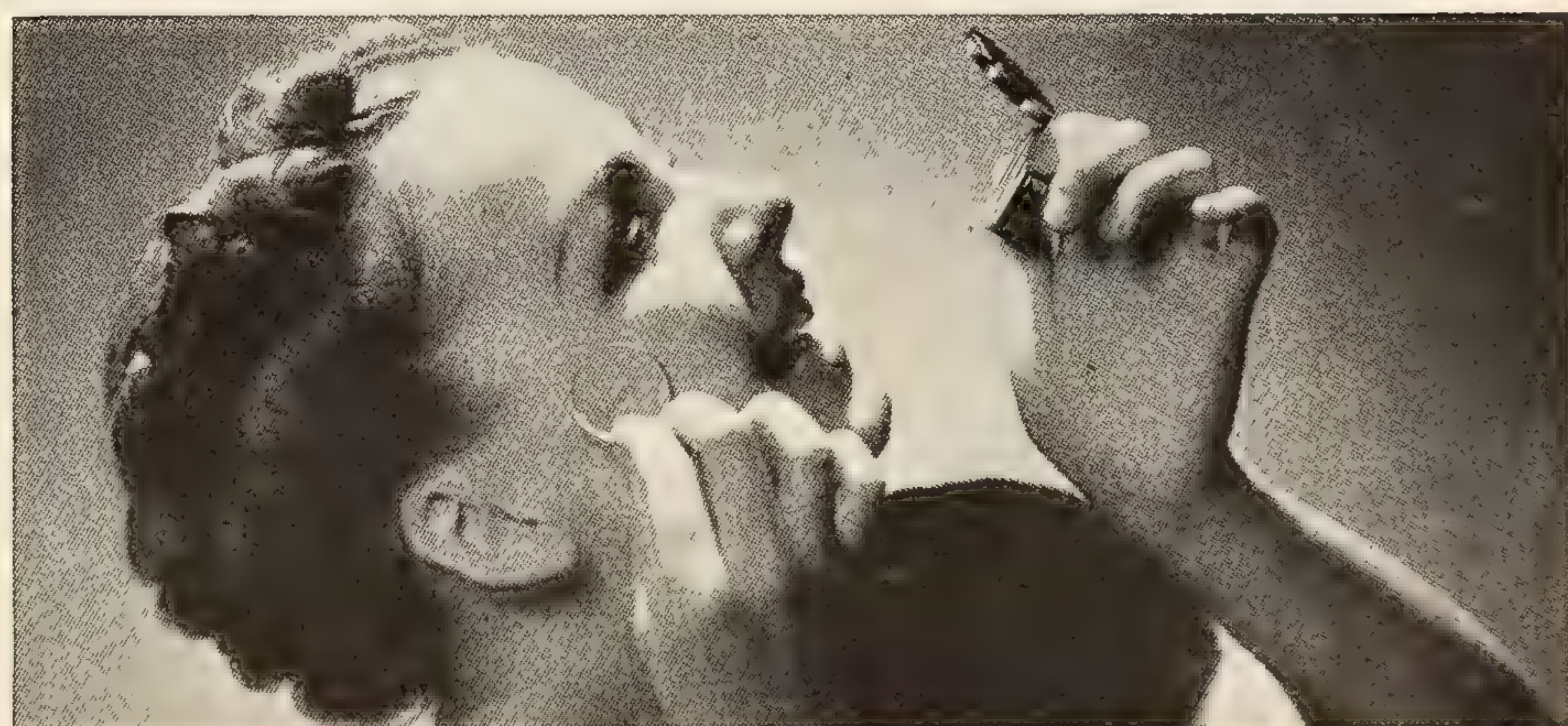
A bit of charm from yesteryear. Jim Ellison, Ruby Keeler and Anne Shirley in "Mother Carey's Chickens."



FOR A WOMAN IN LOVE... If you want to attract HIM, use the lipstick he likes! Don't have red, smeary lips. Men detest that "painted" look. Use the lipstick that gives your lips a *natural* glow—soft and smooth as a rose petal.



LIPS ARE ROSY, SMOOTH AND TEMPTING—when you give them the magic touch of Tangee! Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the exact shade of blush-rose that best suits you—whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead. And Tangee's special cream base *keeps* lips smooth and soft.



AND ROUGE TO MATCH... In the Creme or Compact form, Tangee Rouge blends with your individual complexion—gives your cheeks a delicate, natural tone. It's one rouge that suits every type of coloring—from corn-silk blonde to nut-brown brunette. Try *Tangee Rouge and Lipstick* tonight!

World's Most Famous Lipstick
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BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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Use a modern method

Why add to the problems of life by worrying about old-fashioned or embarrassing methods of feminine hygiene? If you doubt the effectiveness of your method, or if you consider it messy, greasy, and hateful, here is news that you will welcome.

Thousands of happy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, effective—kills germs—and, equally important—dainty!

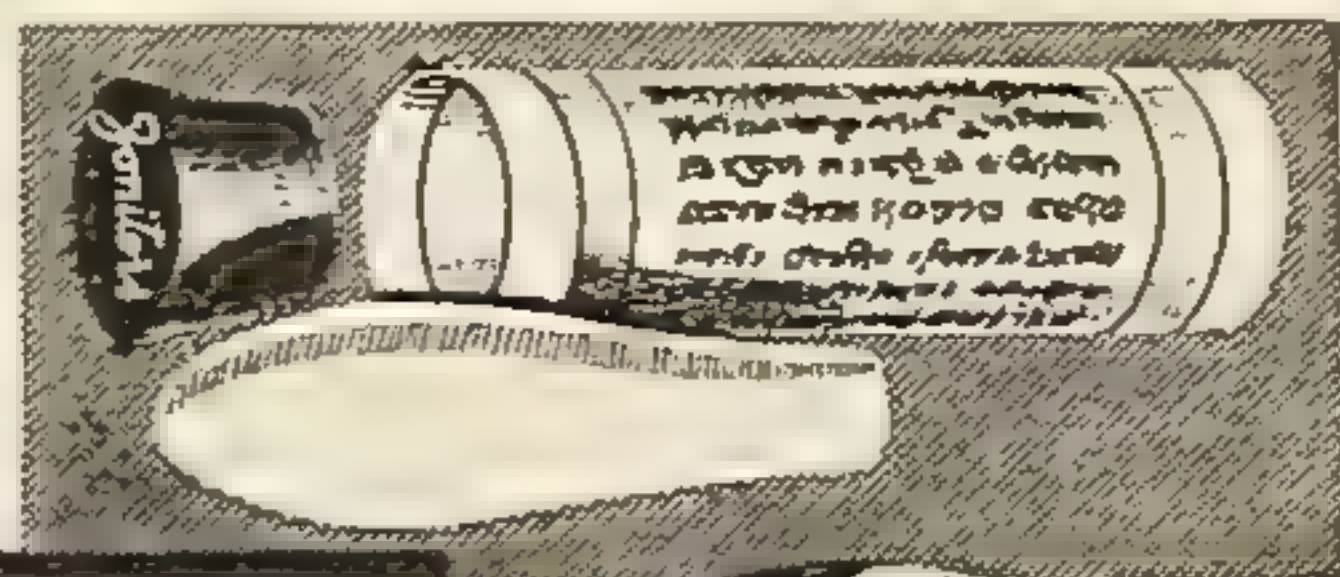
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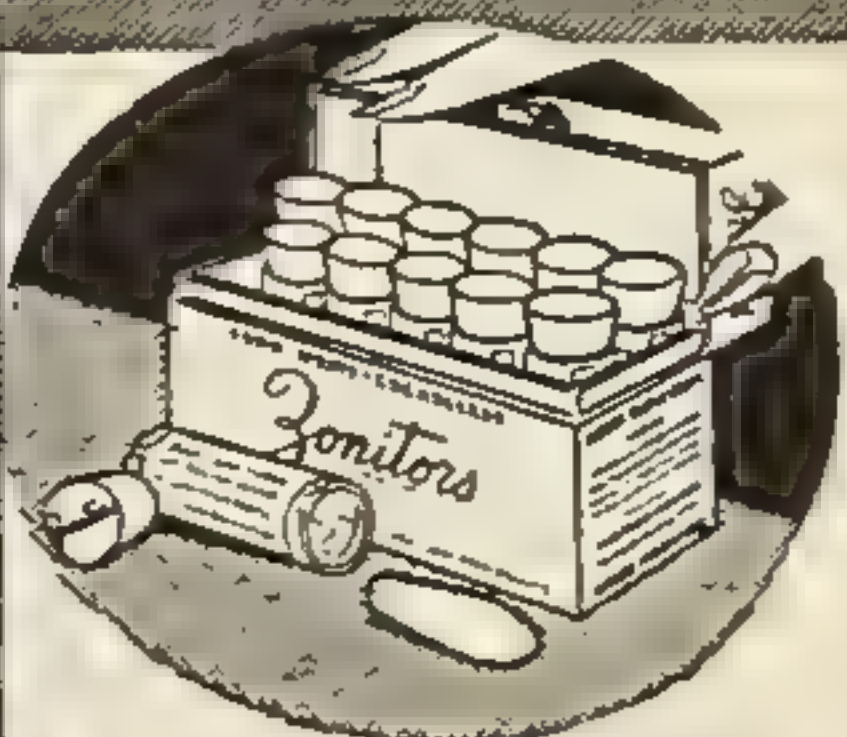
Zonitors make use of the world-famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

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"Hello, operator! What? Deposit five cents? Oh yes, of course, how stupid of me!"



"What do they do with all my nickels while I wait? Well, I'll just get comfortable."

HOW THEY WIN FRIENDS

(Continued from page 39)

floor show." Murphy had won a friend, and, through winning a friend, he had won a job. So, Rule 1: Take an interest in other people and their problems.

The most important thing to remember is that people are first, last and always interested in themselves, and that they will be flattered if you show that you are interested in them. In line with this, it is important to remember people's names, and to call them by name whenever you can.

Buddy Ebsen, long, angular laugh provoker, learned early in his days as a troupier that the more friends you can make in various one night stands the better. Realizing the value of incurring the favor of stage door and prop men, Buddy hit upon a plan.

EVERYONE is flattered, he figured, when someone remembers a first name. People are also flattered if, in addition to a name, one remembers the name and age of a wife or child or little details they may reveal as to their personal lives.

And so Buddy made out a book. At every new theatre he would list the town, theatre name, and the names and personal information about various employees. When scheduled to arrive at a certain town, Buddy would whip out this vest pocket volume and review the situation. As a result, there isn't one of these men who fails to respond to Ebsen's name on the screen. In him they recognize a friend.

Rule 2, then: Remember people's names, their likes and dislikes.

If Hollywood stars were entirely selfish, they might go out of their way only to befriend those who, in turn, can help them. But that has never been true of the finest stars in the profession.

Eleanor Powell, one of the best-liked girls in Hollywood, is just as friendly toward humble, unimportant people as she is toward big executives. That was recently proved when she traveled on the S. S. Santa Paula from California to New York. Although any Hollywood star could demand and get good service anywhere, she would undoubtedly arouse a good deal of resentment if she acted as if it were her prerogative to be served.

When Eleanor Powell casually mentioned that she liked cream soup and chow mein, every night after that they appeared on the ship's menu. Two Chinese stewards, Lee and Tom, vied with each other to serve Eleanor. One of them, Tom, was

supposed to be the captain's own cabin boy, for he had been with the captain for years. The captain liked to boast of how faithful Tom was and of how Tom would never leave him for anyone else.

Towards the end of the trip, Tom went down to see Eleanor. "I want to work for you," he told her. "I like you. Please give me a job for always."

"But the captain—what of him?" Eleanor said helplessly.

"Never mind the captain," Tom told her. "I want to work for you."

Practically the same scene was repeated with Lee. Regretfully Eleanor told the two boys that she couldn't possibly make use of their services in either New York or Hollywood. But some time later she received a letter from the captain saying that Tom and Lee continually keep talking about her and hoping that some day they would have another chance to serve "the very pretty lady."

What made the two boys so eager to work for Eleanor? The answer is so simple that I can only hope you will believe it. Eleanor showed her frank, honest appreciation of every service they did for her and made them feel important. "You're so good to me," she kept telling them.

So, Rule 3. Show your appreciation for the services other people render you. Take a tip from Dale Carnegie and be "heartily in your approbation and lavish in your praise."

Not all Hollywood stars are always kind to other people, and to say that they are would be to stretch credulity to the breaking point. There are a number of girls who were once top-notch stars who have been very cruel to dressmakers, to the prop boys on their sets, to script girls and other people in badly-paid jobs who cannot very well defend themselves.

There was, for instance, one star who bought a dress at a department store for seventeen dollars, when the dress should have been priced much higher. When the salesgirl discovered her mistake, she pleaded with the star to return the dress or pay the difference, as she could not afford to do so out of her meagre salary. But the star only laughed at her predicament, saying she had brought it on herself.

Never has one of the stars who trample on other people's rights lasted very long as a top box-office attraction. A cameraman, whom a star has snubbed, can take a few unflattering pictures of her, so the fans find that she no longer looks attrac-



Not asleep after all! "Hello, Bill! This is Edward Horton. What are you doing tonight?"

tive. Possibly a story about the star's real characteristics gets printed in a magazine or newspaper, and there is so much evidence that the fans lose faith in her.

But nothing can defeat the Joan Crawfords, the Jeanette MacDonalds and the Irene Dunnes of Hollywood. They have too many friends.

There is an amazing but true story about Irene Dunne which explains why she will never be without friends. One night her bedside phone rang and a woman's voice, hoarse with desperation, said, "Oh, I thought I'd never reach you. Please come right away. — is dying, and she's too proud to let herself be taken to the charity hospital. I don't know what to do, for she's absolutely penniless."

The name she mentioned was one with which Irene Dunne was familiar—the name of an actress who had once been a great star. Stopping only long enough to ascertain the address, Irene Dunne came to an unfamiliar house in one of the poorest sections of Hollywood.

The woman who opened the door gasped in astonishment when she saw Irene. "But," she said, "you're Irene Dunne."

"Yes," Irene said, "you sent for me, didn't you?"

In a daze the woman said, "I sent for my friend, Mrs. X. I never dreamed that it was someone else, least of all you, who answered the telephone."

THROUGH an accident, she had been connected with Irene's private number instead of her friend's number. Silently she led the way into the room of the woman who was ill, a fine, grand old woman who had once played in a picture with Irene. Irene helped her, as she has helped so many others, and because of her timely aid, the woman is alive and provided for today.

Rule 4, then: Be ready to go out of your way to help other people.

Claudette Colbert is adored in Hollywood, because she is always sympathetic and tolerant, and has never been known to be high-hat. She possesses the knack so few people have, of being able to put herself in the other person's place. One of the most amusing instances of this is that now one of her best friends is a girl who once did something for which another actress might have sued her.

The girl, a writer, read in one of the Broadway columns that Claudette Colbert was in New York, and asked her editor if she could have the day off to interview Claudette. This permission was readily granted. But the girl, instead of interviewing Claudette, drove out to the country and spent the day playing golf, believing that she could get the interview the next day by appealing to Miss Colbert's

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It's no fun to scrub and scour a toilet. But it must be kept clean. A speck of dirt breeds dangerous germs. A dirty toilet has an offensive odor. A stained toilet is unsightly, and unnecessary.

SANI-FLUSH is made scientifically to clean toilets. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet. See stains and streaks vanish. Germs are killed. Odors are banished. The bowl sparkles like new. SANI-FLUSH cannot injure plumbing connections. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

sympathies and telling her that she would be fired if she didn't get the story.

The next day she told her editor that she had obtained a splendid story from Claudette, with lots of quotes on Claudette's long-distance marriage. (At the time Claudette was married to Norman Foster.) Then she called Claudette's apartment, but learned, to her horror, that the columnist had made an error, and that Claudette was still in Hollywood.

Afraid to tell her editor the truth, she wrote a story which purported to be an interview with Claudette, but which was entirely "dreamed up." When the story was printed, the writer shivered, fearing a possible libel suit.

Not long afterwards, Claudette came to New York and the writer met her at a cocktail party. Introduced to the girl, Claudette said coldly, "Oh, so you're the one who wrote that story about me? Are you in the habit of quoting people whom you've never met?"

Shaking with apprehension, the writer said, "Oh, but I can explain exactly how it happened." Then she told how much she had longed to take a day off to go tramping in the country. Before she got through Claudette was laughing heartily and agreeing that a game of golf was much more fun than interviewing stars.

So, Rule 5: Put yourself in the other person's place and be tolerant, sympathetic and understanding.

WHEN Sylvia Sidney first came to Hollywood, she was so anxious to get her own way that she got the reputation of being very temperamental. Recently she told me, "I have discovered that if you want to influence people, you can't afford to be temperamental. It's a waste of energy and emotion to go yip-yip-yipping about everything. When you make an issue of every little thing, no one will pay any attention to you when you make an issue of something that is really vital and important."

"When I am working on a picture, I am as good a trouser as possible, and generally do not complain about anything. Once, however, when I was loaned out for a picture, I was asked to shoot some special scenes at night when I was dead tired and not feeling very well. I said, 'Listen, I've been a good little girl and

done everything else you've asked, but I don't feel right just now. Let's postpone these scenes till tomorrow.' They were lovely about it, but I doubt if they would have been if I'd been a pain in the neck all through the production."

Which gives us Rule 6: Give in to other people on issues that are not vital, taking a firm stand only on really important matters.

Most of us err in being too honest in our criticism of other people, though we seldom are willing to profit by criticism ourselves. Once Nelson Eddy almost made a mistake like this.

When Nelson was singing with the Philadelphia Opera Company, Dr. Edouard Lippe, a famous vocal instructor whom Eddy had never met, attended the rehearsal. When it was over, he said to Nelson, "You have a nice voice, my boy, but you don't know how to use it."

Nelson, not knowing who Lippe was, but furious because a stranger had dared to criticize him, turned and walked away. At home that evening the thought of the morning's event haunted him. He wondered who the stranger had been, and what he had meant by the criticism. Realizing that he had been inexcusably rude, Nelson called other members of the company, found out the name of the man and his address and, later that night, called to extend his apologies.

Naturally, the first meeting was a trifle strained, but more meetings followed, and at each one Nelson put forth more effort to win Lippe as a friend. He succeeded so well that Dr. Lippe has been Nelson's voice teacher ever since.

Rule 7, then: When you have made a mistake, be big enough to admit it.

There are certain qualities which are universally admired, and which are bound to make friends for us if we cultivate them. There is good sportsmanship, for example. One of the best-liked actors in Hollywood is Cesar Romero. Originally cast in inferior roles, he is rapidly forging ahead to stardom, principally, I think, because executives like Cesar and are eager to find roles in which he will be able to acquit himself well.

During the making of one picture Cesar was subjected to a series of practical jokes that would have infuriated most people. There was the moving van which arrived

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Here's the way to revolutionary freedom from bother and trouble in starching and ironing. Unlike lump starch Quick Elastic is a powder and contains other ingredients already mixed for instant preparation of hot starch. Nothing to add. No cooking needed. Your iron fairly glides. *Hot starch in 30 seconds!*

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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please,
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Jack Benny strums a tune for seven Cinderellas—all starlets in his new picture, "Artists and Models Abroad." Left to right: Joyce Mathews, Dolores Casey, Gwen Kenyon, Yvonne Duval, Sheila Darcy, Marie De Forrest and Punkins Parker.

at his house with orders to move Cesar and all his furniture, although his lease wasn't up and he had no intention of moving. There was the colored undertaker who arrived to pick up the body of Cesar's colored maid, who, the undertaker had been informed, had died in a tragic accident. (Actually Cesar has no colored maid.) There was the huge box of flowers Ethel Merman received, with Cesar's card inside it. Cesar protested that he had never sent them, but at the end of the month he got a bill for them, and when he called up the florist, he was told that his secretary, a Miss Rosenbloom, had ordered them. Though Cesar has no secretary named Miss Rosenbloom, he realized that the florist was not to blame, and paid the bill.

Though Cesar knew very well that the other actors on the set had ganged up against him, he took it all with a smile. Do you wonder a fellow like that makes friends?

So Rule 8: Be a good sport.

That doesn't mean that you must always take circumstances lying down, or that when you are trying to get a job or influence people you must be too humble and meek. If it is natural for you to fight for what you want, go ahead and fight.

CONRAD NAGEL had been starring in all sorts of productions when a new director, considering him for a tough role, insisted that Conrad must take a screen test before he could be considered. To Conrad this seemed pretty ridiculous, since he had played in dozens of picture at which this director could have looked. But he agreed to take the test.

Since Conrad could say and do anything he wanted to in that test, he decided to show the director just how tough he could be. He started in by telling him just what he thought of a man who didn't have sense enough to look at one of his regular films. Conrad said such a director didn't have enough discrimination to cast a travelogue, and that, as far as he was concerned, said director knew what he could do with his part, his screen play and his picture.

Conrad told me, "I used some language I couldn't repeat now, when I'm calmed down."

But it worked. When the director saw the test, he rolled on the floor and then when he could speak, he slapped Conrad on the back and said, "You're the man for the part. I didn't think you had it in you."

Rule 9, then. Don't be afraid to fight for what you want.

If you will start today to follow the movie stars' rules for popularity and success, they will work for you just as inevitably as they work for everyone else who has tried them.

If you want to make friends and influence people:

1. Take an interest in other people and their problems.
2. Remember people's names, their likes and dislikes.
3. Show appreciation for services rendered.
4. Be ready to go out of your way to help others.
5. Put yourself in the other person's place and be tolerant and understanding.
6. Give in on issues that are not vital, taking a firm stand only on important matters.
7. Admit your mistakes, and be big enough to apologize for them when you have offended.
8. Show good sportsmanship.
9. If you want something badly, fight for it.

Accent on Youth Highlights on Hair—



BUT NO SHINE ON THE NOSE!

FASHION, this fall, has particular wiles to make a woman look young. Shimmering silks, sparkling jewels, and highlights on brushed-back hair. But the shine that appears on the nose Fashion will not permit, for it mars the picture of youth.

Shiny Nose is often due to excessive oiliness, which germs may aggravate. Happily, there's a face powder that both

covers shine and actually helps to reduce it. Woodbury Germ-free Facial Powder discourages germ-growth, clings reliably for hours, helps keep unwelcome shine away.

Seven fashion-tested shades, Champagne and Windsor Rose among the newest, bring out the youth in your face. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. Woodbury Germ-proof Rouge and Lipstick in four smart shades.



Send for Seven Fashionable Shades

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9194 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario. Please send me 7 shades of Woodbury Facial Powder; trial tubes of two Woodbury Beauty Creams; guest-size Woodbury Facial Soap. I enclose 10c to cover mailing costs.

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HEAR TYRONE POWER in thrilling radio dramas, Sunday Nights, NBC Blue Network, beginning October 2.

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

(Continued from page 43)



MAKE YOUR HAIR SPARKLE! With Nestle Colorinse there is lovely enriched color . . . gleaming lustre . . . in every shade of hair.



IT TAKES JUST A JIFFY to use Colorinse after each shampoo. The cost is small—a few pennies can make your hair shine with fascinating youthful highlights.

Rinse gleaming lustre into your hair with Colorinse — quickly, simply! Colorinse is easy to use — it is not an ordinary bleach or dye.

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10c for package of 2 rinses at 10c stores.
25c for 5 rinses at drug and dept. stores.



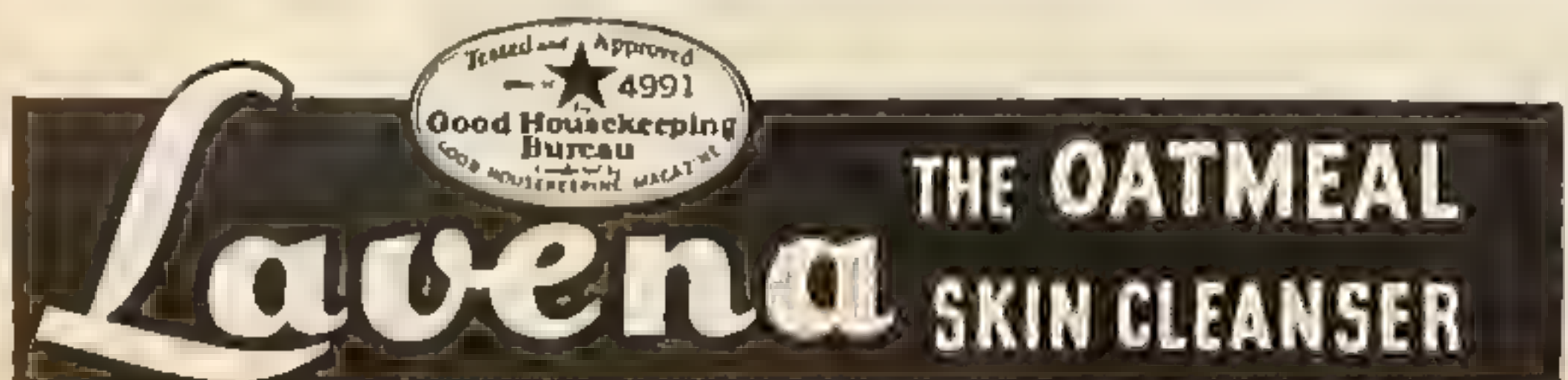
See how Oatmeal Cleans Away Excess Oiliness!

Now science finds that Oatmeal Skin Cleanser actually absorbs excess oil . . . helps remove blackheads



Grandma used Oatmeal as a skin beautifier—and now recent scientific research reveals that pure oatmeal is wonderfully effective in cleansing the skin of excess oiliness and grime, and in helping remove blackheads. Today a new beauty aid, Lavena, brings you pure oatmeal powder specially refined and processed for daily cosmetic use. Thousands of women now praise Lavena—many use it in place of soap or creams for daily cleansing. Lavena cleanses thoroughly without injury to the live growing cells which form fresh new smooth skin. Begin to use Lavena today—almost overnight you will see improvement in your complexion. At leading 10c stores; also drug, and department stores. 10c, 50c, \$1.00 Sizes.

Sample FREE Write to The Lavena Corporation, Dept. 100, 141 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago.



Grandma has a dry and crackling wit. A veteran troupier, the Jones series has given her film career a shot in the arm. She herself needs no stimulus beyond what she generates. You don't listen to Grandma as to a sweet old lady who ought to be humored. You listen because, while her speech is somewhat tart, it's never dull.

She has a house in the valley. Outdoors, she gardens. Indoors, she knits. "Of course I live alone. I've lived alone all my life. I don't see why I shouldn't a few days longer. There are always handmaidens, of course. But those you can get rid of. I've just got rid of my last one. She wouldn't let me have anything the way I wanted it. Her doctor only allowed her two things to eat, caviar and I forgot the other. So that was all she ever gave me to eat. One day she came in to fetch me, looking like a thundercloud. I'll admit her grievance was just. She'd missed Fannie Brice on the radio. Well, I don't pretend to pull any weight as against Fannie but, so far as I'd heard, Fannie wasn't paying her to listen. When I fired her, she turned the other cheek. 'You're erratic,' says she, 'but I like you.' Maybe it was my mistake. Maybe I should have exhibited her as a curio."

SPRING BYINGTON creates an impression closely akin to that of her screen characterization. She seems moved by a spirit, gayer than that of Mother Jones but equally serene. To her, Mrs. Jones is what a mother should be. "She holds the place every mother ought to hold in a family, letting others go their own way, being always there but not as a stumbling block, letting their excitement wash over her without upsetting her too much. It will all come out in the end. Eventually they'll remember to take their rubbers off before tracking mud into the house. They'll remember to pick up their things. Johnny will break his arm, but eventually the arm will mend. That's mother's set-up in the household. That's the kind of mother I'd like to be.

"Of course, I've been a working woman all my life, so I haven't had so much of the day-by-day routine with my girls." (Her girls are Phyllis, twenty, who's learning to be a stage manager, and Lois, eighteen, who wants to design clothes.) "That may have led to my over-stressing things a little. I remember writing to them once, 'Do you ever get tired of my lectures by mail?' They wrote back, 'Since you're kind enough to ask, mother, it's a question of placement. A little lecture in the middle with a lot of sugar coating 'round it doesn't taste so bad.'"

Which brings us to Dad Prouty, who's blessed with more humor than Dad Jones. He and Mrs. Prouty have no children of their own, though from his way with the younger generation you'd never guess it. He's alternately sparring with them and lending a paternal ear to their various enthusiasms. He won't take them too seriously but, caught off guard, pride in them kindles his eye. "Look at them! Wise guys! Showing up father! When we started, June was up to here on me and George was up to here. Now I can't see over their heads. D'you like short men, mother?"

"Of course, dear. Better than anything else in the world."

From his years on the stage and in vaudeville, he has brought a wealth of trick songs and stunts with which he enlivens the set, and which make him

young Billy's special joy and wonder. He is also supplied with innumerable sprightly anecdotes bound up with the old days. Between shots you're likely to find him with Miss Byington on one side, Grandma busily knitting on the other, and Kenny, a lover of all things theatrical, sprawled at his feet as he spins his tales.

When Dad Prouty first came to Hollywood, he played a comic stuttering role that proved his downfall. "We've nothing in the stuttering line today," they'd tell him, and though he proved a dozen times that he *could* stutter but didn't have to, it did him no good till the Jones pictures came along. Then the first picture hit, and the exhibitors began yelling, "We want big names." There was talk at the studio of a new father Jones. "No," said Sol Murtzel. "We're not playing for names, we're playing for the Joneses. Jed's the father of that bunch, and they're too nice a bunch to be saddled with a step-father. Jed stays." The event proved his wisdom.

Shirley Deane is unique among the Joneses for two things. She was the only player under contract to the studio when the series was first started. And she's the only player who didn't start with it. Blue-eyed and golden-haired like June Lang, and sufficiently like her in type, she inherited the part when June's schedule grew too heavy for her to continue. As vivacious as Bonnie, she and Bonnie have something else in common. Each is in love with a man named Russell—Bonnie with Russell Gleason (Herbert to the Joneses), Shirley with Russell Bowditch, studio technician. When the family attended the premiere of "In Old Chicago" en masse, Shirley was escorted by her screen fiancé, while her own fiancé took Cynthia Hobart, engaged to Russell Gleason.

"But the funniest mixup," says Shirley, "came after 'Borrowing Trouble.' There was this old caretaker on the set who was sort of vague—"

"How kindly you put it," comments Grandma. "She was downright balmy. They've pensioned her off since."

"Well, anyway, I walked into my dressing-room the first day, and what had



Bob Hope suspects that this giant golf club from his enemy of the links, Bing Crosby, was not given in good faith.

she done but put Russell's things in with mine. When they asked her about it, she kept saying, 'Well, they were married in the last picture, weren't they? Married folks belong together.'

Kenneth Howell is like Jack Jones in his open-heartedness, differs from him in being more fluent of tongue. He gave up a good insurance job "for the pleasure of trying to starve to death as an actor." "How do you get to be an actor?" he asked a friend. "Find an agent." "How do you find an agent?" "I wouldn't know." Kenny opened the phone book, closed his eyes and speared an agent. For reasons unknown, though something engaging in Kenny's makeup was probably involved, the agent agreed to handle him. Kenny knew George Ernest's elder brother. He discovered that George was trying out for the younger Jones boy. They got together and rehearsed the miser scene.

Said George, with ten years of screen experience behind him, "Now we'll make them test us together or put up a kick." The kick wasn't necessary. They were tested together and signed together.

A warm friendship has grown up between Kenny and Miss Byington. "I've taken him under my wing," she says.

"Wing, nothing," he scoffs. "She's my best girl."

Kenny pays fifteen dollars a month for his house at Manhattan Beach and lives on twenty-five dollars a week. "That's what I'd get in a bank or store, and I'd have to live on it. Now I make myself live on it, so I can save to do things I want—learn to be a good actor, and travel."

GRANDMA grew weary not long ago of listening to Kenny yearn for far off places. "Don't talk about it," she snapped. "Don't think about it. Go."

The following week he was off for two months in Europe.

About ten years ago Sid Graumann was lunching at a restaurant owned by a Scandinavian couple. A small boy entered, closed the door behind him, and as he started up the aisle between the tables, broke into this singular chant. "I'm George Ernest. I'm three years old. I'm fine, thank you. I'm George Ernest. I'm three years old. I'm fine, thank you—" keeping it up till he ducked through the back door.

"What's it all about?" Graumann asked the proprietor.

"That's my kid. The customers kept calling him over and asking his name, so he does it that way."

Graumann whooped. "He ought to be in the movies." George Ernest, three, was registered at Central Casting and has been in the movies ever since.

No Shylock, he's still a better business man than Kenny. Kenny goes on a budget to protect himself from spending. George is protected by a sound sense of business values and the courage of his stout convictions. "For instance, I spend most of my allowance on camera equipment. I won't save when it comes to cameras. But I won't just get anything either. I look it over. I read the magazines. I ask questions. Then, if it's good, I buy it." At school he majors in mathematics. "I might go in for aeronautical designing. Sure, I'd like to be an actor, but not just an actor. Suppose something goes wrong, or you have an accident and get a scar on your face. Then where are you? I'd just as soon work in a camera store. You could have all the scars you want and it wouldn't matter. Say, could I show you this picture of Patricia?" His eyes softened as the eyes of small boys rarely do. "She's my niece, she's five. I'm proud of her. Isn't she a cute one, Miss Byington?"



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says **Ann Miller***

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

"A MAN CAN'T RESIST the appeal of soft white hands", says ANN MILLER*, charming picture star. Even hard-working hands can be attractively smooth — Jergens Lotion helps prevent roughness and chapping.



*Ann Miller with James Stewart in Frank Capra's "You Can't Take It With You" (A Columbia Picture)

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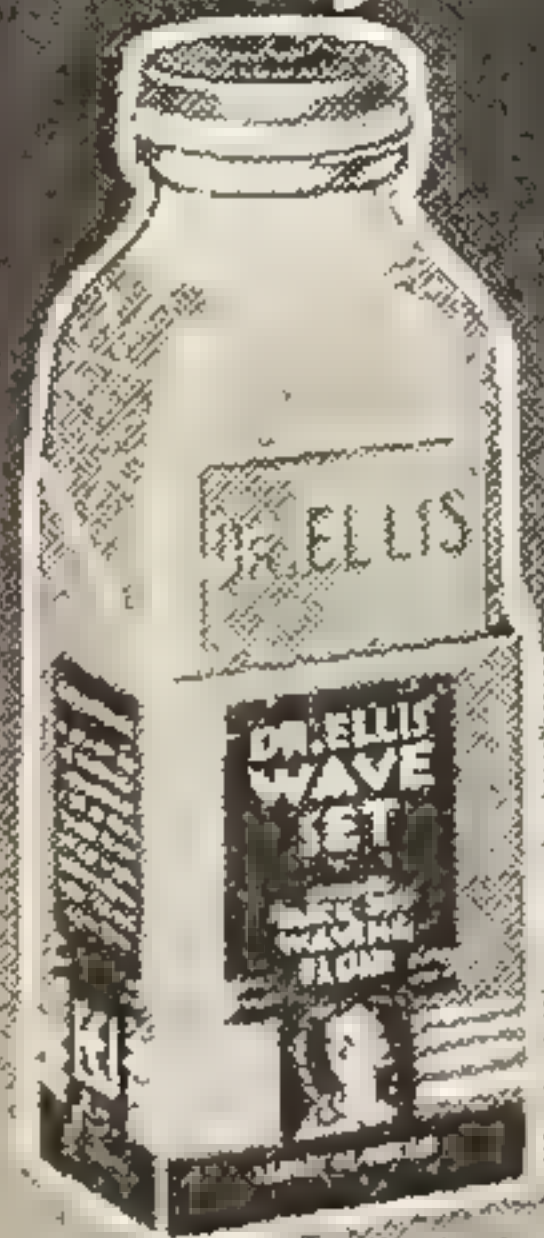


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Unlike Lucy, June is a little shy. Her smile comes readily, her words less so. Her transplantation to the film world has left her quite calm. "I was taking tap with Fanchon and Marco, then I was in a play. The scout saw me, told me to come over, so I did. I just sat there and they looked at me, and that night they called and told me I had the part. My daddy's always been kind of the excited type. He got all fussed, but mother and I never get excited. We were just happy about it. The girls at school thought it was good luck, that's all—and it was. The only difference is, I go to school at the studio now. It's nice, because you get the afternoon off." Still, Lucy's impishness lurks behind June's demureness. "Isn't it, Geo-or-ge-ee?" she drawled.

Plucked from the radio to play Bobby Jones, Billy Mahan is a normal youngster, squirmy, mischievous and lovable. He has two passions, airplanes and Brian Donlevy. He can no more help yelling to climb aboard an airplane on sight than he can help breathing. Why he should have picked on Donlevy as an object of veneration is a greater mystery. He stalks the actor like a shadow at every opportunity, his chattering tongue stilled, his

heart in his eyes. Recently they were photographed together. When the picture was brought for Billy's inspection, he screwed his eyes tight and refused to look at it at all.

"Why won't you look, Billy?" his mother asked him.

"Maybe it's not so nice," he murmured.

Luncheon was over by the time all these gleanings were gathered. The Joneses were bidding each other casual farewells. No need for ceremony. They'd be seeing each other again tonight or tomorrow or after the week-end.

Dad stood with his arm around Mother's shoulder. "Hear you're going to have a baby in the next picture, Bonnie. That means you and I'll have to retire, Mother."

"Not at all," protests Mother. "Not until Bonnie's baby has a baby."

"Why then?" Kenny wanted to know. "What's wrong with great grandpa and grandma Jones?"

"What's wrong with all the Joneses?" piped young Billy suddenly, and answered himself, "Nothin'."

Which answer is good enough for you and me and several hundred thousand other Jones family fans.

HE'S GOOFY AND HE LIKES IT

(Continued from page 46)

boiling a passionate brew. Books are not silent. I hear them talking aloud, in many tongues. I read a script and the lines mean nothing to me. The character I am to play means nothing, as written: I am a bad 'study' because of this. Then, suddenly, some oblique angle of the character's personality will leap out at me, a twist, a goat-like angle and—I play him so." (Which is, of course, what makes Reginald Owen's "characters" bite into the mind as they do. One would not be surprised, watching Mr. Owen, to perceive that he has goats' feet, a pair of horns, a nimbus round his head or almost any curious addenda.)

"I look at love abnormally. The same is true of world conditions, public personalities. I am cynical to the point of being a touch mad. When famous men speak, for example, I don't think that they always believe what they are saying. I find myself digging, quarrying, mining for what they do mean back of their camouflaging words. I cannot take any thing or any one at face value. I feel an itching to tear off the mask from every face.

"As for love, I have an acquaintance, a very well-known actor. He has been married for a quarter of a century or more. He tells—and the world believes—that theirs has been a 'great love,' an idyl of connubial felicity. Whenever his wife enters a room he rises and says, 'How are you, my love?' though he knows perfectly well just how she is. Or he sits, invariably at her side, patting her hand, her shoulder. His face never changes, no matter what role he plays, saint or satyr, priest or passionate poet. The expression in his eyes never changes, and hasn't for forty years. Therefore, he can feel any emotion and no one be the wiser. I look at him and suspect him of having little salacious question marks in his eyes, just tiny little ones, you know, when a tidy Miss in her teens passes him by.

"I sort of don't believe that things are as they seem. No, it doesn't make me uncomfortable or unhappy, because I don't care. Not that I am happy. I am not, of course. I don't know why, I'm sure. I am happily married. I adore my work. But

there it is. Is anybody altogether happy?

"I regard love with laughter, not as the be-all and end-all of existence. I suspect it of being a pleasant trap charmingly decorated and sprung—not once, but often—by wily Nature. I may be abnormal in this, too," smiled Reginald Owen, his blue eyes frank and honest, his smile subtle and somehow secretive, "but I regard us mortals as lamentably stupid, all of us. Poor stupid animals still floundering in archaic morasses, living the legends of the Dark Ages, not living life as it really is today. We're beginning to fumble a little with the bandages over our eyes, the hypocrisies that are on our lips. But what strides remain to be taken!"

ALL of which oration, on the part of Mr. Owen, sprang, full-fledged, from a question I had asked. For I had said to this tall Englishman who has so often played sadists dealing out creeps and crawls and spinal shudders—I had asked him, "Which are you? Who are you?" My question was prompted not only by the sadist in Reginald Owen's portrayals. I'd been thinking of the gamut this man has run, scoring every time whether as sadist, fool, charlatan, diplomat, lover, or rogue. What wonder then that I asked, "Which are you?"

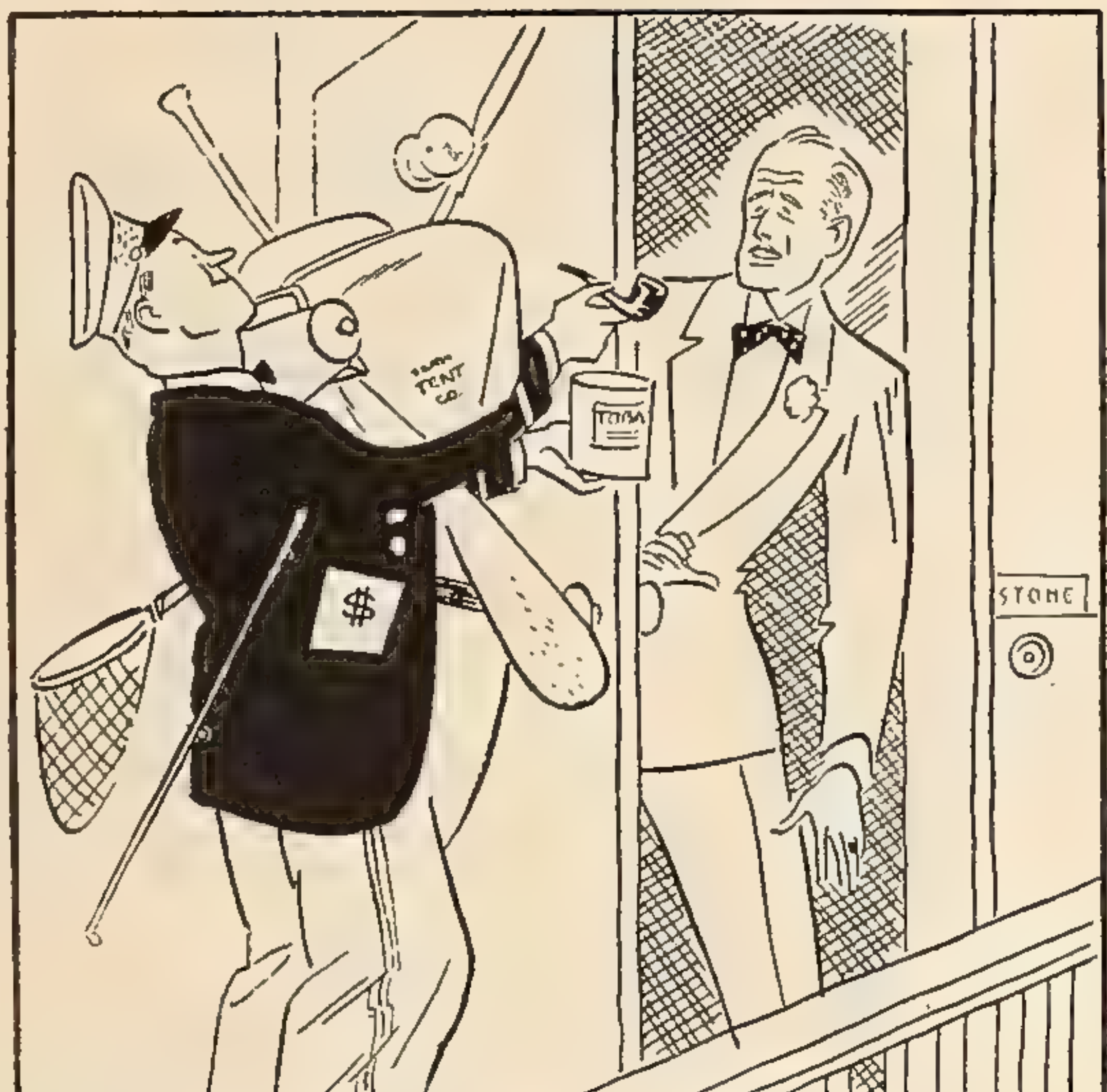
Reginald Owen seldom plays without make-up, but seldom does anyone realize that he is in make-up. With such cruel verisimilitude does he etch his characters that one doesn't pause to consider whether he is "made up" or not. Behind whiskers and scars, eye glasses and grease paint trickeries he has given us a never to be forgotten gallery, all the more remarkable because no one has ever realized his amazing make-ups.

So I asked, legitimately, "Which are you, Mr. Owen? Madman? Fool? Kindly English gentleman? Clever prestidigitator, 'playing parts?' Every man has a major chord in his nature. What is yours?"

Mr. Owen, looking younger than he appears on the screen, kindly, with bright blue eyes, tanned skin, easy, delightful manner, only his mouth twisted now and again into a tolerant cynicism, answered

'N' ME

Try your luck at winning a cash prize. What do you have to say about the stars and the movies you see?



Lewis Stone deserves to be showered with everything good says a devoted admirer from Tennessee.

Lewis Stone for the continued excellence of his screen portrayals.

For fully a dozen years (perhaps longer), Lewis Stone has been portraying fine old gray-haired gentlemen—lawyers, doctors, judges—and each portrayal has been a masterpiece. But do you ever hear of his being nominated for an Academy supporting role award? No. Yet, this fine actor

goes right along giving the same fine, competent performances that he has given for years.

Perhaps Mr. Stone may never have an "Oscar" to stand upon his mantelpiece, but in the hearts of the movie audience there is an "Oscar" that is not made of cold, hard gold, but of warm, tender affection.—T. N. Pappas, Memphis, Tenn.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Realism

I went to the show the other night to enjoy a pleasant evening. Did I say pleasant? Pardon me, I meant unpleasant. I entered the show with a good bar of candy, the usher found me a comfortable seat, and I relaxed. After a hectic day catering to the whims of fussy customers, I had, at last, found complete relaxation. But just a minute—wasn't that my handsome Robert Young dying up there on the screen. Oh well, Robert Taylor and Margaret Sullavan were the stars and they were still alive. The show continued. The end came. Alas, fatal climax, and Maggie was drooping nobly out of the picture. The show was finished. I sauntered homeward. Happy? No! Were any of the others in the audience. No!

We insignificant proletariats work all day in the humid heat of city buildings, in crowded department stores, everywhere. We, in this category must live in dreams with our heads in the clouds to live through

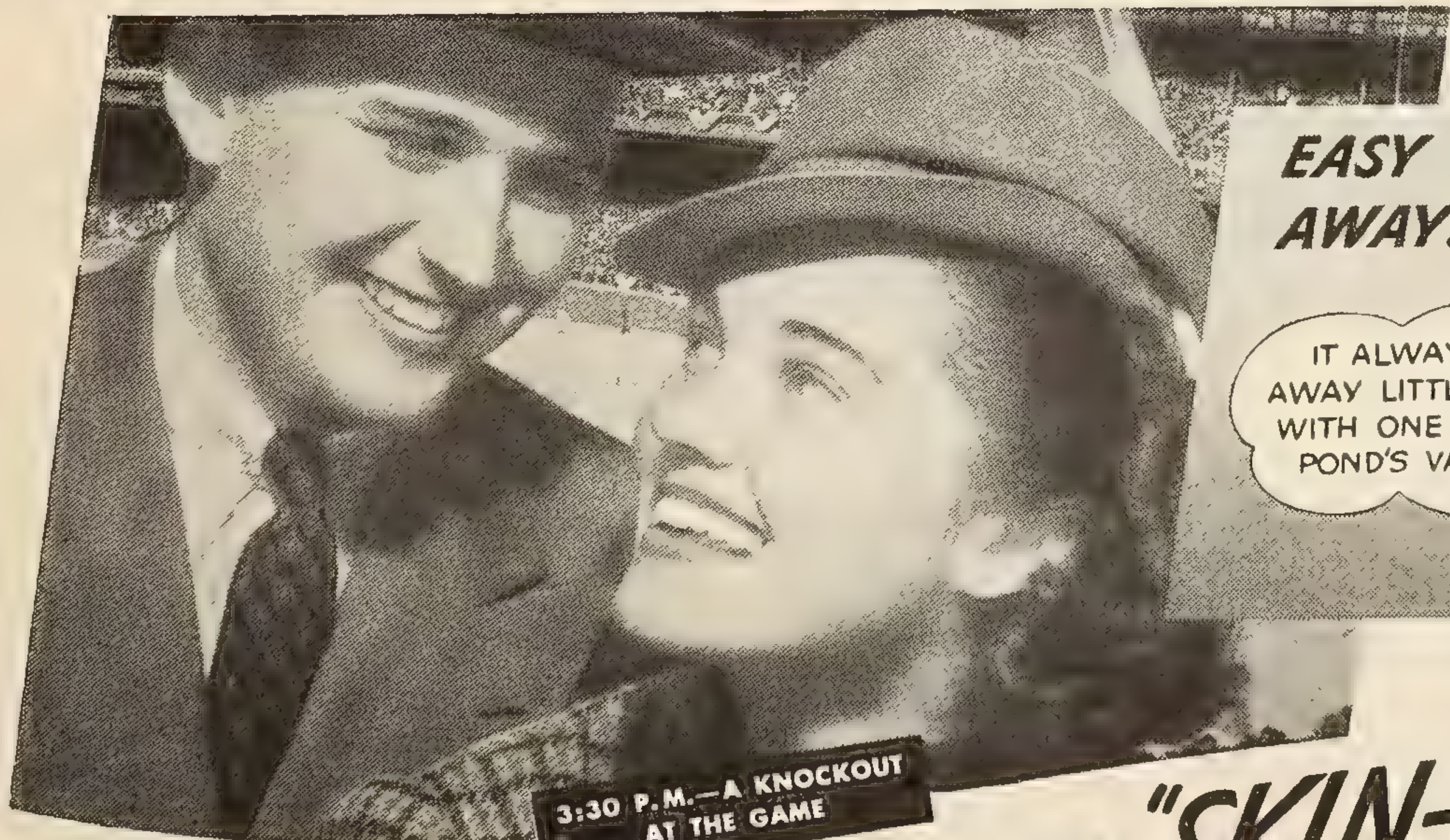
WRITE A LETTER—

WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

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SAYS: "GRAND FOR OVERNIGHT, TOO"

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these days of depression. We are not all intelligentsia acquainted with the classic romances of the centuries, nor do we find consolation in the beauty of Milton's, and Wordsworth's works. Ours is a dull existence but for the Cinderella stories that flash on the screen. We walk home from a theatre completely ecstatic in the thought that what has happened to Joan Crawford in that film might happen to us, and so we starved romanticists pray and live.

A show like "Three Comrades," where the protagonist has been dealt an unkindly blow from life—this is wrong. We who attend the shows may not need jobs, but we do need dreams. What America needs today is not the proverbial good five-cent cigar, but more fairy tales from Hollywood with the popular "they lived happily ever after" ending.—V. Kougas, New Bedford, Mass.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Then, Again—

Let us have more pictures like "Three Comrades." The superior acting, the touching story, the excellent photography all help to create one of the most human and pathetic stories of the year. Three cheers to Miss Sullavan for her perfect portrayal of the tragic wife of one of the comrades.

I, for one, hope that pictures produced in the future will measure up to the standard set by "Three Comrades".—B. Wellmann, Sparks, Nev.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Teen-age Stars

A few years ago, child stars faced the future with dread because of the abrupt endings which had always come to the

careers of child stars when they reached the teen-age. And for what reason? No one seems to know—unless some past movie-mogul decided that they would not appeal to the public as they passed through adolescence.

Lucky for Rooney, Durbin, etc., and lucky for the movie-goers that Hollywood has at last allowed these stars to stay on the screen during the transition from child to adult. What a world of entertainment has been found for the movie-going public.

What would the screen be without Judy Garland, Freddy Bartholomew and the afore-mentioned Durbin and Rooney? Look what a come-back Jackie Cooper has made since "Boy of the Streets!"

I for one, am happy that Hollywood has finally discovered this new field of entertainment for us to enjoy. I am sure there are many others who are with me on that.—J. C. Treuden, Milwaukee, Wis.

\$1.00 Prize Poem

To Wallace Beery

You haven't got glamor
Nor "looks" (It's the truth).
You haven't a figure,
You haven't got youth.
But, boy, can you act?
You're the best of the lot,
What any part calls for
Is just what you've got.

Your grin brings a laugh
Or it makes the tears come.
You bleary-eyed, no-account,
Lovable bum.
Years come and years go,
New stars rise and fall
But still you continue
"The Champ" of them all.

—L. P. Roberts, Salt Lake City, Utah.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 66)

Hearts and Flowers: Last month's new romance involving George Brent and Merle Oberon is still in full bloom, with indications that it will continue. And now the newest twosome around town is Tyrone Power and Annabella. He squired her to the "Marie Antoinette" premiere, and they've been out together several times since.

Joan Bennett is taking singing lessons from Al Siegel, who once coached Ethel Merman and Gertrude Niesen. So far no one knows whether she plans to sing the blues in some future film or whether, à la Joan Crawford, she hopes one day to be an opera singer. If this sort of thing keeps on, some of the opera stars now in pictures will have to reverse the process—and spend some time learning to act.

The other day we ran across a list of the Big Ten Western Stars—a poll taken by motion picture exhibitors—which names the top ten cowboy stars in the order of their popularity with the men who sell the tickets. The list, according to their ranking, is: Gene Autry, Bill Boyd, Buck Jones, Dick Foran, George O'Brien, Tex Ritter, Bob Steele, The Three Mesquiteers, Charles Starrett and Ken Maynard.

Unknowns in Hollywood We'd Hate to Be: The guy who fired Deanna Durbin because she had no future. . . . The man who mixes the cement the celebrities plant their foot-

prints in at Grauman's Chinese. . . . The Ritz sisters, if any. . . . Sigrid Gurie's ex-husband. . . . The Count di Frasso.

Lionel Stander lives in style with a colored maid and man to serve him in his Hollywood apartment. The colored maid and man also live in style, she wearing evening dresses with aprons tied on around the house and the boy wearing golf knickers and Lionel's cast-off sweaters.

When Tyrone Power was doing the Little Theatre circuit around here several years ago, before he broke into pictures, he made a lot of friends. Some of them are now at the University of California at Los Angeles, where they are members of Delta Key, men's dramatic society. Tyrone hasn't forgotten his old friendships, for he belongs to the society, attends as many meetings as possible, and helps sponsor their shows. All of which is unusual in Hollywood, where old friends generally become former friends.

Winning the Academy Award may have added to his prestige in other locales, but out in San Fernando Valley, Spencer Tracy has always rated tops with the press. The tip-off is that the drama editor of the "San Fernando News" is a young journalist named John Tracy, who is Spence's son. (Continued on page 114)

HE WHO GOT SLAPPED

(Continued from page 41)

success and lets that success speak for itself. He wears a coat of many colors and wears it modestly. "Jekyll and Hyde," "Death Takes a Holiday," "Anthony Adverse," "A Star Is Born," "The Buccaneers," "Nothing Sacred"—he weaves the splendid stripes of his versatility into a pattern of colors which do not fade.

So many successes might have made for spoiling. But no. When his dream took a floppo he and Florence and Director John Cromwell took page ads in various newspapers and in Time magazine. And that little cartoon, with one aerialist figure catapulting to the ground, the single caption, "Ooops—sorry!" signed Florence Eldridge, Fredric March and John Cromwell did more to win admiration for Freddie et al than even a year's run on Broadway could have done.

So many letters came to them after that gallant gesture that they could not possibly answer them all. So, Freddie told me, they had black bordered cards printed, mourning cards, bearing some such inscription as "Florence and Fredric March wish to express appreciation for your sympathy"—and that was that. The Marches stole a march on admiration. And failure was success.

He could have made sensational copy of his illness. He could have laid the blame for the play's failure to the fact that he was, on that stage, nearer to death than to the footlights. For when Freddie walked onto the stage that opening night he was the sickest man outside any hos-

pital. He had, in fact, just come out of a hospital—and many days too soon. But he didn't make capital of it. He didn't use it as an alibi. He told me "people were paying their money to see an actor, not a clinical exhibit of hemolytic streptococcus."

If you will check on hemolytic strep you will realize that Freddie was taking a holiday with Death.

YES, folks, hand it to the contenders who can take the count of nine, get up, a grin on their faces and go after it again. And that is exactly what Florence and Freddie intend to do, go after it again. Every year they will return to New York, to do a play, no matter how long it takes before the critics bring laurels instead of thorns.

Freddie and Florence and I were sitting in the green Venetian-blind-shaded living-room of their French Provincial house in Holmby Hills. When I had first come in, at tea-time, I'd heard the tentative tinkling of piano keys. A child's hand, I'd thought, practising the good old scales. But no. For presently Florence had appeared from the next room, greeted me with a sheepish smile and said, "I was practising. Penny and I are taking piano lessons."

Freddie had come in at that moment (from the dentist) and said, as he pulled Florence onto his lap, "D'you know why Florence has gone back to practising scales? Because our young daughter said

to her the other day 'Mommie, when I grow up I'm going to be the kind of a Mommie who can play the piano for her little girl!' Florence couldn't bear the implicit reproach in this remark, so she has started taking pianny lessons again. Soon now we will be able to gather around the piano, Penny, Tony and I singing 'Old Black Joe' and 'Oh, Susannah!' while Mommie plays for us."

"And don't think we won't," laughed Florence. "Now I *am* going to take a nap. Unhand me, villain. But don't say anything interesting until I get out of the room. I might not be able to tear myself away." And she fled.

Freddie called after her, "Hold up the prayers until I come upstairs, huh?" He explained to me, "I always have to hear the kids say their prayers. I've cut many a picture scene short so I'd get home in time. But now that the babies and Florence have all gone to bed, as it were, I'll tell you what little Fredric has learned since they buried him."

"You asked whether Hollywood spoils us, softens us with too much easy success. I don't think so. Because the minute you get out of Hollywood, try some other medium, you are face to face with a startling fact: They resent us. The instant we step off the screen they say, 'I dare you!' and 'Who the hell do you think you are?' So if you've been thinking that you were pretty much the tops you are immediately and ferociously disabused of that pretty notion."

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AFTER Mary X. used Marchand's—Note the blonde highlights that blend into perfect color harmony with her fair skin and light eyes. Now she is younger looking and more glamorous.

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"I realize now that success in Hollywood doesn't mean success anywhere else, in any other medium. Quite the contrary. Hollywood handicaps you. It's a funny thing, too, when you think of the fan letters we all get, the autograph seekers, the seemingly irrefutable evidence that we are gelatine gods of heroic proportions. It's a funny thing to find that god, you thought you were, torn down from his pedestal and trampled in the mud.

"They resent us," said Freddie, his dark eyes still slightly incredulous, "especially in the big cities. Of course in the cities, even in New York, the theatre balconies are usually filled with fans who want to see a movie actor in the flesh. But with the orchestra, the intelligentsia, for want of a better word, it's not so easy.

"You can't blame them. You can't blame a writer getting, say, fifty dollars a week for stuff that it takes brains to do, looking at a movie actor fresh out of Hollywood, and saying, 'Who does that smart guy think he is? Maybe he does make a lot of dough in Hollywood, but he needn't think that means he will make the grade with us.'"

"The kind of criticism we got," said Freddie, completely without rancor, "proved to us that we were facing a complex problem. The critics said that I 'roistered about' in the play so as to appeal to my fan audience. They then said that I 'dragged in' Addison and Steele to demonstrate to the intelligentsia how intellectual I can be. When I wore a wig, as I did in the play, the fans didn't like it. When, in one scene, I tried the experiment of taking the wig off and appearing as I am, the fans cheered, but those in the orchestra raised slightly scornful eyebrows. 'Showing off, eh?' they seemed to say. When I'd stop and sign autographs in New York, part of the crowd would be muttering, 'Doing your movie actor stuff for us, are you?' When I ducked out of back doors to avoid signing autographs, John Public said that I was ritzing him. Either way, I was wrong.

"It's a funny prejudice, because it isn't consistent with the reactions we get from our screen work. Before I did the play I didn't know that this prejudice existed. Now I know what I've got to fight.

"We can do fine things in the theatre, we

who come from Hollywood. But I realize now that it will take much longer than if we did not come from Hollywood. That is what I meant when I said that success can be failure. For I have learned that Hollywood success, the most sensational kind in the world, can be failure elsewhere. Picture people are resented. That's one of the lessons I've learned."

I said, "Did it disillusion you?"

"In a way," admitted Freddie, with the customary March candor. "Not because they panned the play, or me, or Florence (though they were kinder to her) or John Cromwell who directed us. It wasn't a very good play, granted. It was a mistake to do a costume play. But it was the way they panned us. For instance," laughed Freddie, "they said that Cromwell had directed Dietrich's legs, Temple's curls, Gable's ears, Mae West's figure, and was now directing the Marches! That kind of thing. Funny, I know, but the barbs were certainly poisoned.

BUT what I mean is that, while they were justified in panning the play, they might have given us credit for loving the theatre. They might have recognized that we do love the theatre or we wouldn't have put our own money into a play.

"People say to me, 'Why do you want to go back to the theatre? Why don't you stay in Hollywood? Why aren't you satisfied where you are?'

"I can only answer by saying, 'Because I love the theatre.' We also enjoy being in New York for part of each year. We love the music we hear there. We love the people there. We like the children to go to an Eastern school. Besides, I get tired of seeing myself on the screen too often. I should think that other people would get tired too. I feel that two pictures a year are enough. I am free lancing, you know. I don't even have commitments ahead. Two pictures a year ought to be the solution.

"I'm doing 'There Goes My Heart' now. The studio wired me about it when we were East. I liked the story. I liked the idea of being directed by Norman McLeod who did 'Topper' and 'Merrily We Live.' I liked the idea of working again with Carole Lombard, as was originally planned. That plan didn't work



Five pretty gals from "Girls' School." Left to right, Martha O'Driscoll, Peggy Moran, Marjorie Deane, Marjorie Lord and Jean Lucius.

out and now Virginia Bruce and I are playing together. I like that, too.

"I am not 'tired of Hollywood,' as I read in the papers. I am not planning to sell our home here so that we can shake the last mote of Hollywood dust from our feet. We may sell this house so that we can buy a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, because we do intend to spend part of each year in the East, to do a play there whenever possible. Such being the plan, we feel that it would be better for the children to live on a ranch in the summers, a place where they can have cows and pigs and things.

"I want to do something different now and then. I want Florence to have her job again. But wanting the theatre has nothing to do with a dislike of Hollywood. The two have nothing in common. I believe that the slogan "Stage versus Screen" has been misleading. It isn't Stage versus Screen. It is Stage *and* Screen. The two are diametrically opposed. They have nothing in common except some of the actors. The Rocky Mountains divides them geographically. Great mountains and chasms divide them spiritually, too, and physically.

HOLLYWOOD is kinder than Broadway," said Freddie. "I'll certainly say that for it. Out here we receive a Helen Hayes, a Katharine Cornell with open arms. We don't say, 'Who the hell does she think she is?'"

"I know," I said. "Look what they did to Walter Huston in New York, to Leslie Howard, Katharine Hepburn. And Miriam Hopkins wasn't exactly acclaimed as a new Bernhardt."

"The inference seems to be," said Freddie, "that if you 'come from' Hollywood nothing but Hollywood can be expected of you. But great scott, Huston isn't originally a screen actor. He is of and from the theatre. Ditto, Leslie Howard. And if you want screen actors who have scored on Broadway look at Frances Farmer, Zorina, Paul Lukas, all having made very definite hits on the New York stage. It can be done. But Hollywood doesn't pave the way for you."

The shades of night were falling fast. Over our heads came the suggestive patter of little feet. Soon, now, Penny and Tony would be saying their prayers, Mommie's sleek head bowed on one side of the bed, Freddie's dark head on the other. Freddie offered to drive me home. On the way out he paused at the hall table to show me the contents of some little packages.

"Next week," he explained, "we celebrate our eleventh wedding anniversary. Among other things I always give Florence a charm for her bracelet. Each charm is supposed to represent one of my pictures. For instance, for 'The Royal Family' I gave her a tiny gold English crown. For 'The Buccaneer' a tiny gold treasure chest. When I made 'A Star Is Born' I couldn't think of anything better than a miniature gold trailer, so I got that. For 'Nothing Sacred' well, I'd rather not tell you what I got for that! This is for 'There Goes My Heart.'" Freddie held up a tiny gold heart with running legs spouting from it, the inscription on it, "Home, James." "Then," he said, "I just bought these squirrely things." And he spread out before me an array of ornate anniversary cards bearing such inscriptions as "Anniversary Congratulations To A Mighty Fine Couple," and "Good Wishes To You On Your Golden Anniversary."

"It's a lot of fun," laughed Freddie. "It's all a lot of fun—marriage and kids, home and books, music and games and people. Hollywood, the theatre, a lollipop now and then for being good—even a spanking where it hurts the most."

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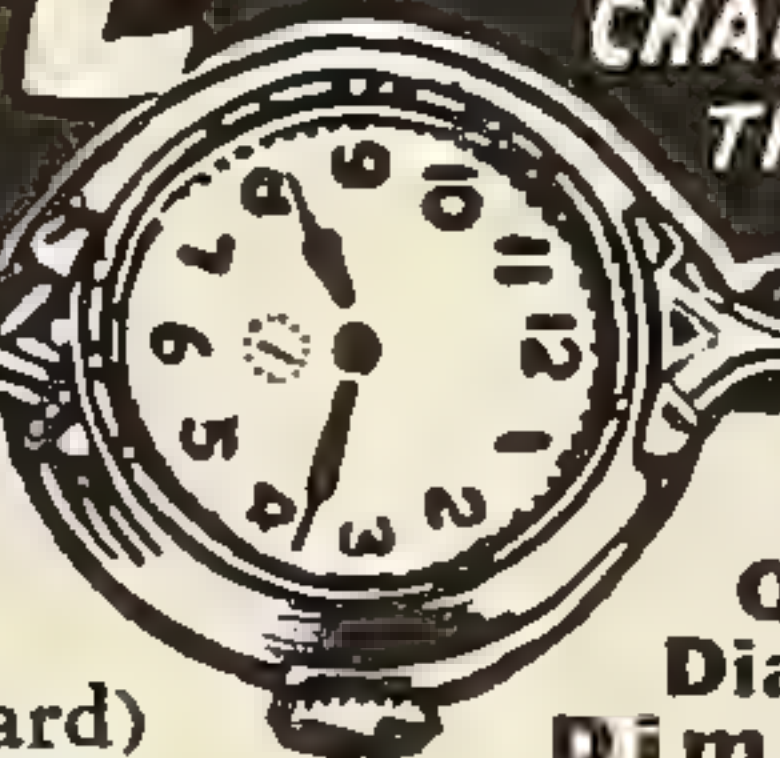
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SHE COULDN'T SAY "NO"

(Continued from page 47)

the *mañana* atmosphere of California."

Then her New York agent's western office suggested that Gale see the director about playing the evil wife in "Anthony Adverse." All that is history now. Gale saw the director, got the rôle, and won the Academy Award on her very excellent performance.

After that Hollywood was a paper-shell nut for Gale Sondergaard to crack. But the road to fame had not always been rose strewn. At the beginning Gale's path was rough and rocky. Her first disappointment came when she tried out for the lead in "A Thousand Years Ago" in high school, only to lose it to a girl who was the leading man's sweetheart. But she appeared in other school plays, went on to a dramatic school, and soon felt that she was ready for the theatre.

TO a Minneapolis fledgling Chicago seemed the ideal metropolis in which to launch a theatrical career. But during three months of stage door knocking Gale heard "no" said a dozen different ways. It was during those days that she determined to accept anything she was offered in the theatre. Never would she turn down a part, even if it was the most miserable walk-on.

"Finally," says Gale, "I heard about a shoe-string troupe, Chautauqua circuit, you know, that did plays wherever there was a shelter—even under canvas. There was no salary attached to the undertaking, just coffee and cakes. But it was experience! When we stranded on the coast I hooked up with a Shakespearean repertory company, just about a step above the tent show. I played everything from Desdemona to all three witches in 'Macbeth'."

A year in stock with Jessie Bonstelle prepared Gale for the lead in "Strange Interlude" with the Guild's touring company. Following this her talents were employed in various strays which for one reason or another folded up almost as soon as they opened.

The only advice Miss Sondergaard would venture to stage and movie-struck youth is this: get a job in the theatre anywhere, doing anything, from scene-shifting to off-stage noises. Some day someone will fail to appear and you'll get your chance. If you're good you'll go on finding more important things, gradually working up to real parts. But you will require lots of stamina, she warns. You will need a stout order of perseverance, and luck too.

While breaking into the theatre Gale wrote home for money only once, she told me proudly. Between engagements in New York she served as a typist, sold hats in a department store, and acted as receptionist in an advertising agency. And in all her buffeting to and fro from casting office to stage door and back to agent, seeking parts or bits or even walk-ons, she never encountered the sinister figure, so often portrayed in fiction, who wanted her to barter her soul for a big part.

In making the transition from stage to screen many actors have registered complaints about the difficulty of stepping into a scene "cold" and doing it justice, acting the climax first, perhaps, and then performing such piecemeal histrionics as the screen requires.

"These things don't bother me at all," said Gale. "When I am assigned a part, the first thing I do is to read the whole script in order to determine just what sort of a person I'm supposed to be in relation to the other people in the story.

Then I plan the whole part in my mind, scene by scene. When I'm through laying the groundwork I have it so definitely set that when I'm called on to do any part of it, it all seems natural and easy.

"After all, rehearsals on the stage amount to the same thing. You go over and over the play until you have it pat. It would be simple to play any scene by itself. Acting is not inspiration, it's technique. You need experience, intelligence and an overwhelming desire to get the most you can out of what the author has given you."

Sondergaard looks highly explosive, but she claims that her only concession to temperament is when a carefully rehearsed scene goes askew before the cameras. When lights flicker, sound falters, film buckles or some evil spirit causes her to blow up in her lines, then Gale explodes dramatically. She thinks that in such cases temper is a very good safety valve for the nerves.

She talks in a positive manner, expressing herself intelligently and at the same time forcefully, without recourse to slang or even polite profanity. She permits herself no half-baked sentences, no false starts ending in the air. It is apparent that before Gale ventures a statement she has formulated it in her mind, decided upon a complete opinion.

"I've been lucky in appearing in only grade A productions that haven't been hurried or skimmed in any way," she said. "Then, too, I've been fortunate in my directors. Frank Lloyd is a fine scholar. Mervyn Leroy is original and dynamic. Dieterle is one of the most artistic souls in Hollywood, a careful, painstaking worker, as conscientious as a monk. And Sam Wood is another artist."

Gale Sondergaard is arresting in her poise, intense in her reactions. She lives at high tension. Her enthusiasm is contagious. And when she sets her mind on anything she has the force to sweep you along with her. Miss Sondergaard is sold on California, and pictures, and has no thought of returning to Broadway. She has a quiet, pleasant home, away from the harried social rush, and she is content.

Gale has hit her stride, and enjoys her work. It's a demanding medium, the screen, but a challenging one. To Gale Sondergaard each part is a fascinating new problem. She doesn't know what her next picture-problem will be, but she's eager to start solving it!

Solution to Puzzle on Page 74

LORETTA	YOUNG	POSED
ELEANOR	INNER	ALICE
WIGTRIL	ETAPE	REELS
IVAN	TELL	HEAT
SENOR	LAD	KENT
LAG	RENEW	ORE
JAMES	DON	ANISE
CANOVA		SECOND
MEN	NAN	ESE
IS		TI
XAT	FOE	TEA
RONALD		WARNER
MARIE	HAM	ORION
NOV	PECAN	SER
EDNA	EVE	TRES
LEI	ERIN	LEON
LAVES	SNORE	PIE
INERT	TENON	OCONNOR
SENSE	ARETE	RESTART

COOL WEATHER BEAUTY FORECAST

(Continued from page 49)

future (worn by Mrs. Gotrocks) that would take a million hairpins and two hours' time to arrange, and stick to the becoming bob, swirled across the back and just one flat curl here and there, please. You've got something there when you stick to your exercises and eat sensibly, and anoint your face and neck with tissue cream at night, when the first cold winds come, and give your nails a thorough manicure once a week and two minutes' attention every day. And what else can you do to get the most fun out of life this winter? Let's see.

A lot of clothes chatter is going to creep into this opus, but never mind. It's all part of the good looks game, isn't it? In a way, fall can make one feel awfully poor. If you haven't a generous clothes budget, the annual problem of what to do about good looking cold weather attire can be depressing. But again, take cheer, for cold weather clothes are lots easier to wear, much kinder to figure faults than chiffons, shorts and bathing suits.

None of us can afford such luxury as the ermine pelts which wrap up Danielle Darrieux on page forty-nine. Said picture was chosen purely because it was so pretty, girls, and not to put ideas into anybody's head. But lapin can be flattering as ermine, and kid-skin, pony and a dozen of what I call the "make believe" furs are smart, warm and they wear well.

While we're on the subject, don't discard or give to the poor any small pieces of good fur. Have yourself a tippet made, or put a strip of fur on a velvet toque type of hat, or band the sleeves of a dark velvet afternoon dress or hostess gown with it. Have a muff, or even cuffs of fur on a good looking pair of gauntlet gloves.

A perennially clever idea when it comes to that awfully expensive item, the winter coat, is to get a plain, collarless affair—very plain but meticulously fitted, preferably black. Then dress it up with various tricks as long as your money holds out. Gay home-spun scarves. Vivid silk ones. Buy one and a half yards of that very wide, quite expensive silk ribbon which you always see on display on the first floors of department stores and which nobody ever seems to be buying. Hand-roll or fringe the ends and tie it in one loop or in Ascot fashion.

Then, other times, use the made-over fur tippet or your good fur piece, if you're lucky enough to own one. Perhaps there are

enough good pieces in that old fur coat to make a cape to wear over the plain, good coat. But remember, no fur is better than cheap fur. If you can't squeeze out enough cash for something good, stick to gay silk and wool dresser-uppers.

Make your clever brains and the wonderful art of taking pains compensate for a limited amount of dough.

Still more about clothes is coming, I fear me, but let me follow up my little tip on coats with a sound, sensible beauty tip: Keep warm enough. "Huh," says you, "what's that got to do with beauty?" Puh-lenty. Young things the world over sacrifice warmth to pride. Doncha do it. And you needn't bundle up in red flannels as they did in grandma's day, either. But you can wear woolen pants. And take vitamin pills if you suffer from the cold. And wear those extra feet under your stockings if your feet get cold. Furthermore, wear lisle or silk and wool stockings for daytime—they're smart and save the silk stocking bill. And keep up your pep and coax roses into your cheeks by making sure there's enough iron and protein in your diet.

FOR example, if you include the following items in each day's diet, you're safe on the iron and protein side. A medium serving of a green vegetable—the canned are as good as the fresh. A medium serving of meat. One egg. Two slices of wholewheat bread (toasted very crisp for the overweights). Four ounces (about half a water glass) of tomato juice or orange juice. And, for the underweight, a dish of cooked cereal.

Stewed prunes and stewed apricots are dandy iron-givers, too. Aside from the cereal, the above foods should be in the average overweight's diet, while the underweights should tuck in, also, milk, cream, butter, cheese, and enough sugar to make things taste good, as well as light, nourishing desserts.

Another cold weather beauty tip—about hands, which should be a mark of beauty and often are not. Do your hands get red? Make you self-conscious? Enough daily exercise will improve your circulation and help check the coldness and redness of hands. Don't wear tight gloves or tight sleeves. And give your hands lavish slatherings of cream.

By the way, one of the old-fashioned remedies which is supposed to be so fine, and which really isn't much good at all, is rose water and glycerin for the hands and skin generally. It does feel good, but if your skin is badly roughened and reddened, it won't help. You need a rich, oily cream. Do your hands up in the cream at night and wear a pair of old fabric gloves to bed.

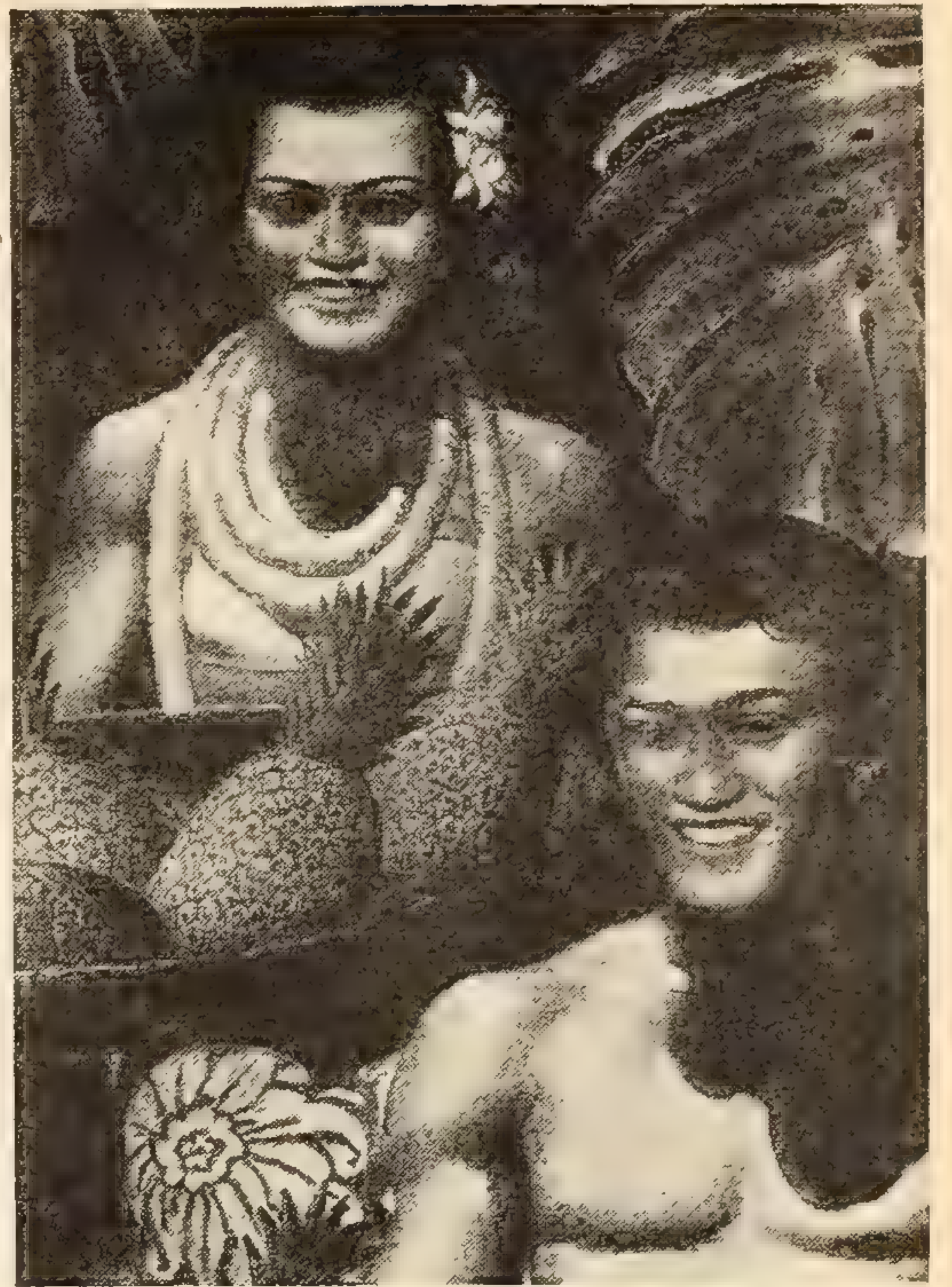
And if, after doing all these things, your hands get red from nervousness just when you want to look your best, try the stunt of holding them up—rest your elbows on something and hold the hands up for a while. It helps. I used to suffer from this embarrassing business when I was a young thing. And somebody told me about that.

And then, to add a little zest and zip to life for a small financial outlay, have all the shades of nail polish on the market. Change your nail polish often. The advertisements, dished up by experts, tell you just exactly as well as I could, probably better, what shades look best with what colors. Have all those luscious shades, from the very palest, thru the shrimps and the dusty roses, on to the deep reds, and have fun keeping your nails in the most exquisitely groomed manner all winter.

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Lithograph by ROBERT RIGGS



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win your share of laurels for beauty and chic, even though you can't dash out and buy everything you want, learn to be an individualist—to be different. This takes taste and time and study, sure, or you may end up merely being odd or arty or freakish. But I was mulling over in the mind about all these Up hairdos and thinking, dawgunnit, if the good old long bob wasn't about the easiest, most becoming affair to almost everybody. Not the page boy, dear no. That was just extreme enough for us all to get a little tired of it.

But take Connie Bennett, now. She may have altered her disposition lately, but nobody has been able to change her hair style. Connie knows she looks best with a long bob, because she has a wide jaw—very characterful and all that, but not the kind of jaw to top with a high coiffure. Hers is a little overlong for everyday folks, but you could take off an inch or maybe a little more than that and have your practical long bob this winter, if such a style is the most becoming to you.

Or, if you're real smart, get a haircut and a permanent which can be either up or down, as suits the occasion. If you have access to a good hair artist, this is a fine solution of the hair problem. Do remember, though, when it is down, it mustn't be too much becurled and flopping around. Just soft and flattering. And don't let it get too thick and bunchy. Make it shine, every hair of it, with plenty of brushwork.

A word about hats here. They tell me hats are going to be more sensible. Swell. But please don't rush out and buy one of the first fall or winter models. I'll tell you why. Manufacturers purposely put "freaks" on the market for the early trade. These freaks are designed to trip the girl who simply can't wait to throw her money away on something new.

The classic example of this was the Eugenie hat which, you'll remember, flooded the market in late summer. By Labor Day, nobody who was anybody would be caught dead in one. If you must have a new bonnet right away, buy a conservative felt sports model and wait a good solid month before you waste your allowance or salary on anything else.

ONE more word about clothes, and then I'll stick to my beauty business. How are you going to get nice winter dresses for a reasonable sum when, as I say, the shops and advertisements are going to be full of pitfalls, cheap copies of really beautiful original models which cost plenty and which can't be copied for the average trade. These are skimpy as to seam, shoddy as to material, with stitching that would be all right on a tent and fasteners that fall off the minute you look at them.

Yuh gotta learn to be your own fashion expert. Learn to know values. (1) Look for a label with a nationally advertised name on it. (2) On sheer materials, look for French seams or bound seams. On heavy materials, look for pinked seams. (3) If you have no access to good stores, get a couple of good fashion magazines and go thru the ads. You'll see a dress you like—simple, but nice, with a little touch of detail that pleases you. Very often, at the bottom of the page, you'll find a list of stores which carry this model. Order by size from the store in the city nearest to you.

(4) It is awfully hard to make a good choice sometimes. You can't find what you want for the money, or some smart sales gal gets hold of you and you find yourself with some awful thing, and you've simply got to wear it. Well, try cutting pictures out of magazines. If you like the two piece outfit Phyllis Brooks has on, for example, snip it out and go off on a shopping tour until you find its near-duplicate. (Don't wear a chin strap on ye hat, by the way, unless you're as pretty as Phyllis, and you really should

be under twenty-two.)

(5) Don't wear knits if you're heavy in any spot, and particularly if you're large in the buzzom. Remember in buying sweaters and knit goods generally that it's well to buy a size larger than you usually wear. If you're a big girl, several sizes larger. I wear an eighteen—I buy sweaters size forty and do I have a time finding them!

(6) When it comes to formal and semi-formal things, be uffly, uffly careful. You'll be tempted by the dream dresses, yards and yards of skirt, daring décolletages, and so on. Or the very, very sculptured, slinky numbers. Maybe you will be able to find a good buy in one of these more glamorous styles. If so, fine. But if not, remember that the simple, well fitted black dinner dress can't be beat and *can* be found for a rizzonable sum. Remember also that the simple evening gown, in a color that does the most for you, won't bore you and everybody else if you have to wear it more than once.

SINCE styles remain pretty form-fitting, it will make you all happier if your figures are better than passable. Concentrate on the waistline. The firm waistline is the mark of youth. You "older" girls and you women who no longer count the birthdays—try this limberer and slimmer-down of waistlines: sit on the floor, your legs straight out, feet about ten inches apart. Twist your body to the left and bend over as far as you can toward the floor. Up, turn to the right and bend again. It isn't strenuous and you can do it as many times as you like right at the start. As you gain proficiency, twist your body more and more, without letting hip or leg up off the floor. It will do the trick.

It's so much easier to exercise in cold weather—why don't you start today and really keep it up faithfully this time? Sometimes a cute special costume will help you get into the proper frame of mind. Or how about going to a gym? Or if there just ain't any gym, get a girl friend to do exercises with you every day. See how much fun it is for Ann Rutherford and Virginia Grey when they do their daily dozen together. Anyhoo, exercise—the fat to get slim, the thin to relax, the good figures to keep their beauty.

And now, how about achieving one of those "Grande Toilette" affairs for yourself, in a simple sort of way, for your next important date or party? Sure, you can do it. You may need a little help, but it can be done. It begins with a bath—a really de luxe bath. Perfume, toilet water, one of those delicately scented packages of starch, bath salts, or some of that essence that bubbles and foams and makes you feel so very, very something-or-other—put one or the other of these into your tub. Cleanse your face and neck first, put tissue cream on it, and then you sit. And sit.

If you have one of those little bath trays, arrange your manicure things on it. If not, the old chair or stool alongside the tub will do. Then putter with your nails, being particularly solicitous of the cuticle. Leave the polish until later. Your hair is tied up in a net or something. When you get darn good and ready, you get up out of the tub. You'll be very careful about drying, giving particular attention to upper arms and elbows, so they'll be soft and alluring. You spray on toilet water. You go and lie down, with pads of cotton soaked in witch hazel or eye bath over your eyes. You relax, with your feet on a pillow to rest them.

In fifteen minutes, get into your foundation, pants, stockings and bra and call someone to come help you. Sister. Mama. Husband—if he's nice about such things. Girl friend. You have a bottle of really good foundation cream in the shade that does the most for your skin. This is going, not only on the face, but on the neck, the arms, and as far down the back and the front as is is going to show. It is going on

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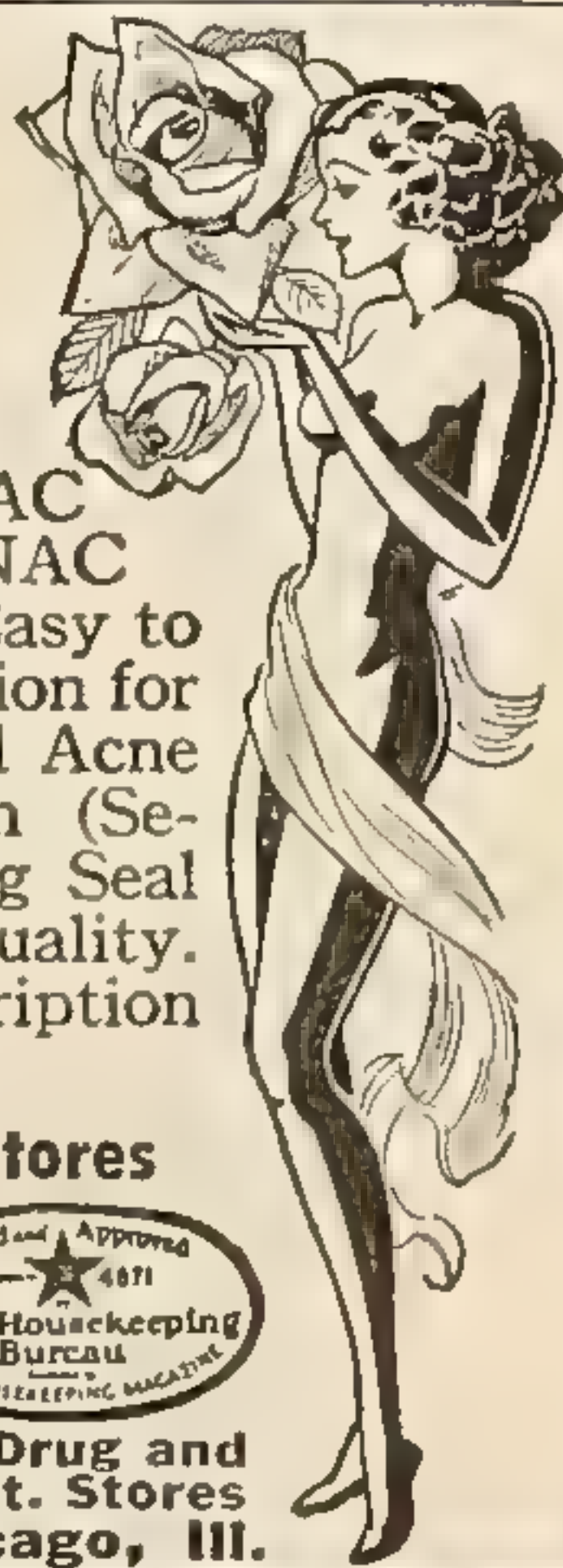
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smoothly, blended carefully, and when it dries, powder is patted over it. Surplus is dusted away, so that you don't "come off" on somebody's dinner jacket.

Then go on making up as usual, but with particular pains. A bit of cream, vaseline or oil is rubbed into your eyelids to give that glamor look. A bit, too, into your lips before and after the lipstick goes on, for extra sex appeal. Maybe two coats of mascara, with careful brushing with a dry brush afterwards, will do a lot for you.

After you're all dolled up, get away from the mirror and stop fussing, and smoke a cigarette or have a cup of tea, or read a little. Let that make-up "set" in other words. Then go back and look at it carefully and see if you're all right, or have put on too much or too little. Get into your gown and put a towel or something around your shoulders and untie the net from your hair and give it the attention it needs. Don't try any last minute inspirations on the hair. You've had it "done". Now leave it alone, except for a little pushing and softening of the wave, perhaps, and an artful pin here and there. Put a little perfume behind your ears, along your hairline, and in the hollow of your neck—and if your hair is up, in the nape of your neck. Be ready when he calls. Be ready five minutes ahead of time so that you can just sit again and feel all wonderfully clean and dainty and exquisitely coiffed and gowned and groomed. You're going to have a wonderful time tonight.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

(Continued from page 50)

body claps politely and then forgets it.

But Freddie began on that immortal speech of Portia's, "The quality of mercy is not strained . . ." The gathering, many of them actors of note in Hollywood, sat up at the first few words. Here was no child stringing words together by rote. Beneath the words, they sensed at once an adult understanding of the words as well as the thought.

"It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven . . ." Freddie went on. His voice thickened. And suddenly, in the midst of it, he began to cry! Tears rolled down his cheeks. He couldn't go on. He couldn't finish! There was no kindly applause for him as he hurried to a corner seat and wept. There was a hushed silence, as though every one there had seen and sensed something too deep for superficial applause or chatter. They had realized that here, in the mind of this fourteen-year-old child, lay a fully-developed, ultra-adult understanding of Shakespeare's depth that was beyond the capacity of many a grown-up! In short, Freddie was not reciting words strung together by rote and repetition. He was *being* Portia in those brief but intensely real moments.

And there, probably, is the fundamental explanation of Freddie's sensational screen success. Other child actors are told what to do and say, and how, and like nice little automatons, they do it. But Freddie is like a grown-up actor. He does it from deep inside.

"On exhibition," Freddie carries this same trait into his off-stage activities. By "on exhibition," I mean those times when Freddie is being interviewed, or is being watched by a group of studio visitors, or even when he's out socially with grown-up people in Hollywood. At those times, Freddie is the pluperfect little English gentleman. He parades a vocabulary and a nicety of diction that makes people marvel and then wonder if he isn't perhaps a con-



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ceited, insufferable little prig!

When you see him putting on that grown-up act of his, you rather imagine that Freddie must be a boresome little lad, full of his own importance and with a nose turned skyward.

But that's because you're only watching the professional Freddie. Now let me tell you a few stories about the real Freddie, who comes out from behind his grown-up front when all's clear, and who is really a fascinatingly likable kid.

ALL that varnished dignity drops. Even a great deal of his extreme Britishness rubs off. They're trying to preserve it, heaven knows, and they've even gone to the length of hiring an ultra-British teacher to keep him talking in the British fashion. But inevitably, Americanisms have crept into his speech. He can say "scram" and "gimme" and "nuts" with the same explosive effect as Mickey Rooney. Mickey, in fact, is one of his best pals. You can draw your own conclusions.

Even the star-spangled American term "chisel" has become part of his vocabulary. Not only that, but part of his philosophy as well! He demonstrated that to perfection recently. It was on the set between scenes. He was pushing those rubber-tired dollies around, with his stand-in. His aunt Myllicent Bartholomew, who is his guardian in America while his father and mother stay in London, called him over.

"Freddie," she said, "here are some very complimentary clippings about your work in 'Lord Jeff.'"

Freddie looked at her. "Thanks, Cissie," he said. That was all. Incidentally, he always calls her Cissie, never "Aunt Myllicent." He ran off to resume his play. That was characteristic of him. It's a fact that clippings about himself, word-of-mouth praise, or even the picture's he's made do not interest him. He is bored to death watching himself on the screen. He likes acting, but when he's done he loses interest.

But this time, after a minute's huddle with his stand-in, Freddie came back to his aunt. Something was on his mind.

"Say, Cissie," he began, "about that 'Lord Jeff' thing, now . . ."

"Don't you think it was nice, Freddie?" asked Cissie.

"Uh huh." Then, "But say, look, don't I get anything out of that?"

Cissie's eyebrows went up.

"What should you get, besides the honor?" she asked.

"Well—ah—uh—y'know, I did a lot of hard work in that . . ."

"H'm," said Cissie. She "got it." This was a bit of chiseling.

"Well, do you think a dime would cover it?" she asked.

Freddie's eyes brightened. "Why, yes, that'd be fine," he conceded. Cissie shelled out a dime, and considered the matter closed. In another minute Freddie came back.

"Say, Cissie," he began, "y'know, my stand-in did a lot of hard work on that picture, too!"

"This," protested Cissie, "is blackmail!" Freddie merely grinned a very un-British but colossally American grin. And Cissie shelled out another dime for the youthful stand-in. The two kids, with loud whoops of delight, ran to the studio café and gorged themselves on twenty cents' worth of chocolate bars.

Freddie's salary check is undeniably up in the four-figure-a-week class. (Aunt Cissie, as his guardian, also gets a tidy little fee from the studio.) But all that means nothing at all to Freddie. For Freddie's actual pay each week, cash-in-hand, spendable money, is exactly thirty-five cents!

What's more, he gets it, not in one lump sum each Saturday, but doled out to him by Aunt Cissie at the rate of a nickel a day. It's hard for even a fourteen-year-old

kid to get along on that. So Freddie some days manages to chisel an extra nickel or two. But in this, Aunt Cissie is firm. If he draws ahead like that, she makes it up before the end of the week with a nickel-less day or two. So that each week Freddie gets no more than thirty-five cents for himself, except in a very exceptional case such as the twenty-cent-chiselling on his good picture review.

When Freddie gets to that inevitable age and stage when he's no longer a screen bet, he hopes to be able to go back to England and be a little Lord Fauntleroy grown up.

And going back to England is the one big thing that Freddie is looking forward to. Despite his Americanization, and his delight in many things American, Freddie Bartholomew is a perfect living example of every Briton's unshakable conviction that to be an Englishman is the supreme essence of everything desirable or worth attaining on this earth. No matter where Freddie goes or what he may turn out to be there will always be a part of him that is "forever England."

He hopes to go back to finish his education in English schools. His dad is a British civil service employe; his mother a solid, fundamental English housewife. Maybe Fred will go on in his father's course, and serve his Empire. Maybe he'll continue to be an actor. But certain it is that he'll remain British.

OH, he has grandiose ideas about internationalism. He gets them from reading. Internationalism in this sense: "I think a union of the English-speaking peoples of the world would be a great step toward everlasting world peace," he spouts. He concedes America a reasonable place in this English-speaking Union. It's tremendous, really, to hear this fourteen-year-old youngster talking international politics and economics! But when he's saying things like that, he's more or less putting on his "exhibition" accent and manner.

His Aunt Cissie will tell you how, even as a three-year-old, he used to stand erect and salute whenever he was taken past




Janet Chapman grins and romps with her kittens between scenes of "Broadway Musketeers."

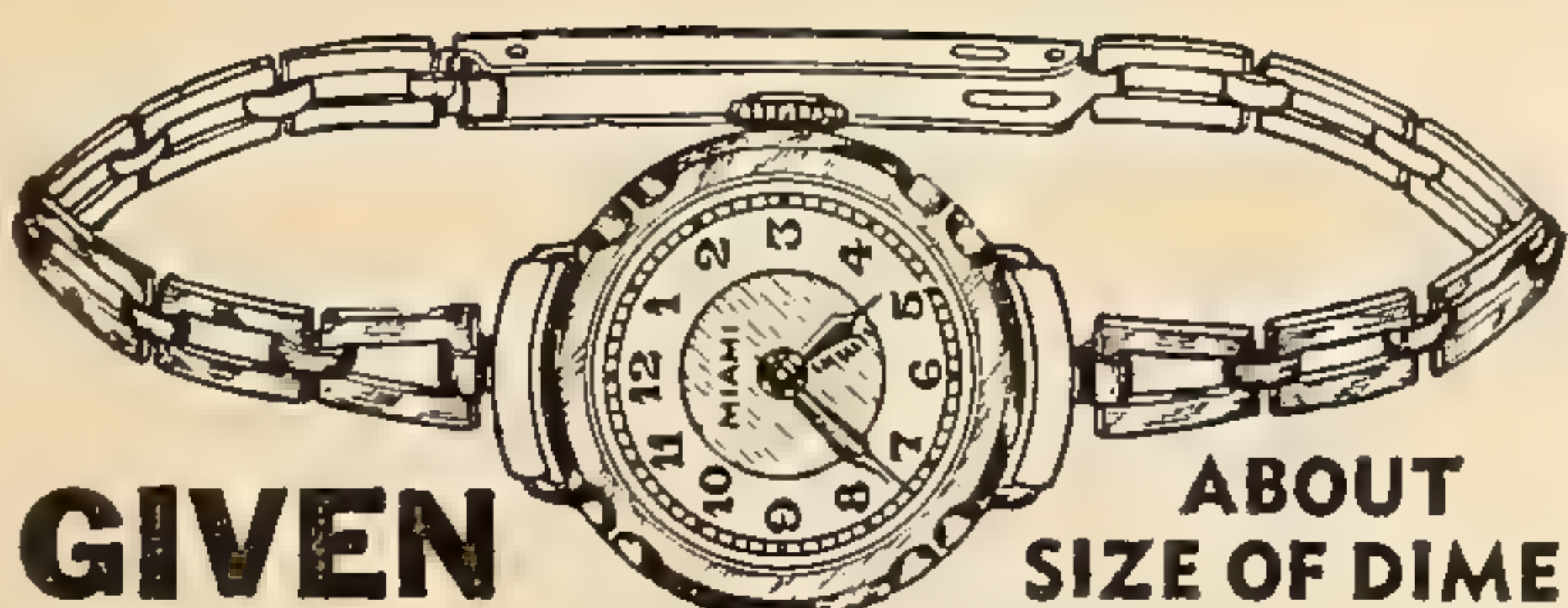
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Freddie wisecracked right back, "Yes, and that'd hold up production, and we mustn't do that, must we?"

Now, he's looking forward to some day shaking hands with his new King. That, to this young dyed-in-the-wool Briton, would be life's greatest moment.

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A detailed line drawing of a single lace-up shoe, likely a dress shoe, shown from a side profile. The shoe has a classic design with laces and a distinct sole.

A detailed black and white illustration of a classic black leather dress shoe. The shoe features a pointed toe, a low heel, and laces. It is shown from a side profile, facing left. The leather has a smooth, slightly reflective texture. The laces are dark and appear to be made of a woven material. The shoe is set against a plain white background.



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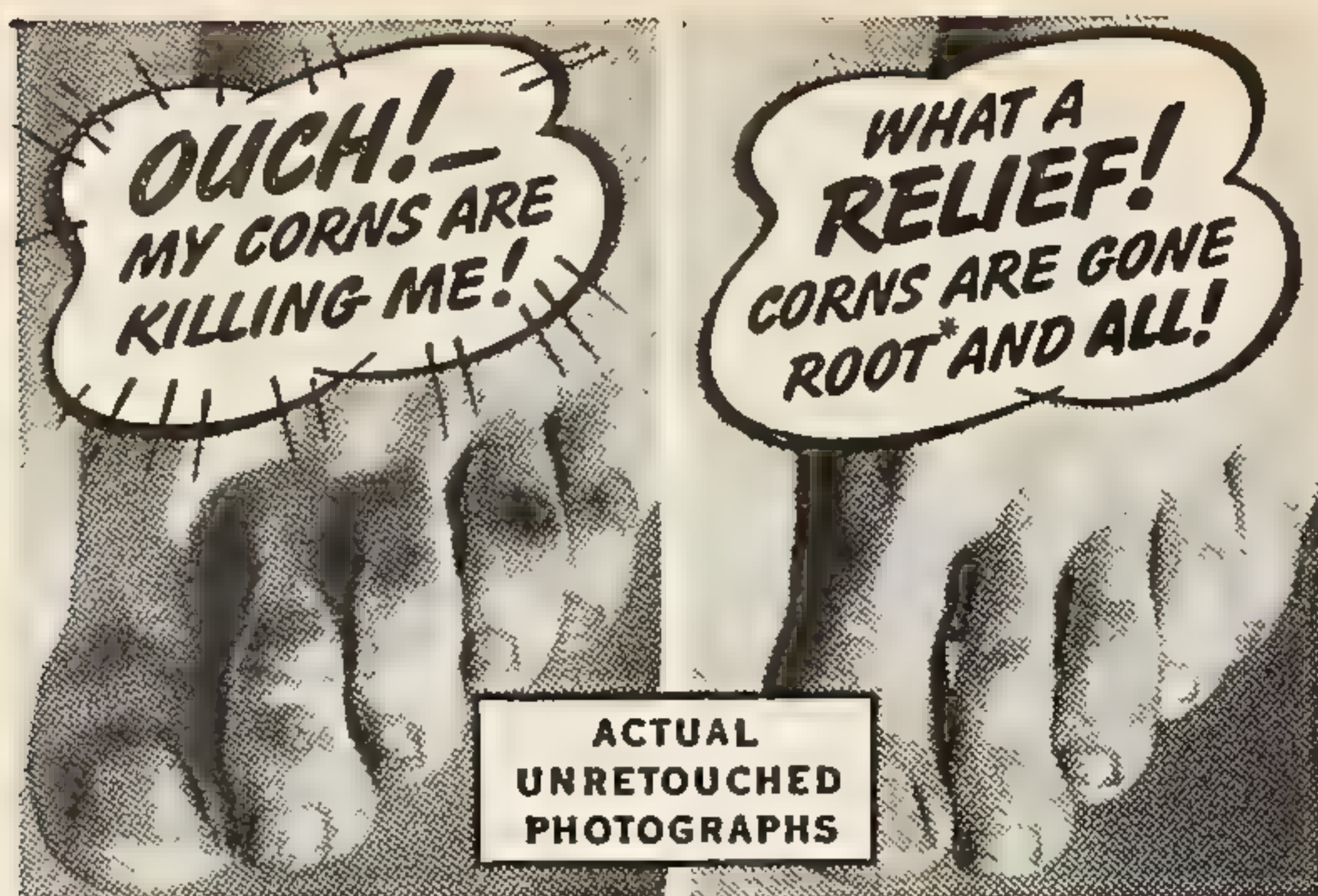
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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer

General Rating

Accidents Will Happen (Warners).....	2★
Adventure's End (Universal).....	2★
Adventures of Marco Polo (Samuel Goldwyn)...	3★
Adventures of Robin Hood (Warners).....	4★
Adventures of Tom Sawyer (Selznick-International)3½★	
Adventurous Blonde (Warners).....	2½★
Alcatraz Island (Warners).....	2½★
*Alexander's Ragtime Band (20th Century-Fox)...	3★
Ali Baba Goes to Town (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Annapolis Salute (RKO).....	2★
Arsene Lupin Returns (M-G-M).....	2½★
Back in Circulation (Warners).....	2★
Bad Man of Brimstone (M-G-M).....	2½★
Battle of Broadway (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Baroness and the Butler (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Barrier, The (Paramount).....	1★
Beg, Borrow or Steal (M-G-M).....	2½★
Big Broadcast of 1938 (Paramount).....	2★
Big City (M-G-M).....	2½★
Big Town Girl (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Blockade (Walter Wanger).....	3½★
Blondes at Work (Warners).....	2★
Blossoms on Broadway (Paramount).....	1★
Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (Paramount).....	3½★
Boots and Saddles (Republic).....	2½★
Breakfast for Two (RKO).....	2★
Bride Wore Red, The (M-G-M).....	1★
Bringing Up Baby (RKO).....	3★
Buccaneer, The (Paramount).....	3½★
Bulldog Drummond's Peril (Paramount).....	2½★
Bulldog Drummond's Revenge (Paramount).....	2½★
Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)...	2★
Checkers (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Cocoanut Grove (Paramount).....	2½★
Colorado Kid (Republic).....	2★
Condemned Women (RKO).....	2★
Conquest (M-G-M).....	4★
Cowboy From Brooklyn (Warners).....	2½★
Crashing Hollywood (RKO).....	2½★
Crime of Dr. Hallet (Universal).....	2½★
Crime School (Warners).....	2½★
Damsel in Distress, A (RKO).....	3★
Danger, Love at Work (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
Dangerously Yours (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
Danger Patrol (RKO).....	2★
Daughter of Shanghai (Paramount).....	2½★
Divorce of Lady X, The (London).....	3½★
Dr. Rhythm (Paramount).....	3★
Double Wedding (M-G-M).....	2★
Ebb Tide (Paramount).....	3★
Every Day's Holiday (Paramount).....	3★
Everybody Sing (M-G-M).....	3★
Fast Company (M-G-M).....	2½★
52nd Street (Walter Wanger).....	2★
Fight For Your Lady (RKO).....	2★
Firefly, The (M-G-M).....	3★
First Hundred Years, The (M-G-M).....	2★
Fit For a King (RKO).....	2★
Fools For Scandal (Warners).....	2½★
Forty-five Fathers (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Forty Naughty Girls (RKO).....	2★
Four Men and a Prayer (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Gaiety Girls, The (London).....	3★
Girl of the Golden West (M-G-M).....	3★
Go Chase Yourself (RKO).....	2★
Gold Diggers in Paris (Warners).....	2★
Gold Is Where You Find It (Warners).....	2★
Goldwyn Follies, The (Sam Goldwyn).....	3★
Great Garrick, The (Warners).....	3★
Happy Landing (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Having Wonderful Time (RKO).....	2½★
Headin' East (Columbia).....	2★
Heidi (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Here's Flash Casey (Grand National).....	2★
Heroes of the Alamo (Columbia).....	2★
High, Wide, and Handsome (Paramount).....	3½★
Hold 'em Navy (Paramount).....	2★
Hold That Kiss (M-G-M).....	3★
Holiday (Columbia).....	3½★
Hollywood Hotel (Warners).....	3★
Hollywood Round-up (Columbia).....	2½★
Hurricane (Sam Goldwyn).....	3½★
I'll Take Romance (Columbia).....	3★
I Met My Love Again (Walter Wanger).....	3★
In Old Chicago (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
It's Love I'm After (Warners).....	4★
Jezebel (Warners).....	3★
Jolette (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Joy of Living (RKO).....	3★
Judge Hardy's Children (M-G-M).....	3★
Keep Smiling (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Kentucky Moonshine (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Kidnapped (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Lady, Behave (Republic).....	2★
Lancer Spy (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Last Gangster, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Life Begins in College (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Life of Emile Zola, The (Warners).....	4★
Life of the Party (RKO).....	1★

Picture and Producer

General Rating

Live, Love and Learn (M-G-M).....	3★
Lone Wolf in Paris (Columbia).....	2½★
Lord Jeff (M-G-M).....	2½★
Lost Horizon (Columbia).....	4★
Love and Hisses (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Love, Honor and Behave (Warners).....	2½★
Love Is a Headache (M-G-M).....	2½★
Love on a Budget (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Love on Toast (Paramount).....	2★
Mad About Music (Universal).....	4★
Madame X (M-G-M).....	1½★
Making the Headlines (Columbia).....	2★
Mannequin (M-G-M).....	3★
Man-Proof (M-G-M).....	2½★
Men Are Such Fools (Warners).....	2★
Merrily We Live (Hal Roach).....	3★
Merry-Go-Round of 1938 (Universal).....	2★
Midnight Intruder (Universal).....	2½★
Mr. Moto's Gamble (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Mr. Moto Takes a Chance (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Music For Madame (RKO).....	2★
Navy Blue and Gold (M-G-M).....	3★
Night Club Scandal (Paramount).....	2★
Nothing Sacred (Selznick-International).....	3★
No Time To Marry (Columbia).....	2★
Of Human Hearts (M-G-M).....	2½★
Over the Goal (Warners).....	1★
Over the Wall (Warners).....	3★
Paradise For Three (M-G-M).....	2★
Patient in Room 18, The (Warners).....	2★
Penrod and His Twin Brother (Warners).....	2½★
Penrod's Double Trouble (Warners).....	2★
Perfect Specimen, The (Warners).....	3★
Port of Seven Seas (M-G-M).....	3★
Portia on Trial (Republic).....	3★
Prescription for Romance (Universal).....	1★
Prison Break (Universal).....	2★
Radio City Revels (RKO).....	2½★
Rage of Paris, The (Universal).....	3★
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm (20th Century-Fox)...	3★
Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel (London).....	2½★
Romance in the Dark (Paramount).....	2½★
Rosalie (M-G-M).....	3★
Sailing Along (Gaumont British).....	3★
Saint in New York, The (RKO).....	2½★
Sally, Irene and Mary (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Saturday's Heroes (RKO).....	2½★
She Asked For It (Paramount).....	2★
Sheik Steps Out, The (Republic).....	2★
She's Got Everything (RKO).....	2★
Sh! The Octopus (Warners).....	2★
Slight Case of Murder, A (First National).....	2½★
Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs (Walter Disney)....	4★
Something to Sing About (Grand National).....	2½★
Spy Ring (Universal).....	2★
Stage Door (RKO).....	4★
Stand-In (Walter Wanger).....	3★
Start Cheering (Columbia).....	2★
Swiss Miss (Hal Roach).....	2½★
Stolen Heaven (Paramount).....	3★
Storm in a Teacup (Korda).....	3½★
Swing It Sailor (Grand National).....	1★
Swing Your Lady (Warners).....	2½★
Tarzan's Revenge (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
Test Pilot (M-G-M).....	4★
Tip-Off Girls (Paramount).....	3★
There Goes the Groom (RKO).....	2★
There's Always a Woman (Columbia).....	3★
They Won't Forget (Warners).....	3★
This Way, Please (Paramount).....	1★
Thoroughbreds Don't Cry (M-G-M).....	2½★
Three Comrades (M-G-M).....	3½★
Three Blind Mice (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Thrill of a Lifetime (Paramount).....	1★
Thin Ice (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Torchy Blane in Panama (Warners).....	2½★
To the Victor (Gaumont-British).....	3½★
Tovarich (Warners).....	3★
Trip to Paris, A (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Troopship (Gaumont-British).....	2½★
True Confession (Paramount).....	4★
Varsity Show (Warners).....	3★
Victoria the Great (RKO).....	4★
Vivacious Lady (RKO).....	4★
Walking Down Broadway (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Wells Fargo (Paramount).....	3★
Westland Case, The (Universal).....	2★
White Banners (Warners).....	3★
Who Killed Gail Preston? (Columbia).....	2★
Wide Open Faces (Columbia).....	2★
Wild and Woolly (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Wise Girl (RKO).....	3★
Women Are Like That (Warners).....	2★
Women in Prison (Columbia).....	2★
Yank at Oxford, A (M-G-M).....	3★
Yellow Jack (M-G-M).....	3★
You and Me (Paramount).....	2½★
You're a Sweetheart (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
You're Only Young Once (M-G-M).....	2★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

WHITE ELEPHANTS

(Continued from page 10)

and a growing stable of carefully chosen horses. Baseball used to be his principal outside interest but lately the ponies have been edging in on his spare time.

And, with all these things, as Mr. Brown says, "What more can a fellow ask?" Particularly a fellow who still remembers when he ran away from Holgate, Ohio at the age of nine, started to take the world in his stride and to cover all he could of it on the upgrade. That was all of thirty-eight years ago and if, in the ensuing years, he has had to take the knocks with the good luck, the lean months with the seasons of plenty, the golden horn is certainly pouring out its contents for him now. And he's meeting the avalanche with sanity and rare good judgment—the way he took Brown's white elephants.

A travelling circus, stopping over outside Toledo one spring afternoon just before the turn of the century, was what started Joe going places. The big tent, the performers, the animals, the thrilling music were a magic land to him, the sawdust ring was his dream of far green pastures. He was a sparse little tike with freckles on his nose, hair that got in his eyes, and that same big mouth, when he dared to smile. It was because of that smile that he was allowed to remain with the troupe when he was discovered toting pails full of water that nobody apparently had hired this particular little boy to carry.

His lot was cast among the youngsters who ministered to the elephants but, while Joe labored in behalf of the big gray beasts, his ambitions centered around the cages on wheels. He wanted to be an animal trainer and tame those beautiful tigers.

But it was his penchant for nimble turns in mid-air that got Joe a spot with the Five Marvelous Ashtons. "Imagine me as a marvel!"

Early in his variety career, comedian Brown discovered that his forte was being funny. He could allez-ooop with the best of them and win moderate applause but, when he opened his mouth to its widest stretch and made strange noises as he deliberately missed a turn, the audience "rolled in the aisles," and so he concentrated on clowning.

In early life he was a serious young man, with an eye on Broadway. He was naturally shy and a little self-conscious about his looks. Romance was a minor key until he met a home-type girl who was as beautiful as she was sincere. Kathryn Frances McGrau had plenty of beaux who admired her peaches and cream complexion, her Irish eyes and her ever-present smile, but the big-mouthed comedian won her, and they've been happily married ever since. One son, Don, was a football player at the University of California in Los Angeles. The second, Joe, Jr., has been a student at Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania, and there are two beautiful little daughters of whom Joe is very proud.

Joe's first big chance came when he signed for The Greenwich Village Follies in a comedy role fifteen years ago. From that success he went into several other New York shows. Joe, at last, was doing all right for the Browns. He joined the Lambs Club and met all the other actors, became an Elk (on lodge nights) and was maintaining a pleasant menage in the vicinity of Manhattan when Joseph P. Kennedy, then president of a movie company, sent for him in 1928.

That's one time Joe was really scared. He and Kathryn talked it over and finally decided on the big gamble. His introduc-

tion into the cinema circles of the east had somewhat the cast of the old white elephant business. The company gave a party for him at the Astor Hotel to observe his entrance into the flicker fold, and Joe arrived all dressed up in a nautical outfit, because he heard the festivities were to take place in the Yacht Room.

Shortly after the party started Joe had a message to meet Mr. Kennedy immediately. That executive was leaving for Europe in an hour and there were some last minute contract details to be settled. Joe slipped away and the press thought he was high-hatting them. They didn't like his admiral's uniform, either, and rode him considerably in their columns the next day. That doubled Joe's fears about himself and Hollywood as a combination.

Though, so far as he knew, there would be no elephants in the movie studios out West—and that helped at least. One of his first assignments was to play a clown in "A Circus Kid." Always looking for a story, we asked hopefully, "Wasn't the elephant that once tried to trample you in that picture?"

But Joe had to admit he never saw his old enemy again, agreeing that it would have made a good story—unless the elephant had remembered too suddenly.

JOE'S first season in the celluloid town wasn't "so hot," as he remembers. It took him longer than that to acclimate himself, for his reticence was a drawback in a colony where a man has to take care of himself, but with vehemence, because nobody else does.

"Gosh, I guess I wasn't so hot among those glamor boys," he reminisces. But many of the "glamor boys" of 1929 aren't so hot themselves right now, and Joe is doing all right. Studio executives soon discovered that Brown was good business at the ticket-sellers' windows. With every picture Joe's popularity grew, until his company was using Brown vehicles as sure-fire box office appeal to sell other program offerings of less certain grosses. Not long ago he achieved the enviable distinction of having his own production unit to make three pictures a year, with Brown having plenty to say about stories, directors and supporting casts.

Once in a while Joe E. Brown's memory plays a trick on him with pleasant pictures of theater audiences to watch his work. But when British interests recently beckoned him across the Atlantic for a variety engagement at the Palladium in London he had a terrible attack of stage fright—several weeks in advance.

"Maybe the white elephants are coming back," Joe remarked. But his fears were needless because in the English capital he was an outstanding success.

Certainly, when Mr. Brown views his San Fernando farm and looks with pride on his family, he must feel that keeping to the main road of life, despite the alluring detour signs he used to meet up with, has paid him generous premiums. As he says, he isn't a glamor boy, but his feet have been planted deep in reality, and success hasn't changed him.

The younger generation of the Browns is growing up but Joe Senior has remained amazingly young—maybe the laughter does it. "Eventually I want to be a director-producer. I ought to know enough about the business by now," Joe confides. But for the present he goes on acting and remains the enviable person who can say honestly, "I've got everything I want."

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Don Ameche and his wife snapped as they arrived in New York en-route to a belated European vacation.



Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland enjoying the fights—one of Hollywood's pet diversions, by the way.

A Hollywood columnist caused Bill Powell considerable anguish when he reported recently that a star sapphire being worn by Azadia Newman, the portrait painter, was a gift from Powell. The ring was actually a gift from Scott Colton. Miss Newman's fiancé. The star sapphire which Powell gave Jean Harlow was given back to him as a keepsake by Jean shortly before her death, and the columnist's implication that he had given it away hurt William Powell tremendously.

The "Hollywood Reporter" records Shirley Temple's newest joke, pulled on eleven-year-old Walda Winchell at a recent luncheon in New York. Shirley asked Walda to spell the numeral "two" and the word "too" and Walda complied. "Now," said Shirley, "what's the last name of the man who wrote 'Tom Sawyer'?" "Twain," said Walda. "Okay," said Shirley. "Now repeat all three words." "Two too Twain," Walda responded. "That's fine," said little Miss T. "Now when you're a little older I'll teach you how to say 'locomotive'."

Add Michael Curtiz stories: Despite the fact that he's one of the best directors in the business, Mike has trouble remembering the names of the stars with whom he's working. On the set of "Four Daughters" recently he was doing a scene with Priscilla Lane and Dick Foran. He wanted Foran to move a few steps away from Miss Lane, but he couldn't remember Foran's name. Closest he could come was the fact that Foran was a cowboy star, so he yelled: "You—lonely ranger—move over, please!"

Question Box: What well-known singing star can't go before the cameras unless she has had ten hours of sleep the night before? Reason is that the gal is older than she cares to tell, and a night without much sleep brings those tell-tale circles under her lovely eyes.

Hollywood oddities: Joan Bennett's swimming pool has a cut-glass bottom. . . . Johnny Weissmuller, who has never uttered a word of dialogue in pictures, makes \$40,000 a year. . . . Garbo, who has never—they say—uttered a word of dialogue outside of pictures, makes \$400,000. . . . On the first of every month, Carole Lombard writes a check for \$1500 for her family . . . and Jack Oakie, who was once one of the town's most convivial tipplers, now drinks nothing but cokes.



Ilona Massey, left, and Eleanor Powell waiting for their best beaux.

Battle of the moment is the one going on between Bing Crosby and his studio. A Crosby picture called "Sing You Sinners" during production was suddenly changed to "The Unholy Beebes." Bing registered immediate disapproval because the picture's story is parallel to his own life story, and he doesn't think the Crosbys were particularly unholy, as families go. The studio stood firm. A week later Bing sang three songs from the picture on his radio show. The songs, he announced, were from "Sing You Sinners." You can place your bets now on the ultimate title of the picture, but we'll put our money on Bing any day.

his start with the Katherine Cornell company back on Broadway.

Watched Virginia Bruce and Fredric March do an ice skating sequence for "There Goes My Heart," and when it was over Miss B. confided that skating is a great hip reducer. "In the past two hours," she said, "I've landed on my—well, hips, twelve times. I'm sure I've taken off at least a pound or two."

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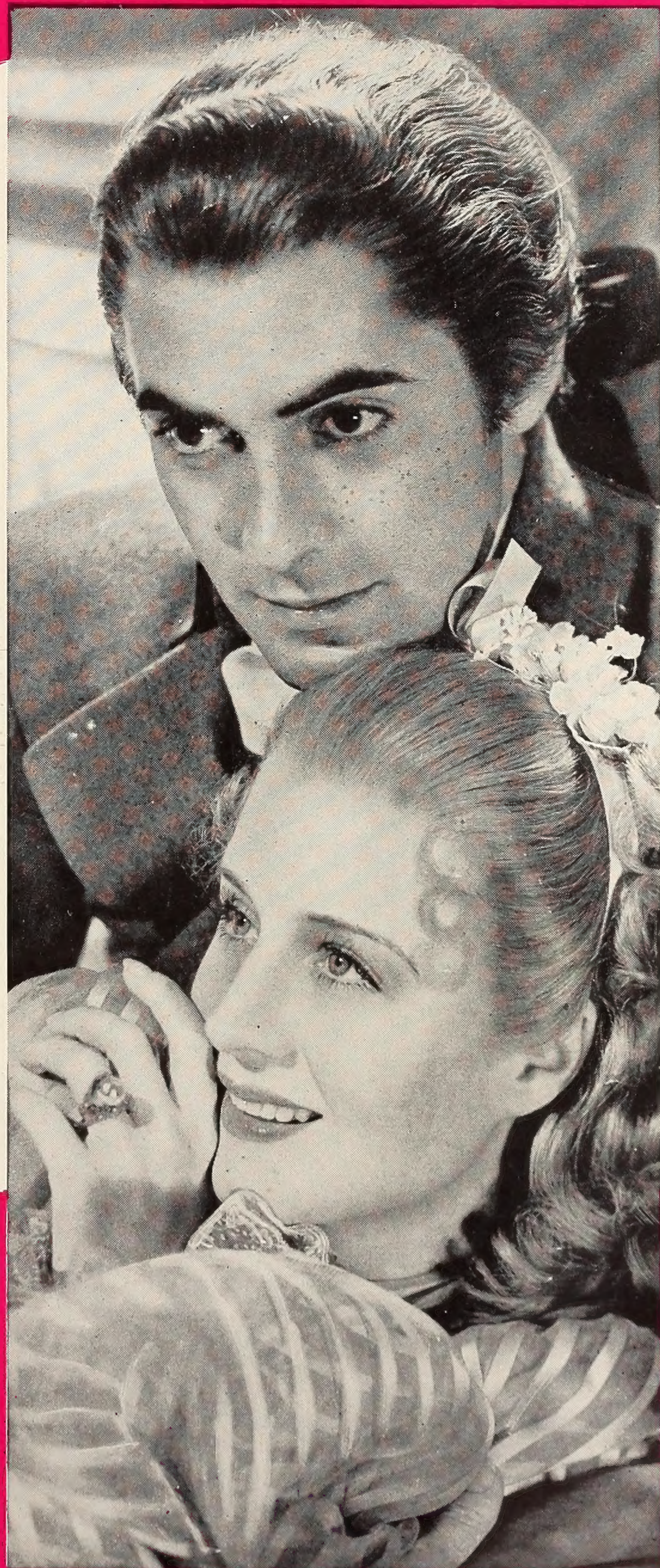
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